









FEBRUARY, 1838.

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COURT MAGAZINE AND MONTHLY CRITIC,

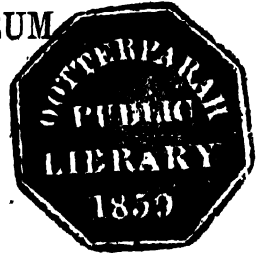
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UNITED SERIES.

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**A Family Journal**

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,  
DRAMA, FASHIONS. &c. &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

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MEMOIR OF LOUISE OF SAVOY,  
REGENT OF FRANCE, AND MOTHER OF FRANCIS THE FIRST.

*(Illustrated by a whole-length Portrait, drawn and coloured from an original, by  
Janet Cornl, painter to Francis the First.)*

DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT.

Louise of Savoy had the affliction of wearing the white cloth frontlet and widow's hood, which forms her head-dress, from her early widowhood, at eighteen, 'till she died, at the age of fifty-four. The rest of her dress, though black, is not in the rigour of widow's costume. Her gown is of cut velvet; it is square in the corsage, edged with sable fur round the bust and train; the sleeves of the same are straight on the shoulder, and widen into the large *re-bras* sleeves

of rich sable fur; beneath these are seen scarlet velvet close sleeves and white cambric ruffles. The waist is as low as in the preceding age of the reign of Charles the Seventh. The termination of the close bodice is defined by a trimming of fur, and a heavy gold chain tied round the body: one end hangs to the feet, finished by a gold ornament like a strawberry leaf. According to the law of widowhood, Louise wears no jewels.

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The name of Louise of Savoy must always bear high historical interest, as the mother of a son and daughter who rank among the most illustrious of European sovereigns. Every one who is familiar with the characters of Francis the First and Marguerite of Navarre, will follow us with pleasure while we narrate the

events which chequered the life of their parent. Fluctuating in principle, and idolizing in her maternal fondness for her son, much of the evil which we find in the conduct of Francis may be traced to the influence of this mother, who, as his only surviving parent, had the rearing and guidance of him from the early age

of twenty months until the period of her death.

The father of Louise was Philip, Duke of Savoy; her mother was a princess of the house of Bourbon, sister to Peter of Beaujeu, Duke of Bourbon. She was born September 14, 1476. The events of her childhood could not be very extensive, for she was married at the infantine age of twelve to the Count d'Angoulême, a younger son of the Orleans' house of Valois. This prince was grandson to Louis, Duke of Orleans, who was barbarously murdered by John, Duke of Burgundy, in the Rue Barbette. Louise gave birth to Francis the First in the year 1494; and this great event of her life she has fondly recorded in her journal in these words:—

“Francis, by the grace of God, now king of France, and my pacific Cæsar, first saw this world's light at Cognac about ten o'clock after mid-day, 1494, the 12th day of September.”

Never was the term pacific more unluckily applied to any sovereign than to Francis the First, whose helligerent qualities kept Europe in a flame from the hour of his coronation till his death. Perhaps his mother meant that he was easily ruled by her. In many instances, indeed, he was so, to his sorrow.

But at the time of his birth, far and distant were the hopes of royalty from the son of the Countess of Angoulême. Like most younger branches of a royal house, his father, the son of a youngest son, was poor, in comparison with his high blood, and lived in honourable retirement on his own appanage at Cognac, seldom visiting the court of his relative, the King of France, by whom he was regarded with jealousy, because he had been the favoured lover of Mary of Burgundy; but Louis the Eleventh had interfered to break the match, and never forgave his cousin for the injury he had done him in preventing his union with this great heiress. Had the Count of Angoulême been permitted to marry the heiress of Burgundy instead of Louise of Savoy, the great inheritance of that princess would have devolved peaceably to the throne of France, instead of being the bone of contention for nearly a century, which involved Europe in tremendous wars. But this was not to be; the Count of Angoulême married Louise, whose son and the descendant of Mary of

Burgundy were at deadly strife during the chief portion of their lives.

The moral virtues of Louise shone in the retirement of private life, but faded before the court temptations which afterwards beset her. As the wife of the Count of Angoulême, her conduct was most exemplary, and her union happy. She was not beautiful, but her person in her youth extremely attractive, and she possessed entirely the heart of her husband during the few years of their marriage. This prince, like the whole of the line of Orleans-Valois, bore a very high character, and well deserved the adoration with which his young wife regarded him, and the veneration with which she always cherished his memory. During his last moments she paid him the most unremitting attention; he died when she was but eighteen, leaving her with two infants; a son who had not seen his second, and a daughter who had not completed her third year.

The conduct of Louise in this early widowhood and maternity was so excellent, that if she had died before the brilliant prospects of her son were developed, she would have been entitled to have been here quoted as one of the most perfect instances of female goodness, for at a time when temptations most easily beset a young female, she seemed proof against every snare. But the fact is, her besetting sins were avarice and pride, neither of which has much room for action at the early age in which this princess was bringing up her infants at a distance from the Court of France, its glories, and its luxuries.

The guardianship of these princely children fell to their father's nearest relative, Louis, Duke of Orleans, afterwards so celebrated under the title of Louis the Twelfth, Father of his People. This great man treated the young Francis, Count of Angoulême, as a nephew, though he was but his third cousin. He provided him an excellent tutor, Gouffier Boisy, a gentleman of great learning, and far beyond his age in literary acquirements. Louise was herself a learned princess; and, as an encourager of genius, she set her son and daughter an example in the constant pursuit of intellectual employment, and was no mean judge of their proficiency.

Till this period in her history, Louise of Savoy passed through life without a

stain on her character: a different scene soon, however, opened for herself and her children. Charles the Eighth died without heirs, and the friend and guardian of the infant Francis ascended the throne of France under the title of Louis the Twelfth. The friendship of this prince as Louis of Orleans, was no recommendation at the Court of Charles the Eighth, who looked coldly on the whole line of Orleans-Valois, and had actually imprisoned Louis for some years out of jealousy, not only for his proximity to the throne of France, but on account of his queen, Anne of Brittany.\* A glorious prospect for her infant son now opened before the eyes of Louise of Savoy. Louis the Twelfth was entangled with his cousin, Jane of France, daughter of Louis the Eleventh, in an unhappy marriage; he had no children, and Francis of Angoulême was his nearest heir. He invited his young wards and their mother to Court, gave Louise high rank as a princess of the blood, and for a few months she herself received all the homage the courtiers could pay to the mother of the heir-presumptive.

These gay prospects soon, alas! faded in hopes of a very different hue. Louis the Twelfth was divorced from his cousin, and married the object of his ardent passion, the queen dowager, Anne of Brittany. This consort brought him a fine young family, of whom two were princes. Again Louise fell back to the rank of the widow of a younger kinsman of the throne of France; the king, however, always treated her with great distinction, and continued to watch over the education of her son with paternal affection. Not so the Queen Anne of Brittany, who disliked Louise, and regarded her son with no little jealousy. It is scarcely possible to trace which was in fault, or who first began the enmity that always rankled between Anne of Brittany and the mother of Francis; but this is certain, that the quarrels of these great ladies occasioned no little unhappiness to the excellent Louis the Twelfth.

During the first years of the reign of Louis, this hatred was kept in abeyance by Louise of Savoy, who was perforce obliged to receive in silence every mortification the Queen of France chose to

inflict on her; but in 1503 the death of the two heirs which Anne of Brittany had borne, again changed the prospects of the family of Angoulême, and the son of Louise was once more the hope of France. Then the triumphant mother, proud of the grace and early prowess of her young son, returned some of the scorn with which the queen had treated her. This enmity made no difference to the invariable kindness of the King of France to the Countess of Angoulême and her children; but the time soon arrived when these broils forced themselves on his notice in a public manner.

Louis the Twelfth had confided the military education of young Francis to the Maréchal de Gié, a brave but audacious warrior. This nobleman fell passionately in love with Louise, and seems indeed to have been influenced more by personal attachment than ambition: he offered her his hand when she was first a widow, and his great possessions, military renown, and high birth, rendered him in the eyes of France a proper match for a young widow, whose riches were by no means commensurate with the lofty contingencies of her family. Louise refused the maréchal out of respect to the memory of the father of her children, but the lover always remained her firm adherent, partisan of her family rights, and protector of her son. He was, however, doomed to meet with an evil return for all this devotion.

Louis the Twelfth was seized with an alarming illness in the year 1504. Anne of Brittany, his queen, nursed him with an attention and devotion never exceeded in private life. Her cares for his life did not, however, make her forget that she was an independent sovereign. Her husband had always permitted her to govern her own domain of Brittany without reference to the crown of France, and the queen resolved, if she were left a widow, not to remain at the court of her rival Louise of Savoy, but retire to her own patrimony; and as a preliminary she sent all the regalia of Brittany and valuables she considered her own property, as Queen of France, up the Loire in barges, meaning to secure it in case she should have the misfortune to lose her husband. The Maréchal de Gié, as he asserted by the orders of Louise of Savoy, had the audacity to seize upon this property, and detain it under the pretence that the

\* See this portrait and memoir, July, 1833. Copies of which number may be obtained at the office.

queen was sending away the crown jewels of France. We may suppose how certain Louise and her coadjutor were of the decease of the king, when they ventured on such a step as this:—to their consternation the king recovered, and the personal attentions of the wife he adored rendered her yet the more influential, that we may readily suppose how great were the apprehensions of those who had taken so bold a step. At this crisis the true character of Louise of Savoy first displayed itself. Soon after the convalescence of the king, an arrest was issued against the Maréchal de Gié, and his life was in danger on account of the affront he had offered to the queen; although the principal cause of offence was kept in the background, and the delinquent was prosecuted for certain ribald and offensive speeches he had made in his hours of conviviality regarding the influence that Anne of Brittany exercised over her husband. He was confronted with many witnesses: he, nevertheless, treated their depositions with the greatest disdain; but when he found that the Countess of Angoulême, for whose love he had risked so much, appeared against him, he addressed her in the words which Wolsey afterwards made use of in his fall:—

*“Si j’avois toujours servi Dieu, comme je vous ai servi, madame, je n’aurois pas grande compte à rendre à la mort.”*

“If I had served God, madame, as I have served you, I should not now stand in peril of death.”

He laid aside all his ferocity, and respectfully repelled the charges that Louise brought against him, in which she had the baseness to seek the favour of her incensed sovereigns by betraying the private opinions she had tempted De Gié to express to her regarding the queen. He declared he had no recollection of having used words of a lady, to a lady, which he should be ashamed to repeat, of any woman, and to any woman, how low soever her station in France. The keen edge of this satire we may suppose was not lost on his treacherous and ungrateful accuser. The sentence passed on the maréchal was by no means commensurate with the expectations of the queen. He was acquitted by the court of the high crime of *lèse majesté*, but deprived of his office of governor to the heir of France, and sus-

pended for five years from his office of marshal. This sentence De Gié did not heed; he retired to his great estates in Anjou, where he lived in princely splendour, and weaned himself by absence from a passion which had been repaid by Louise with such ingratitude.

The next step taken by Anne of Brittany to the injury of Louise and her son, was to enter into a secret negotiation for the marriage of the Princess Claude, her eldest daughter, with the Prince of Castille afterwards Charles the Fifth. As the young princess was heiress of Brittany in right of her mother, this project would have been a fatal blow to the hopes of young Francis, as an important part of France would have been severed from his sway, and a fertile source of civil war provided against him. The mother of Francis exerted all her influence on this occasion with the people of France, and the result was, that the States presented a petition praying that Louis the Twelfth would prevent so serious an injury to his country, as to suffer Brittany to be again dissevered from the French monarchy. Louis, who was not in vain appealed to as the father of his people, saw the justice of this representation, and forthwith over-ruled the queen's objections so far that the young Princess Claude, aged four years, was married to the son of Louise of Savoy, aged twelve. This young prince, whom he loved as his son, he created, on the occasion of becoming his son-in-law, Duke of Valois; and from that time Francis is frequently mentioned as the dauphin.

In these events we may consider that Louise of Savoy gained the advantage over her powerful adversary; and the increasing popularity of her son, and the fame of his early valour in the wars of Italy, gave frequent triumph to his boasting mother. The death of Anne of Brittany in 1514, relieved Louise of Savoy from an enemy who unceasingly studied how best to mortify her, but at the same time made her tremble for the hopes of royalty in which her son had so long indulged. Louis married a young queen, Mary Tudor,\* who might have produced an heir to France. The death of the king a few months after this marriage, realised the hopes of Louise, and

\* See this portrait and memoir, July, 1837. Copies can be had at the office.

set at rest her fears, by placing the crown of France on the brow of her adored son.

On the 25th of January, 1515, Francis was crowned at Rheims. The first act of his reign was to make his mother Duchess of Angoulême, and his tutor, Gouffier Boisy, prime minister. It is certain that whoever nominally held that high office, his mother, in point of fact, in reality exercised it.

One of the first steps taken by the duchess, and which may be considered as a very proper exercise of female power, was the introduction of ladies at the French court. In the preceding reigns they only made their appearance on days of religious solemnity and high festivals; but the female royalty of France then consisted of Louise (who might be considered as a very influential queen-mother), at that time not past the prime of life, being under thirty-five years of age; an amiable young queen of fifteen; and the Princess Marguerite de Valois,\* the beloved sister of Francis, who was reckoned not only the most accomplished princess, but one of the wisest and most amiable women in Europe. It was scarcely then possible that such females could wish to pass their time without the society of their own sex. Louise used every means to draw to the court of her son the wives and daughters of the great provincial nobility, who seldom appeared more than once in their lives in the presence of royalty. The Court of France from this time became the scene of splendour of the rivalry of female beauty and gallantry which did not always observe the strict rules of propriety, and began to occasion no little scandal to the sober provincial nobility. The king, who had not given his heart with his hand to the amiable daughter of Louis the Twelfth, now fell passionately in love with the beautiful Countess of Chateaubriand.† His mother's jealousy took the alarm; she was enraged at the notion of a counter-female influence, and she exercised the whole powers of her diplomatic spirit in order to oppose this favourite, or rather her rash ambitious brother Lautrec, for the fair favourite herself was too gentle and too limited in

intellect to concern herself with any political intrigue, excepting under the recommendation of her brother, to the notice of her royal lover; but with that brother Louise of Savoy commenced hostilities, which never ceased during their lives.

Before "the pacific Cæsar" of Louise of Savoy had reigned one twelvemonth, he engaged in a hot war in prosecution of the long-contested claim on Milan; which dukedom he certainly inherited from his great-grandmother, Valentina of Milan. He began this campaign so triumphantly, by gaining the great battle of Marignano, that all Europe beheld his military prowess with alarm. Soon afterwards he triumphantly entered Milan, and received the investiture of that dukedom. To the indignation of his mother, he left Lautrec, the brother of the Countess of Chateaubriand, with viceregal powers in Milan. Previous to this campaign he had invested his mother with full powers, as regent of France; and that kingdom, which denies to women the capability of mounting its throne, saw, as it had often before, the supreme regal authority vested in a female. Francis never missed a day without writing an affectionate and familiar letter to his mother. Before he left the bloody field of Marignano, he wrote a hasty announcement of the event to his parent, leaning on a cannon; and the spirited description of the battle which he wrote to her after his entry into Milan is still extant. It is written in a spirit of wild gaiety, natural enough to a conqueror only just of age: he tells his mother that when the night parted him from his enemies, that he made a mark to know where to begin in the morning, as if he had been reading a book. He speaks of the valour of "Mon frere Le Connétable" with great enthusiasm; and concludes with, "Madame, I pray that your life may be long and happy. Written at the Camp of St. Bridget, Friday, Sept. 14, 1515, by your very humble and obedient son, FRANCOYS."

We have come to the name of the man who occasioned the great stigma which has rendered Louise of Savoy the most unpopular princess in history, "Mon frere Le Connétable," as Francis calls him in his letter to his mother, was the celebrated Bourbon, whose desertion of his native country has been attributed

\* See this portrait and memoir, October, 1831. Copies can be had at the office.

† See this portrait and memoir, July, 1834. Copies can be had at the office.

entirely to the persecutions arising from the disappointed love of Louise.

Bourbon was situated in regard to the dukedom of Bourbon, nearly as King Francis had been in respect to the crown of France; but with this difference, that the rich domains of the dukedom could be inherited by women. Charles of Bourbon began life as Count de Montpensier, with a very narrow appanage to support the dignity of a prince of the blood royal; in fact, he possessed nothing but his high birth, the handsomest person in France, and a sword, whose early prowess had been proved by the side of Gaston de Foix, the boy-conqueror of Ravenna. When Charles de Bourbon presented himself at the court of his kinsman, the Duchess of Angoulême distinguished him with peculiar favour, and after a great deal of flirting, according to the most established rules of chivalry, Louise prevailed on her son to confide the bâton of France to the hands of the handsome and valiant Bourbon. From this circumstance Francis calls his kinsman "my brother the Constable." By virtue of his high office, Bourbon led the van at Marignan, and by his experienced valour the victory of that hard-fought battle was secured. Fairer fortunes now opened on this prince: he received several pensions from the king, and report whispered that he was to receive the hand of either the king's mother, or his sister Marguerite. It is probable that Bourbon would at that time have married Louise, if it had not been for the attractions of his cousin, the Princess Marguerite of Valois. It was of no use thinking of this lady, for though a king's sister, she was as poor as himself. His passion for the accomplished Marguerite was by no means so violent as to carry him into any freaks of romance; yet she is supposed to have been the only woman for whom he had any affection. It is needful now to mention another lady, this was the Duchess of Bourbon-Beaujeu, who had married the head of the Bourbon family; she was the eldest daughter of Louis the Eleventh, and will be remembered by the reader in the romance of "Quentin Durward." This princess had ably and honestly swayed the sceptre of France as regent for her young brother Charles the Eighth. She had talent and spirit enough to have governed half a dozen kingdoms; but she

had now nothing better to do than to hate Louise of Savoy, and manage the vast inheritance of her only child Suzanne, an amiable but deformed little girl of thirteen. La Dame de Beaujeu, as the Princess Anne was called in France, had several very good reasons for detesting Louise. In the first place, that princess was swaying the regent sceptre which she, the daughter of a king, had held with great glory in difficult times. Her line extinct, the crown had passed to the issue of Louise; moreover, this Louise was the niece of her late husband the Duke of Bourbon, being the daughter of his sister, and by all law and justice next heir to her infirm daughter the Princess Suzanne; and by the Dame de Beaujeu she was hated with all the cordiality of family enmity. On the death of the father of Suzanne, the title of Duke of Bourbon fell to the Constable de Bourbon, who became duke, but with no accession of property, which all centred in the heiress. While Bourbon was deliberating whether he should consult his interest in marrying Louise of Savoy, or his inclination in taking her charming daughter, the Duchess of Bourbon-Beaujeu offered him the hand of the heir Suzanne, and Bourbon, apparently swayed entirely by interest in marriage, accepted the young lady. It is prejudice alone in any one to suppose that Bourbon deserted Louise of Savoy, a fine woman, and a very few years older than himself, to marry this child because of preference, who was, moreover, sickly, dwarfish, and greatly deformed. It was really an abhorrent marriage for a man of thirty-two to marry a sickly, deformed child, on account of her great dowry. Suzanne appears, however, to have been of an angelic disposition, and to have regarded her husband with perfect adoration. We may suppose that the Duchess of Angoulême was enraged at this marriage, the splendour of which she resolved to eclipse, by giving her daughter Marguerite instantly in marriage to the Duke of Alençon, a prince of the blood, who stood nearer to the throne than Bourbon, but much inferior to him in person and talents. From being the object of her fondest regard, Bourbon was directly a mark for her enmity; and, indeed, he seems to have given her reason, for he raised a scandalous story of the strong

resemblance the king bore to a miller at Coignac : an insinuation still more injurious to his friend and benefactor the king, than to the object of his calumny. Till this circumstance, the king took no notice of the quarrels between his kinsman and his mother. He had given his consent to the marriage of Bourbon with Suzanne, and he had stood godfather for their son, who died soon after his baptism. Meantime the court rung with the quarrels of the Duchess of Angoulême and La Dame de Beaujeu, who, as Bourbon's mother-in-law, fiercely championized him whenever he was attacked or injured by Louise of Savoy. Bourbon, who was then possessor of an immense property, carried his magnificence of equipage and appearance to an excess which surpassed royalty. He seemed to be raised too high and prosperous to be hurt by the rage of Louise, when the death of his excellent little wife in 1521, and of the children she had borne him at the hazard of her life, deprived Bourbon of all his riches, and reduced him again to the condition of a penniless soldier of fortune, with the worse mishap of having, in a season of prosperity, incensed those who had before advanced him to the first honours in France.

There are a great many readers of history who firmly believe that out of jealousy of his martial prowess at Marignan, Francis suffered his mother to revenge herself for her disappointment in love, by reviving an obsolete claim of the crown on Bourbon's property ; but the mother of Louise of Savoy was sister to the father of Suzanne, and consequently the property of the heiress, who died childless and under age, fell, by every law human and divine, to the next in blood, who was first cousin to the wife of Bourbon. The statement of this simple fact would have acquitted the memories of Francis and his mother from the most undeserved obloquy. The Duchess of Angoulême demanded of him the restoration of les forêts Auvergne, La Marche, and Clermont, all which seignories came by a female heir to the house of Bourbon. This female heir was the beautiful Dauphiness of Auvergne.\* The lordship of La Marche came by an heiress to the Dauphiness of Auvergne ; and the Bourbonnois itself, to which the duke set up

\* This biography and portrait will shortly appear.

a right, as if it were subject to a Salique law, came by an heiress of the house of Dampier to an elder house of Burgundy, and again by a woman to the elder line of Bourbon, of whom Louise was the representative, as the niece of Peter, Duke of Bourbon-Beaujeu. Surely modern historians ought to have traced these genealogies before they condemned Francis the First for unheard-of tyranny to Bourbon. In fact, the indulgence which suffered Bourbon to retain all the wealth and domains that belonged to his wife's heiress till this clear matter was settled by a lawsuit, for a nearly despotic sovereign, was a rather remarkable piece of forbearance. The only excuse which Bourbon had for retaining them was a claim invented by himself, to the exclusion of female heirs, likewise a deed of gift, which his young wife, an infant of thirteen, had executed in his favour, just before their marriage ; but whether such a title would give any husband a claim to take, even in these times, an acre of land from the natural heiress of a minor, we leave every one of common sense (without knowledge of law) to determine.

And why should Louise of Savoy have given up her birthright to a man who had hypocritically made use of the affection she bore him to gain the highest honours in France, who had trifled with her love, and endeavoured to play the same part with her daughter ? The brilliant intellect of Marguerite seems never to have stooped to the level of this showy, but unprincipled man. She treated him in a friendly, conciliating manner, but there was no appearance that his insidious courtship had ever touched her heart : his homage was offered to too many to be acceptable to the high-minded Marguerite.

It is said that while the suit was pending, Louise of Savoy offered to compromise the matter by marrying Bourbon, and that he rejected her with scorn, and cast imputations on her character. He was the only man that ever threw a slur on the fame of Louise of Savoy ; and although these imputations have been repeated incessantly by historians, we must doubt their justice, since a woman, left a widow at eighteen, who passes through life till thirty-five with an unblemished character, is not likely to act unworthily at that age. This princess had a claim prior to his on the estates of her uncle,



the Duke of Bourbon, and he had made use of her partiality to raise himself by obtaining the office of constable of France, and then betrayed her affection. These seem to have been the true causes of his hatred to her. Louise of Savoy is a character by no means attractive to a biographer, but a common feeling of justice obliges every writer who conceives that he knows the truth to state it.

Bourbon was so unjust as to be malcontent with his sovereign, on account of the probable surrender of his wife's property. He entered into a treasonable correspondence with Charles the Fifth, the natural enemy of his country, and fomented a rebellion among some of the great nobles of France.

Francis acted on the occasion with a nobility and candour for which he has never received due praise. He obtained proof of all Bourbon's intended treasons, yet hearing that he was ill and confined to his bed at the castle of Moulins, the stronghold of the Bourbon domains, he turned out of the road where he was conducting his detachments to Italy, and, with scarcely an escort, rode to Moulins, to try if he could not regain his lost friend by means of gentle remonstrance. Francis went to his bedside, took his hand, and said—"They tell me you are vexed with the circumstances that have recently happened, and I conceive you are so not without reason. I am told, too, that you have forgotten your allegiance to France, and that you are in treaty with the Emperor Charles. This I will not believe, any more than that you can think that I will see you deprived of your property. Serve me only as you have served me before—be but faithful to your king and to your own reputation, and you shall have no cause to complain, whatever the result of the suit now before parliament."

Bourbon kissed the hand he held, declared it was true that the emperor had made him overtures, which he had rejected, of which he meant to inform his sovereign. He said that he longed to join Francis in his Italian campaign, and that he would as soon as he could rise follow his king to Lyons, even if it were in a litter. The generous Francis left him, fully convinced of his sincerity. In a week he sent word to the king that he was well enough to follow him, and Francis published this news with no little

pleasure at his levee. He had waited for Bourbon, expecting him to be well enough to march, and now he left Lyons and proceeded to Italy, expecting his cousin to follow; instead of which, Bourbon, directly the country was clear of the king's troops, escaped to the emperor, and never met his injured sovereign again, till he saw him prisoner after the disastrous fight at Pavia.

Louise of Savoy and Bourbon never saw each other again. The parliament of Paris, soon after the flight of Bourbon, decreed the family possessions of Peter Duke of Bourbon to be the right of his niece, Louise of Savoy. How could they do otherwise? And yet modern history is full of exclamations on the venality of the judges and this infamous act of partial oppression. The Duchess of Bourbon-Beaujeu, mother-in-law of Bourbon, died soon after this decree. It is said to have hastened her death. By her will she left her claim on the contested property to her son-in-law. The property consisted of vast recovered mortgages, of which, by her prudence, she had discharged her husband's property. She was likewise very wealthy in money and jewels, which she left to her self-exiled son-in-law, who, if he had done his duty as a loyal subject, would have found that fortune had still many benefits in store for him; but all the bequests of his mother-in-law he forfeited by his desertion to the enemy.

Meantime a current of unpopularity set in against Louise of Savoy, which has borne down her memory with ill-favour to all posterity. Bourbon was the military hero of France, and the people hated the king's mother, because her right to her family inheritance had, they said, driven him into rebellion. The French have never, from that day to the present, forgiven Louise for this unconscious wrong, although they have forgotten plenty of her evil deeds, where she was wilfully a misdoer. Her worst action was the death of Semblançai, a minister of finance during her regency, while her son was absent in his first Italian campaign. It is supposed that, either from her abominable avarice, or from hatred to Lautrec, the brother of the king's favourite mistress, who, through his sister's influence, had been left governor of the conquered dukedom of Milan, Louise stopped all the supplies that should have

paid his troops. The army mutinied, and Lautrec lost Milan. When he returned, of course the cause of his failure came out: the king called Semblançai to a severe reckoning; the minister declared he had paid the 400,000 crowns to her highness the regent; she declared she had only received her own savings from her property for many years, which she had entrusted to Semblançai. It does not appear that the unfortunate minister had any proof to offer to the contrary, and a violent war of words ensued, in the presence of the king and Lautrec, between the king's mother and Semblançai. Francis told Lautrec that he was now convinced the blame of the loss of Milan did not rest with him, and then, turning to the contending parties, said—"Be silent, and let us try to understand our own interests better than to turn traitors to each other."

After this magnanimous speech the storm, at this crisis, passed harmless over the head of Semblançai, and he was even continued in office, much against his inclination, till the year 1524, when the long-delayed vengeance of Louise is said to have worked on the king, who inquired into his accounts, and he was condemned to be hanged for the alleged embezzlement of 300,000 crowns, which he positively swore on his trial, and at his execution, he had paid into the hands of the duchess-regent, who had not accounted for them to the king. The people of France, enraged at the death of this popular minister, whom they declared to be honest and loyal, their hatred against Louise of Savoy rose to a pitch of fury. It appears certain that if Semblançai had paid the money, his respect for the royal station of the king's mother had somehow prevented him from taking proper acknowledgments of the sums he disbursed to her. This was the general opinion; but whether Louise was capable of thus selling the life of a minister for whom she had previously professed the highest esteem in her letters, which are still extant, whom also the king addressed by the venerable name of father, is one of those mysteries which can only be cleared up at the day of judgment. It is just possible that there was some dark unsuspected agent in the transaction, like the woman De la Motte, in the affair of the "diamond necklace," which for many years ruined the character of the

unfortunate Marie Antoinette.\* We cannot, however, find trace of such an agent; but the dimness of centuries has veiled the events which brought the venerable Semblançai to an ignominious death. If Louise was innocent of secreting the money, no wonder at her indignation at being charged with the receipt of it. Both parties bore themselves like innocent persons; and it is the remembrance of the treacherous perjury of Louise during the prosecution of her faithful adherent, Maréchal de Gié, that assists the memory of those who condemn the part she apparently bore in this mysterious business; for we conclude, and naturally, that the perpetrator of one treachery will be guilty of another when a suitable opportunity presents itself.

France passionately mourned for Semblançai's disgraceful death, and declared it was the felonious avarice of Louise which had brought his hoary head to the gibbet. Clement Marot, the great poet of that day, whom Louise herself had patronised, wrote some verses on the undaunted demeanour of Semblançai at his unjust execution. The lines are entitled "*Du Lieutenant Criminal et Semblançai*"—

"When Maillard like the infernal judge  
Led Semblançai to death. Which of the  
twain  
Bore the best mien, think ye? Now I can  
tell ye,  
That Maillard seemed as if his end drew  
near,  
While Semblançai, that firm old man, was  
calm,  
As if by office, leading to the gibbet  
The criminal judge to die at Montfauçon."

Clement Marot was some time afterwards imprisoned four or five years at the Châtelet, ostensibly for having eaten some bacon in Lent; but the Parisians guessed that his imprudent verses were the true reason of his doing such long penance for having consumed a few mouthfuls of savoury meat, and Louise got the credit of having inflicted this private vengeance on her poet. Marot wrote a petition in verse to Francis, who burst out laughing on reading them, and let him out of durance.

Before Francis set out on his next expedition for the recovery of Milan, he named his mother regent of France. The second Louise, though not a consci-

\* See this portrait and memoir, August, 1836. Copies can be had.

entious person in word and deed, although she appears to have possessed a wonderful degree of political foresight, and to have had the talents of a great monarch. When she found that her son was undertaking a campaign so late as October, 1524, she was struck with a foreboding of the disastrous result which would attend an army ill-equipped for a winter campaign. She set out at full speed to overtake her son, with the intention of persuading him to postpone his expedition, and when she found that he travelled too quickly to permit her overtaking him, she sent a letter by an express, entreating him to stay till she could confer with him. Francis, who anticipated her objections to his campaign, made no other answer than confirming her authority as regent; and notwithstanding she sent him the news of the death of Queen Claude,\* his excellent wife, yet Francis was pertinacious in proceeding with his army across the Alps. Louise then returned to the capital, and before four months had passed, the disastrous battle of Pavia verified her worst anticipations. Francis, her gallant son, after performing miracles of valour, was a prisoner to her recreant lover and his rebellious subject, Bourbon. France was in a state of the greatest consternation; her monarch a captive, and the best and bravest of her nobility dead on the field of Pavia. At this juncture, Louise of Savoy found herself in her proper element, and by the wisdom and firmness of her measures, saved France from the anarchy that had afflicted it when King John was captive to Edward the Third. She assembled the princes of the blood and the governors of the great provinces, and consulted them on the best means of maintaining order, and ransoming the king. She conciliated the parliament which had shown signs of turbulence, made some wise ordinations in conjunction with its members for the better regulation of the finances, hired galleys to transport from Civita Vecchia the remnants of the fine French army broken at Pavia, and ensured the attachment of the soldiers by paying their arrears, and providing for their comforts when they should land. She pensioned Wolsey, in order to secure Henry the Eighth

in the interest of her son; and defeated a tumultuary invasion of fifteen thousand German Protestants, who joined with the Vaudois, and invaded France at this critical juncture. A most calamitous event was this invasion for the infant Protestant church in France, since it afforded an excuse for the infernal persecutions which raged against them for upwards of forty years. The first religious persecution commenced under the regency of Louise, but it does not seem to have been by any wish of hers, but the immediate effect of this most rash and ill-conducted invasion, which was suppressed by the valour of the Duke of Guise; and the persecuting sword of the house of Lorraine was never sheathed from that hour, the chief part of the sixteenth century.

Louise, among her other faults, has been accused of being a bigot: but her daughter Marguerite, whom she had educated and always retained near her, was decidedly a Protestant. Louise did not love this daughter with the adoring affection she bestowed on her son, but still Marguerite\* had great influence with her mother. This princess was left a widow a few months after the battle of Pavia; her husband, no wise worthy of her, having either through stupidity or poltroonry, occasioned the loss of that battle, died of trouble of mind, caused by the reproaches heaped on him by his countrymen. Marguerite felt more grief for the disasters of her country and her brother, than for the loss of a husband she had never loved. As soon as propriety would permit, Louise sent her daughter into Spain to visit Francis, and concert measures with him for his speedy liberation. Here Bourbon, then a mere soldier of fortune in the pay of the enemy of his country, offered to undo all the mischief he had done, and do his best to restore Francis to his liberty, if he would forgive him and bestow upon him the hand of his sister. How Louise of Savoy would have borne the sight of Bourbon as the husband of her daughter, was never known. Marguerite, Francis, and Bourbon, had secretly agreed to this arrangement, but Marguerite was so bold in plotting schemes for her brother's escape, that Charles the Fifth threatened to imprison her, and she had to escape out of Spain at great personal risk; and she must, in-

\* See this portrait and memoir, October, 1833. We can supply the portrait, but all the books have been sold.

\* See this portrait and memoir, September, 1837. Copies may be had.

deed, have been detained a prisoner with her brother, if Bourbon had not given her hasty warning of her danger. The enmity between him and her mother prevented him from fleeing with her, but he told her all he knew of the emperor's designs. It is certain that if Marguerite had loved him, she might easily have enticed him to France with her, so entirely devoted to her did the unfortunate Bourbon seem during her visit to her captive brother.

It was after the battle of Pavia that Francis wrote the celebrated letter to his mother, beginning, "Madame, all is lost, excepting our honour."

After enduring a year's close imprisonment, he was liberated on hard conditions, giving his sons as hostages for the performance of them.

When Louise of Savoy resigned the sceptre of the regency into the hands of her son, her most prejudiced opponents were forced to confess that she had governed France as well as the greatest sovereigns who had ever swayed that sceptre; and some of the best regulations that belonged to her son's reign may be traced to that regency.

It remains, however, a blot upon her government, that the inquisitorial fires were lighted during her regency. Her excellent daughter, Marguerite, agonised by one of these abominable executions, wrote an urgent letter to her brother when in prison in Madrid, imploring him to send a positive order for the suspension of those cruelties. Du Prat, her mother's chancellor, to whose wickedness the persecutions may be traced, had the impudence to threaten Marguerite with prosecutions for heresy. Marguerite, courageous as a lion in the cause of humanity, showed him the order of her brother, which had just arrived, and defied his malice. As Louise supported her daughter in this struggle, and as Marguerite had no political power in the state, it is a fair inference to draw that her mother approved of her humane interference, as the slightest word from her would, perforce, have rendered the exertions of her daughter powerless.

After the return of Francis the war continued, though his sons were prisoners, as hostages, at Madrid. At last, the ladies of the families of the two belligerent monarchs met at Cambray; and after some days' friendly deliberation, a peace

was concluded by the exertions of Louise of Savoy; and she received back her grandsons, and, at the same time, a wife for her son, Elenora,\* sister of Charles the Fifth. This peace bears a title honourable to the female sex; it is called, in history, the Ladies' Peace.

Another measure of great political merit originated with Louise of Savoy; this was finally annexing Brittany to the crown of France: through her management this proposal came from the States of Brittany themselves, by which arrangement, the dukedom was for ever to be incorporated with the crown of France, independently of female heirs. In the course of only forty years the line of Anne of Brittany failed, as well as that of the male descendants of Louise of Savoy; therefore, this providential union with the crown of France, suggested by the political wisdom of this woman, prevented a fierce succession war. From the time when, by the agency of Maréchal de Gié, she laid the embargo on the regalia of Brittany and other valuables, with which Queen Anne of Brittany meant to withdraw to the duchy, we find the union of France and Brittany was the cherished wish of her heart. She must have foreseen that, by cutting off the female heirs from the duchy, she took away half the chance of its sceptre remaining in her family; and this really occurred in two generations, for Henry the Fourth had no children by her grand-daughter, Queen Marguerite of Valois,† and the dukedom was inherited by his son, Louis the Thirteenth, who was neither related to her nor to Anne of Brittany. We may, therefore, suppose that, in this instance, Louise of Savoy, by preferring the general good of the kingdom to the interest of her family, possessed the greatest virtue that a sovereign can show.

Louise of Savoy ranks high among female sovereigns of ability, but as a woman her character is not attractive. Her claim on her lawful inheritance is the principal crime which general history has brought against her; but had she been free from other unjust actions as she was from wrong in this matter, she must have ranked as high for worth of character as

\* See this portrait and memoir, November, 1833. The portrait can be had, but the magazine is out of print.

† See the portrait and memoir, January, 1835. Copies can be had.

she does for sagacity in political government.

Among her weaknesses was a strong belief in judicial astrology. She had a lively desire to retain in her service Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated conjuror, that she might always have her fortune told whenever she had a mind. Cornelius, on further acquaintance, detested her, and to plague her, told her all the ill fortune which he could invent against her. She consulted him as to what would become of the Duke of Bourbon; out of malice, the perverse conjurer predicted the highest *good* luck to the *unfortunate* duke; and when he found after all this disagreeable intelligence Louise of Savoy was still desirous of his professional assistance, he wrote a bitter satire on her, in which he compared her to Jezabel. Enraged at such an outrage, Louise resolved to punish her impertinent magician, but Cornelius Agrippa betook himself to flight without waiting for *her* decision on *his* destiny.

And what did become of the Duke of Bourbon, perhaps, some readers are as desirous of knowing as was Louise of Savoy. No such good fortune as was predicted by the recusant conjurer befell Bourbon. He was slain in the year 1526, at the celebrated siege of Rome, in the act of scaling the walls of the city. Leader of a band of German mercenaries, his soldier-like habits and conduct made him as much beloved by them as he was by the French armies. He who had ever affected so much profuse magnificence and luxury, now fared no better than the commonest of his black bands, and in his dress was no wise distinguished from them, excepting by the cloth of silver surtout he wore over his armour. This prince is commemorated in one of Lord Byron's most spirited lyrics, which we transcribe from the "Deformed Transformed:"

The black bands came over  
The Alps and their snow,  
With Bourbon the rover  
They passed the broad Po.

We have beaten all foemen,  
We have captured a king;

*Bourbon sets his foot again on the ladder, but falls.*

Arnold! I am sped.  
Conceal my fall—all will go well—conceal it!  
Fling my cloak o'er what will be dust anon.

We have turned back to no men,  
And so let us sing!

Here's the Bourbon for ever!  
Though penniless all,  
We'll have one more endeavour  
At yonder old wall.

With the Bourbon we'll gather  
At day-dawn before  
The gates, and together  
Or break or climb o'er

The wall: on the ladder  
As mounts each firm foot,  
Our shout shall grow gladder,  
And death only be mute.

With the Bourbon we'll mount o'er  
The walls of old Rome,  
And who then shall count o'er  
The spoils of each dome?

Up, up with the Lily!  
And down with the keys,  
In old Rome the Seven-hilly  
We'll revel at ease.

Her streets shall be gory,  
Her Tyber all red;  
And her temples so hoary,  
Shall clang with our tread.

Oh the Bourbon! the Bourbon!  
The Bourbon for aye!  
Of our song bear the burden!  
And fire, fire away!

With Spain for the vanguard,  
Our varied host comes!  
And next to the Spaniard  
Beat Germany's drums;

And Italy's lances,  
Are couched at their mother;  
But our leader from France is,  
Who warred with his brother.

Oh the Bourbon! the Bourbon!  
Sans country or home;  
We'll follow the Bourbon  
To plunder old Rome.

Brunton has preserved the song of Bourbon's bands, who were free companions, only paid with what they could steal. In this song may be found the germ of this grand historical lyric. Byron has given us literally the facts of Bourbon's fall, and as it is briefer than any history and as true, why should we not give his words.

Let not the soldiers see it ———.

Death is upon me. But what is *one* life ?

For Bourbon's spirit shall command them still.

Keep them yet ignorant that I'm but clay,

Till they are conquerors—then do as you may.

*Cæsar.* Would not your highness choose to kiss the cross ?

We have no priest here, but the hilt of sword

May serve instead—it did the same for Bayard.

*Bourbon.* Thou bitter slave, to name him at this time.

But I deserve it.

*Arnold.* Oh ! those eyes are glazing, which o'erlook'd the world,  
And saw no equal.

*Bourbon.* Arnold, shouldst thou see  
France—But hark ! hark ! the assault grows warmer—  
Oh !

For but an hour, a minute more of life,  
To die within the wall. Hence, Arnold, hence !  
You lose time, they will conquer Rome without thee.

*Arnold.* And without *thee* !

*Bourbon.* Not so ; I lead them still  
In spirit. Cover up my dust, and breathe not  
That I have ceased to breathe.—Farewell.  
Up ! up ! the world is winning. (*Bourbon dies.*)

*Cæsar.* Good night, lord constable ! thou wert a man.

\* \* \* \*

*Cæsar.* Why, Arnold ! hold thine own ; thou hast in hand  
A famous artisan, a cunning sculptor ;  
Also a dealer in the sword and dagger.  
'Twas he who slew the Bourbon from the wall.

*Arnold.* Aye, did he so ?  
Then he hath carved his monument.

*Benevento.* I yet  
May live to carve your betters.

*Cæsar.* Well said, my man of marble ! Benevento,  
Thou hast some practice in both ways, and he  
Who slays Cellini will have worked as hard  
As e'er thou didst upon Carrara's blocks.

A year after the death of Bourbon, Louise presided at the marriage of her daughter Marguerite with King Henry of Navarre, a handsome and noble-minded prince, every way worthy of the admirable Marguerite.

Louise of Savoy survived Bourbon five years : she was seized with illness at Fontainebleau, the favourite hunting-palace of her son, and suffered a lingering consumptive malady during the greater portion of the year 1531. At last she believed that her illness had entirely left her, and she set out on a journey to Romorentin, to meet the king at Grès en Gatinos : she was seized with a relapse, and was forced to stop there and take to her bed. Awaking in the night, she saw an extraordinary light in her chamber, and began to scold her attendants for lighting a fire when it was so hot. They

told her it was the reflection of the moon. She said it was no such thing, and snatching back her curtains, saw the great comet of that year glaring through the window. She insisted that it had come for her, and sent forthwith for her confessor to prepare her for death. It was in vain that her physicians assured her that she was much better, and that her disease had taken a favourable turn. She replied, that was true, and that she felt better ; nevertheless, the comet predicted the death of some great person, which she was sure was herself. Had she supposed herself of less consequence in the scale of creation, and had no faith in astrology, she might have lived some years longer, as it was, she died Sept. 22nd, 1531 : more regretted by her son and the learned men she pensioned, than by the rest of France.

## PRECAUTION.

I will not trust thee, artful boy,  
 Tho' banded be thine eyes;  
 I'll not so dearly buy the joy,  
 That ends in years of sighs!

Tho' childish in thy sportive hours,  
 Unguarded I'll not be,  
 At pleasure thou hast wisdom's pow'rs,  
 And none can quicker see.

Experience shall not come too late,  
 Thy want of sight's pretence!  
 'Tis safest I should not debate,  
 Go! take thy quiver hence!

C. F. B.

## STANZAS.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

*By the Author of "The Cry of the Poor."*

Talk not to me of sumptuous halls,  
 Luxurious banquets, wealth, and state;  
 Talk not of splendid midnight balls,  
 Where fairest beauties congregate.

I have no pleasure in the crowd  
 Who sport in Fashion's airy train,  
 In noisy revels, pageants proud,  
 Nor Bacchanalian's boist'rous strain.

No; give to me the cottage neat,  
 With jasmine twining round its door,  
 It's windows deck'd with blossoms sweet,  
 It's walls with ivy mantled o'er;

A garden, where my grateful care  
 May tend the bright unfolding flow'rs;  
 A streamlet flowing gaily there—  
 Aye, prattling to the passing hours;

And meads where I may rove and see  
 The sportive lambs, the grazing herds;  
 Or, stretched beneath some shady tree,  
 May list the joyous song of birds.

And give me *one*, my home to share,  
 Of gentle spirit, kindred mind,  
 Content with me, for me, to share,  
 Whate'er is to my lot assigned.

Possess'd of these, and blest with health—  
 That gem of all life's transient things—  
 I would not change them for the wealth,  
 The honours, pomp, and might of kings.

W. H.

## THE HEADSMAN'S DAUGHTER.

## A TALE FROM THE FRENCH.

"Don't go near the house—it belongs to a Paria. The whole affrighted troop immediately exclaimed,—A Paria! a Paria!"—*St. Pierre's Indian Cottage.*

Some thirty years ago I was studying for the bar, at Aix, near Montpellier. A case of extraordinary interest had just been tried. The prisoner was a man sprung from a family of wealth and importance, which had taken a sanguinary part in the factious outbreakings of the republicans, and crimes the most revolting were of frequent occurrence. A father had murdered his own son, and others of the family met with violent deaths, until by mysterious disappearance a large family was reduced to the number of two sons, the elder of whom stabbed his wife in a fit of jealousy, and was now in his turn condemned to suffer by the guillotine. The affair excited a lively interest throughout Aix: the trial lasted five days, during which time the court was crowded to excess. Although I always arrived too late to hear the proceedings, I once caught a glimpse of the prisoner, a tall, stupid, ill-looking fellow. Between the brothers there was a strong attachment, they were ever together; he who was free accompanying his brother daily to court, and endeavouring to sustain his sinking courage: this devotion was the theme of general admiration; nevertheless, when overcome by his feelings, and compelled to quit the court, each individual shrank from his approach, as if fearful of some contagious influence. When sentence of death was recorded, the two brothers locked in each other's arms returned to the prison. The condemned having refused to appeal against the verdict, his execution was fixed to take place at Marseilles (where the crime had been committed) the next day but one.

Strolling on the "Cours" with some fellow students, when the news reached us we agreed to go, not through a desire of being present at the fatal tragedy, but to see the people, who would congregate from every part of the country to witness the sad spectacle. We agreed to meet where we then were, at five in the morning, and hire a *Char-à-bancs*, which would bring us back the next day. Un-

fortunately having slept too soundly, it was six o'clock ere I reached the "Cours," and I felt assured that my companions had started. Vexed that they had not taken the trouble to awake me, I determined to set out on foot.

It was April, and the weather delightful, for spring time was more than usually advanced. The enamelled fields were covered with verdure, and the hedges interspersed with lovely spring flowers, diffusing around the most delicious odours. The mulberry trees which lined the road on either side were already in leaf, and the birds warbled sweetly. Animated and refreshed by the pure morning air, I pursued my way gaily along, feeling more than usually happy, although I could find no cause for being so. On a sudden the object of my journey presented itself to my "mind's eye." "I thought a few hours since, the unhappy wretch whose doom will in brief space be sealed for ever, passed this same road." Though fully aware that he merited the fate which awaited him, still I could not divest myself of a sentiment of pity for him. "Alas!" I continued, "had it not been for the violence of his passions, he might still have enjoyed years of happiness in a world from which he is now about to be torn by a violent death!" These and similar thoughts crowding upon my mind in rapid succession, at length completely unnerved me. I no longer enjoyed the freshness of the air, the fragrance of the flowers, the warbling of the birds, but quickening my pace, in order to escape as it were from my own thoughts, I ran hastily onwards, and would at that moment have given the world for a companion. In vain I sought for some chance passenger; the few I met were either waggons or drivers of carts, whose capacity for conversation was restricted to a simple "good day," in return to my unceremonious salutations. At length a little before I reached the inn of Inas-du-Velu, I espied a man habited in black, walking with slow and measured pace, a short distance before me.



Hastening nearer I scrutinized first his dress, and then his person, as we walked side by side a considerable time; but he headed me no more than if I had been ten miles distant. He was about fifty years of age, and rather above the usual standard height. Large round green spectacle glasses totally concealed his eyes, and his chin was completely buried in the folds of a loose cravat, which was so carelessly knotted, that its long ends floated in the breeze. A black coat, of a peculiarly antiquated cut, covered his figure; and speckled silk stockings, with shoes, ornamented with large silver buckles, gave him the finish of singularity. The little I could distinguish of his countenance, from that portion which was visible between his spectacles and cravat, bore an attractive expression of calm benignity. Upon further scrutiny, I was convinced that I had already seen either him or his image, though I could not then recall when and where. At length I thought of the prisoner and his brother at the assizes; and this was certainly that brother—his height—his figure—his dress—all corresponded in completing that identity. This discovery was for a moment productive of feelings rather unpleasant in their workings; I cannot say that I shrunk back with horror, but I certainly slackened my steps, sufficiently to remain at least a dozen paces in the rear. Prompted at last by great curiosity, arising from my surprise at meeting him on such a road, and such a day, I resolved to accost him, and with this intention hastened forward to overtake him; when near him my courage seemed all at once to have forsaken me, and I again fell back; still, however, bent on my purpose, it seemed so extraordinary that he, who had never quitted his brother, should now, on the morning preceding his execution, be walking leisurely with his hands crossed behind his back, and on the very road leading to Marseilles. Again I moved onwards, fully determined to pass him, and then accost him as soon as he had reached me, hoping even that he might be the first to speak. In this respect I was disappointed; he not only reached the same spot where I was, but passed me without taking the slightest notice. In this manner we performed a quarter of a league: one while I was in advance, at another in the rear, but my fellow pedestrian continued his

way, seemingly alike unconscious of my presence and my manœuvres. Curiosity at length getting the better of every other feeling, I determined upon making one bold effort to effect my purpose, by entering into conversation with witlessness worthy of the veriest school-boy: at length I stopped, and asked if he could tell me what o'clock it was. The words had, however, no sooner passed my lips, than I felt conscious of their folly and impertinence. The stranger fortunately seemed not to regard them as I had, and drawing a handsome gold watch from his pocket, politely replied, but without looking at me,

"It wants a quarter to eight, sir."

"I need not hurry then," I continued, resolving not to lose this slight advantage, gained with so much trouble and perseverance: "I need not hurry," I repeated, "at a slow pace one may hope to reach Marseilles by twelve o'clock. What a delightful morning, sir."

The stranger bowed his head in token of assent. Finding, however, that he seemed unwilling to enter into conversation, I still continued, with a wicked pertinacity, the recollection of which has since often astonished me:

"Yes, the weather is delightful, I feel quite invigorated by the freshness of the air; in a long walk like this, sir, one gets tired at last of one's own thoughts—such at least is my case, and I am very happy at falling in with a passenger bound, no doubt, for the same destination."

He stopped, and looking in my face, said, with an accent and manner in which dignity and melancholy were strongly blended,

"I suppose you know me, sir?"

This question put an end to all my doubts.

"Yes," I answered, "I recognised you instantly."

I now thought the opportunity of making some allusion to his present trying situation too favourable to be lost, and willing at the same time to make a display of my learning, I continued with emphasis—

"Crimes beget disgrace, not the scaffold! I am without prejudices, sir, arising from a sound education; men should be unprejudiced."

"Ah!" said he feelingly, "how few think as you do."

"The world is absurd," I continued, proud of displaying my philosophical reasoning, "men forget that the great principles of justice and equity are—are——"

I stopped short, fearing to lose myself in some grand tirade, in the very beginning of which I was getting entangled. So making an abrupt transition to the subject which had previously occupied my mind, I cried—

"How I pity you, sir! To-morrow! What a dreadful day for you!"

"Enough, sir," interrupted my companion, in a voice of emotion. "Enough! In pity, forbear."

I now found nothing more to say, so absorbed was I by this one fatal subject, to which, of course, I dared not again allude. We walked for some time, silently, side by side, his head bent down; and though I could not see his eyes, owing to his large green spectacles, I fancied them brimful of tears. After a long interval, turning toward me with a tranquillity and resignation of manner that appeared to me the sublimest effort of philosophy, he exclaimed,

"How rich, how extensive is this landscape; the air too, how balmy, how refreshing."

"You love the country?" I observed.

"Yes, I love to see nature in all her glory—I love to see the green fields: my only happiness is in solitude.—A cottage where all around is calm and still—there alone I seem to breathe. My happiest days are those passed in the bosom of my family, in my own little nook of earth, where I cultivate my flowers and my fruit trees."

"You are married then?" I said inquiringly.

"I am," was his reply, "for the second time a widower."

"But you have children?"

"My first wife left me a daughter, who is now nearly twenty years of age;—the second, a boy, a lovely infant."

"They must be a great consolation to you?" I said, in tones of commiseration.

His only answer to this common-place observation, was a sad shake of the head. After a short silence I again hazarded an observation on the forbidden subject.

"Of all persons," I said, "I should have least expected to have met you on

this road—alone too. May I ask what could have decided you to go alone, and on foot?"

"I am fond of walking," he answered, "and I am not alone." So saying he stopped, and turning round, shaded his eyes with his hand, and looking back along the road added, "my people and equipage are following."

At the word equipage I turned too, and looked in the same direction, but saw nothing. The stranger then slackened his pace, so as to permit his people the sooner to overtake him.

I broke the long-continued silence by hazarding another observation.

"You talked of flowers, are you fond of cultivating them?—have you any rare species in your garden?"

"I have some beautiful species," he said, "though not rare ones. My tulips and my ranunculuses are fine. I have also many varieties of the rose—'tis my daughter's favourite flower: we shall have a great quantity this year, the buds are already much advanced."

I was completely puzzled even to stupefaction at these remarks, as I recalled to mind the trial—the purport of his present journey—the dreadful morrow! What! I mentally ejaculated, has he had inclination or time to visit his rose trees? Meanwhile he still spoke of his flowers and his garden; the subject seemed inexhaustible with him—all his observations were full of feeling and simplicity, and his remarks in exceedingly good taste. He gave the name of "Hermitage" to his little country dwelling, which he mentioned contained only a few rooms: he spoke also in ecstasies of his aviary; and told me the names of his tame goats which were milked usually by himself. Occasionally he paused amidst his glowing description of a country life, and shading his eyes, as before, looked back expectant for his equipage and servants.

I was much pleased with a conversation in which were both originality and good feeling. Gardening and botany were then duly descanted upon, of both which I must admit my ignorance. Matters of history were next handled, beginning with the local history of his country, with which he seemed to be thoroughly conversant, and he related many interesting and curious facts.

"Where," I asked, "have you learned all these curious particulars?"

"In the archives of the courts of justice," was his reply. "My father usually took me with him; but I had not courage to remain in the courts; as soon as I heard the prisoners come in, I ran away, and went and hid myself in one of the upper chambers of the tower of St. Mitre, where I remained until all was over." He paused and shuddered, then resumed. "During the time I amused myself reading a heap of old manuscripts and odd volumes, which the mice had been gnawing for the last hundred years. I assure you I found many curious things in them."

Although much interested in the conversation, still I began to feel that I had not yet breakfasted: my limbs also began to be weary as we arrived at the little inn of the Pine.

"If you have no objection," I said to my companion, "we will stop here till your equipage arrive. I feel hungry, and if you will give me the pleasure of your company at breakfast, we will have the best that this house affords."

"Sir,—I am most sensible—it is an honour which I did not expect—" stammered my companion, evidently much surprised.

I interpreted this mode of acknowledgment to my companion's astonishment at finding me so much above the common prejudices of the world, and I confess I admired my courage and self-complacency in being devoid of shame at inviting a man to breakfast with me whose brother was just about to suffer an ignominious death. Had I expected to have met an acquaintance at the inn, I might, perhaps, have followed a different course.

Miserable, indeed, was the appearance of this place, over whose portal was fixed the significant sign of a pine branch. Upon entering the kitchen, the hostess conducted us into the "dining room," which was but a miserable closet, pitch dark, furnished with four old straw-bottomed chairs and a rickety table.

"It is impossible to remain here," I exclaimed, vexed at having invited any person to breakfast in such a kennel. "I thought it was a better house." At the same time turning to my fellow-traveller, I proposed going to the Porte-rouge, where we were certain of better

accommodation, and which was not far distant.

"We shall be better here," said my new friend, seating himself; "besides, if you please, I would rather not go to the other."

Seeing I was about to insist on changing quarters, after a moment's hesitation, he added, "excuse me, but I would rather not go to the Porte-rouge, especially on your account, sir, I believe I am known there."

"Well, as you please," I answered carelessly, at the same time not sorry to be spared the delay. "As I have already told you, men are, I think, wrong to give way to prejudice. In my opinion no man is obliged to answer for the company he may choose to keep."

My companion looked at me, but without replying; and whilst the hostess was preparing breakfast, went to the door to see if his people were in sight. Just as a smoking omelet was placed upon the table, he returned, saying, "Here they are, at last!"

Although seated, curiosity led me to look out for the livery of a person who preferred a fatiguing walk, followed by an empty carriage, to taking the same journey in comfort. A vehicle stood in the middle of the road, with a sort of scaffold surmounted by two red painted blocks. At first I knew not what to think—but in a moment the truth flashed upon my mind that I had mistaken him for another.

Here also was the guillotine. My companion—was the headsman! I took instant flight, and never ceased running until I arrived at Marseilles.

\* \* \* \* \*

We met again at Marseilles; and the meeting was, indeed, of my own seeking!

Shortly afterwards I returned to Aix, where a month was occupied in my professional studies. With feelings of horror I often thought of my walk to Marseilles; but time wore off those painful impressions, and I experienced an eager desire to see and to converse again with that man from whom I had fled, as if from the most fearful contagion. As soon as the hurry of business permitted, I set about the means of carrying my project into effect.

In the vicinity of Aix, there is a place called locally "*Lei Baumettos*," signifying "small grottos." They consist of

deep cavities dug in the sides of an enormous pile of black, sterile, and naked rocks, between whose narrow fissures only a stunted fig-tree is here and there to be seen. The poorest of the neighbouring peasantry lead their goats to browse upon these uncultivated heights, whose scanty vegetation is almost entirely burnt up by the first heats of summer. I had learned that the little country dwelling of the headsman was situate amidst those rocks, where was the little nook of earth whose cultivation had "formed his sole enjoyment—the spot where alone he found peace and happiness."

Having procured a lodging hard by, one afternoon I set out upon a stroll, with the intention of reconnoitering the neighbourhood. Little more space than a month had elapsed since my visit to Marseilles. With feelings of embarrassment I trod the narrow and solitary winding path leading to the top of the mountain, which bore not the slightest print of human footsteps, but closely resembled the bed of a once dried-up torrent. The higher I ascended, the more barren was the appearance of every thing; naked rocks were towering above each other in steep and rugged masses, and their summits exhibited no sign of verdure, except of the Spanish broom, whose yellow blossoms waved in the briskly-blowing breeze.

Here I was forced to seat myself upon a ledge of rock. A vague sort of feeling agitated me, as if I was about to penetrate into the dwelling of some mysterious being, or witness some formidable apparition. My heart beat, and cold drops of water bedewed my brow; I trembled all over, and yet I felt happy. At that moment I would not have exchanged my agitated feelings to gain an empire.

I had not yet reached the mountain top. My eye followed the windings of a path to a spot where it to all appearance was lost between two of the highest rocks, leading to a road beyond. These formed a kind of regular breach, similar to the two supporters of a large archway, and through them I could clearly distinguish the red blossoms of a number of pomegranate trees. I determined passing, to satisfy my curiosity whither the path conducted, and quitting my seat gazed around, and in the opposite direction I perceived a group advancing, whose appearance chained me to the spot.

I instantly recognised the foremost of the party as the headsman. He walked slowly, stooping forwards with his hands crossed behind, his back and his costume was precisely the same as on the day we had previously met. Following close upon his footsteps, was a young girl, whom I was not mistaken in supposing to be his daughter. She wore a large round straw hat, beneath which fell, in luxuriant clusters, a quantity of light brown ringlets, shading her glowing cheeks and fair throat. Her sylph-like form was clad in a dress of India nankeen; a silk handkerchief was carelessly knotted round her neck, and, with a short black apron,\* completed her costume. The third and last person of the party was a man bearing a lovely infant in his arms. This person appeared to be considerably older than the headsman: he wore a black coat, an otter's skin cap, a pair of wooden shoes, and a bright-coloured satin waistcoat; but each article of clothing was either too long or too large, and had evidently been made for some other person. From his appearance, it would have been impossible to have defined the class to which he belonged, and the excessive plainness of his countenance must have almost astonished every beholder. He had small round eyes, a flat nose, a mouth reaching from ear to ear, with teeth long, white, and pointed, resembling those given to the "ogres" in the fairy tales, and constantly displayed. The caresses of the infant were responded by him with a hideous grin. To crown the whole, his head was ornamented with a plentiful crop of dark red hair, which fell in long straight locks about his face and ears.

When these three persons arrived within a few paces of me, they stopped in the utmost surprise, undecided whether to advance or recede. The headsman had recognised me, and he seemed the most embarrassed of the party. I arose and advanced boldly, re-possessed at the instant with wonderful sang-froid. "Good day, Coquelin," said I, addressing him by name; "you are returning to your hermitage."

The young girl regarded me with an air of surprise; and the child, either through shyness or terror, hid his face upon the shoulder of his strange-looking nurse-maid.

"I did not expect to have had the pleasure of seeing you again, sir," said

Coquelin, quietly, in reply to my salutation.

I felt abashed. No earthly consideration could have induced me at that moment to have explained my error to him, and I endeavoured to assume a coolness of manner which I certainly did not feel, while I answered,

"You did not expect to see me again? Wherefore not? Was it because I quitted you so abruptly the other day? It was not from you I fled; but I was not master of myself. I was afraid—afraid of the ——"

I paused, my voice faltered.

Coquelin sighed as he answered,

"It was natural enough, sir."

"But I regret it. I acted like a mad-cap. I need not indeed have looked. I repented afterwards having quitted you in such a manner; but you see that I am come freely to seek you. You are not sorry, I hope, that we have met again?"

"Not in the least, sir. And now that you are here, will you come and see my little domain?" and he made room for me to pass before him.

"I shall be happy," I answered; "but let us not hurry, see, your children are a long way behind."

"My daughter dares not approach," returned Coquelin, sighing; "this is the first time in her life she has seen a stranger address me. She has never yet spoken to any person excepting one of my assistants. Ah! sir, what a dreadful barrier lies between that innocent girl and the rest of the world! I'll venture to affirm, that there is not a recluse who lives more apart from all commerce with mankind."

"The ties of family," said I, "must to her supply the place of every other. You are, I am persuaded, a good and indulgent father."

"True," he answered, despondingly; "but when I look upon my children, and think of their fate in this life, I regret having had them. I should not have married, sir—I should have remained single; but I had not the courage! Life is a burden when deprived of its affections! Those who live in the world have friends, intimate acquaintances; they have but a step to make, and they are surrounded by their fellow-men; but with us, how different! I therefore married, wishing for a family. Whom have I to love, to whom speak, had I not these children? But it is for my own sake that I am

happy in having them, not, poor innocents, for theirs!"

His voice faltered, and a tear rose to his eye, which he wiped hastily away, as if ashamed of his weakness. He then continued with greater calmness, "Excuse my weakness, sir; you must find such sentiments very ridiculous in a man of my age and of my ——" He stopped, as if a word which he could not utter would have choked him.

"Far from it," I answered, "I feel both interest and sympathy for your position, and thank you for the confidence you evince towards me."

He did not offer his hand in acknowledgment, but smiled gratefully. Then, turning towards his daughter, who was still at a little distance,

"Come on, Julie," he said, "come on, and show your collection of roses to this gentleman."

She took her father's arm, and without looking at me replied,

"The moss-roses will shortly be in blossom; the buds are already forward. Perhaps this gentleman has never seen any, I have read that the species is very rare."

At this moment we passed through the opening formed by the rocks already mentioned. I paused, astonished at the view which presented itself. A narrow, fertile, shady valley, crowned with vegetation, ran through the bosom of these barren rocks. It was as though the bountiful hand of Spring had scattered a profusion of her loveliest blossoms over the cold and arid flints. A little winding path conducted to a cottage built at the base of a sloping rock, sheltering it completely from the winds. The cottage front was entirely covered with ivy; and at each side, planted in a semicircle, were the most flourishing accacias I had ever beheld.

"This is a paradise!" at length I cried, giving vent to my admiration in words.

"The paradise wherein it hath pleased God to place us in this world," said the girl, with a melancholy smile. "You, sir, are the first who has ventured to follow us hither."

These few simple words were uttered with an accent whose tones fell upon my heart. I was about to reply, but I felt how ill placed would have been the language I was going to use. There was in Julie's words, in her manner, in her

smile, a something that convinced me that the language of the world was not suited to her ear—a purity like hers would not have understood it.

I therefore remained prudently silent.

A man was at work in the little garden. His dress was somewhat similar to that of the person I had seen carrying the child—"a thing of shreds and patches."

"You are not positively alone," I observed to Coquelin.

"Not positively," he answered; "these two men are my assistants; they take care of the house, and assist in the cultivation of my garden. They are our only servants. My daughter has no attendant of her own sex. Who—" he continued with a heavy sigh, and after a lengthened pause, "who would serve us? The most abject creature, a wretch in tatters, perishing with cold and hunger, would shun all commerce with us. No profit, no advantage, would induce her to better her miserable condition by becoming an inmate of our dwelling."

"This is my garden," said Coquelin's daughter, opening a small side gate, and giving a new turn to the conversation. I entered. The spot was a square, thickly planted with rose-trees, in full blossom, and containing every species of that lovely flower, from the purest white to the darkest crimson. In the centre of this "garden of roses" a few young cypresses, planted round a well, reared their gloomy heads on high, forming a defence against the intensity of the sun's rays. We seated ourselves close by. My brain was bewildered, an indefinable sensation, a something between perplexity and astonishment, or partaking of both, had taken possession of my mind. Every thing I saw was so entirely different from the ideas which I had formed during the past month. The young girl in particular, so unlike what my imagination had pictured. I had, indeed, fancied her to be beautiful, but dark, with strongly-marked features which constitute that severe though perfect style of beauty which awes, rather than inspires affection; whereas, the countenance I now beheld was one of those beaming with almost infantine loveliness. The purest carnation mingled itself with the lily upon her cheek, and the soft lustre of her mild blue eye shed the sweetest, the calmest expression over her whole

features. The child, then playing on her knee, he too was fair and lovely; and as she bent over him in play, I felt that Raphael must have been inspired by a similar scene to have been enabled to produce his *chef-d'œuvre* of the Madonna caressing the heavenly babe.

"She seems happy," I whispered to Coquelin.

"Julie is happy—happy as yet. Twenty summers have scarcely passed over her head—happy as yet that I am spared to her; but the future," and he shuddered, "I dread the future for her."

"The future!" I cried earnestly; "who knows what time may bring forth?"

"Nothing—nothing, sir, for her. Her position is one which human power cannot alter—the stain imprinted upon her name is indelible."

"Her name! she may change it!" I cried, interrupting him.

"Aye!" responded the unhappy father, in a voice of despair, "she may, as you say, change it; she may exchange the name of her father, the headsman of Aix, for that of the wife of the headsman of Grenoble."

These words rang a knell that chilled me to the very heart.

"What!" I exclaimed, indignantly, "what, you would give your child—one so pure, so lovely, so innocent—to such a wretch!"

I had no sooner pronounced these words than I was stung with sorrow to the quick.

"To whom else could I give her? who would marry her if not he?" And the wretched man writhed with anguish.

I hung down my head. Coquelin ceased speaking. Julie at this moment advanced towards us.

"Monsieur," she timidly said, "are you not fond of flowers? will you not gather a bouquet? Here are some of my favourite Capuchin roses, have you ever seen any more beautiful? These buds will blossom in water. Will you not gather them?" And she pointed to the tree, but without venturing to touch the proffered buds.

"I will accept them willingly from your hand, if you will gather them for me."

She bent over the tree to hide the blush that suffused her cheek, and collected a lovely bouquet, which I received

not without emotion. I felt the deepest sympathy, a mixture of pity and respect, in the presence of those persons so abased by misfortune, so utterly destitute of hope, and yet so resigned to their trying situation.

Coquelin remained close by me. I observed an hesitation in his manner, as though he had something to communicate. Twice he commenced.

"Monsieur," he at length said, "you invited me once to breakfast; dare I now venture to request your company at supper with us?"

"Most willingly," I instantly replied.

The table was spread at the entrance of a small vestibule, the walls of which were ornamented with engravings and badly-painted pictures. The furniture consisted of a curious mixture, part antique, and all richly carved. The table was covered with a quantity of massive plate; and the linen was of the very finest description. Coquelin perceived my surprise.

"I am rich," said he, "very rich, comparatively to my wants and the life I lead. We reside almost entirely at this little hermitage; my daughter loves it, and it is indeed the only place where I myself feel happy. I rejoice greatly that the means of embellishing it are in my power. Our town-house is so gloomy, we detest it: on one side the ramparts; on the other the cemetery! It has been the residence of our family for the last hundred and fifty years; none but ourselves would live there. I call this hermitage our place of refuge. I have much valuable furniture, some fine paintings and books; in short, an excellent library.

We sat down to table. The two assistants before mentioned, who now performed the office of domestics, stared with wonderment at seeing me their master's guest. They were perfectly conversant with the duties of the table; and I never, I may say, saw servants more civil and attentive. Coquelin and his daughter spoke to them with kindness, free from familiarity. Unaccustomed to their appearance, and heart-sick as I thought of their wonted employment, I scarcely dared look upon them; and an instinctive shudder passed over my whole frame each time they advanced towards me, or stretched forth their great bony hands to supply my wants. No doubt

their young mistress perceived my repugnance to being attended by them, for she soon contrived to help me herself. Seeing that her attentions were received with pleasure, she grew more courageous. Poor girl! she was sensible of the difference I evinced towards her and her father's assistants. Alas! to what cruel suffering must this sensitive girl have been exposed to have felt thus grateful for so mere a trifle!

My presence had at first evidently embarrassed her; but once recovered from her surprise, she was perfectly at ease. She had lived too long in a state of absolute retirement to feel much timidity. She had never been accustomed to calculate the effect of her words or of her countenance, and was neither skilled in the arts of coquetry nor of display, and at the end of two hours we seemed as well acquainted as if we had known each other for years. I have lived long, and travelled much, yet I may truly say that I never, either in my own or any other country, met a woman who resembled Julie. There was such a mixture of character—so much variety of expression of mind and countenance. Her conversation was that of a person who had read and reflected much, and learnt to think and speak from books alone. She possessed a gentleness of spirit not to be equalled, the most feminine delicacy of mind, added to the most fascinating playfulness of manner, displaying, at the same time, the artless credulity and curiosity of a mere child, and all the sound reasoning of a man accustomed to judge his fellows more by profound observation than by fellowship with them. The sentiments of this charming girl were great, noble, exalted, generous, wholly free from the petty prejudices incidental to an intimate contact with mankind; and she possessed all that true greatness of soul that soared far above the vulgar passions of the world.

The duties of the supper table ended, Coquelin conducted me over his house. The furniture, as I have already stated, consisted of the most heterogeneous mixture, a medley of the rarest as well as the most ordinary articles. On a stone mantel-piece stood a splendid antique clock of Florentine bronze, flanked on either side by a large dried gourd, serving the purpose of spill-boxes. The vestibule was at once the saloon and dining-room;

the library, leading from it, contained a collection of the rarest and most valuable books, interspersed with some of the merest trash that was ever printed. The little picture gallery likewise exhibited *chef-d'œuvres* and the merest daubs. At the end of the library was a door, partly concealed by an ill-painted curtain, resembling that of the drop-scene of a village theatre. I was about to draw it aside, when I was arrested by Julie's light touch upon my arm.

"That is my chamber," she said: I receded instantly, though I would have given half my property for one peep into the forbidden sanctuary, where the foot of a stranger had never yet penetrated.

Hours passed like minutes in the presence of Coquelin and his daughter; yet it seemed to me that I knew more of actual living, more in the course of that one day, so fertile in emotions, than in all the preceding years of my life. The hour of midnight sounded ere I had quitted the hermitage. Coquelin and his daughter accompanied me to the limits of their little domain. When parting from them, I said to Coquelin—

"A sentiment of commiseration and of curiosity led me hither, permit me to return, that I may improve an acquaintance already become dear to me. Farewell! we shall meet to-morrow."

I scarcely slept one hour during the whole night, and early the following morning was seated at the breakfast table of my new friends.

From the period of my first visit to the "grotto," I felt that I loved Coquelin's daughter; nor had I any reluctance in owning the passion to myself. Before I became acquainted with Julie, I experienced that kind of sensation, to which the French give the very opposite name of *ennui*, or *desœuvrement*: a mental tedium of myself and my own pursuits, and at the same time a want of interest in surrounding objects. Existence was a blank—a void. Life boasted not of a single charm for me, and the "heart wanted something to be kind to." But now that I had found an object of interest, this barrier to happiness seemed removed. I had discovered a hidden treasure, a powerful incentive to break in upon the monotony of my mundane impressions. I had now something to warm my heart, and engage my imagination; and in this vortex of happiness I bestowed not a

thought upon the future; abandoning myself wholly to the warmth of my affections, and the delightful emotions which the present moment afforded. Every succeeding evening was passed at the "hermitage:" the more I knew of Julie, the more deeply, the more ardently I loved her. Two months had nearly elapsed, and although I was certain that I was in my turn beloved, I had not yet ventured to acquaint Julie with my sentiments. True, no opportunity for such a confidence had hitherto presented itself, for Coquelin never quitted us an instant. I felt, however, no impatience at this restraint; I loved too truly, too honourably, to calculate upon the chances of a seduction.

One evening on my arrival at the hermitage, upon entering the little garden, I perceived Julie seated on the bank, her head leaning upon her hand, and she herself seemingly much out of spirits. On hearing my footsteps she rose and advanced to meet me. At the first glance I judged by her pale cheeks and tear-swollen eyes that she had been weeping. Coquelin, too, seemed more than usually dejected: he extended his hand to me, as was his wont, and pointed to our accustomed seat.

After an effort at conversation, he relapsed into silence, sighing frequently. I could easily perceive that there was something wrong.

"What has happened? what is the matter?" I asked, unable longer to witness the apparent unhappiness of my friends, without at least endeavouring to make an attempt at affording them consolation.

"Tell me what is the matter? what has happened?"

"Nothing!" replied Coquelin, with an effort at composure. "Our situation is one which no untoward event can change. My God!" he added with increasing bitterness, "what have we done to merit such a fate?" He hid his face in his hands. Julie burst into tears.

"What is the matter? what has happened?" I cried impatiently, repeating my question, "in the name of Heaven tell me what has occurred!—keep me not in this cruel suspense—has any one dared to insult?"

"Alas! no! nothing of the kind," returned Julie, almost suffocated with tears, whilst applying her handkerchief to



her eyes and mouth, in order to conceal her sobs; "I am a silly girl to weep thus—father, forgive me," and seizing her parent's hand, raised it to her lips, and kissed it repeatedly. Her father drew her towards him, and pressed her tenderly to his bosom, stroking down her long bright tresses with his hand.

"Be calm! be calm! my child," he said. "Why this agony—is it not time for us to have learnt resignation to our fate? It is not our fault, but our situation, that we have to deplore; we are to be pitied, but not blamed."

I was dreadfully distressed. It was the first time I had seen Julie weep at her situation. What could have occurred to have brought it all at once thus vividly before her eyes?

I felt a delicacy in further questioning either Julie or her father, and awaited some communication from them, but they made no further allusion to the subject which had caused to both so much anguish of mind. It seemed after a little while that my presence had the effect of consoling Julie a little, or at least in some degree of calming her affliction; Coquelin, too, seemed less depressed, and the evening passed away much as usual.

With a heavy heart I took my leave at the accustomed hour; for I could not divest my mind of the notion that some untoward expectancy was discomfiting my friends; and I was no sooner on my road homewards, than I regretted not having questioned Coquelin more closely. It was evident that something was passing which they would fain have concealed from me. I recalled to mind what he had once said of the headsman of Grenoble becoming the husband of his daughter, and this thought maddened me.

I passed a sleepless night, and at an early hour the following morning set out for the grotto, where I sauntered about for some time in the hope of meeting Coquelin: I was disappointed; and at length a prey to disquietude, I decided upon entering the little dwelling, some hours before the usual time at which I made my daily visit. As I entered, I glanced around—the avenue and the terrace were alike deserted; the cottage windows were closed, and the smoke no longer curled from its roof. I advanced tremblingly, casting at the same time a stupified glance

around. For a moment I thought that Julie was lost to me for ever.

Suddenly, however, the violent beating at my heart ceased, my knees felt too weak to support me: I clasped my hands in mute gratitude to Heaven, for words were denied me. Julie was there, alone, seated near the well. I advanced. The wind had blown the clustering ringlets off her brow and face, for she was without her bonnet, and I observed the tears slowly coursing each other down her pale cheeks: her eye was fixed with a mournful and tender expression upon her little brother, who was seated at her feet. I advanced quite close to her, yet she perceived me not.

"Julie!" I whispered gently.

She started: a slight flush, which faded away as quickly as it came, was perceptible for an instant upon her cheek. It was doubtless, I thought to myself, caused by her surprise at seeing me thus unexpectedly before her.

"Oh!" she said, "it is you—you *are* come then?" and she laid an emphasis on the words.

I looked upon her for a moment in silence. At length I whispered, "but you are alone, Julie,—wherefore?—where is your father?—where are the servants?" She hid her face in her hands, whilst she answered in a voice choked with emotion—

"All gone! gone," she said, "to the town," pointing in that direction. "But it is all over now!" and she shuddered. "You did not know it then?" she asked, "we dreaded telling you of it last night. Oh! my father! what a terrible day for him!"

I shuddered as the truth flashed upon me in all its horrible, glaring colours. I seated myself beside her, and took her cold trembling hand in mine.

"This, then, was the cause of your unhappiness last night?" I said. "Oh! Julie, you know not how I too suffered to see those tears flow, and yet to have been unable to offer you consolation, ignorant as I was at the cause of their flowing. A thought of what was to occur to-day never entered my mind. Poor girl! I would willingly forfeit half of my existence to be enabled to change your lot. Do you not believe me, Julie?" I said, after a pause.

On her countenance rested a melancholy smile as she sadly answered;

"You are kind—very kind, thus to sympathise with us in our situation."

"Would to Heaven that I could change it! But, alas! what can I offer, but my deepest commiseration, my unfeigned respect, my devoted affection,—and that, Julie, you must be aware you possess. Courage, my dearest girl! Who can uplift the veil of futurity?—Who tell what is before us? We may yet be happy!"

I felt the hand I still retained in mine tremble violently: she regarded me for a moment with an almost wild expression, as she cried:—

"We! did you not say *we*? Ah! what is there in common between my lot,—despised, shunned, repulsed by the world, as I must ever be,—and yours, happy, honoured, esteemed, as you are? Use not, I conjure you, such language as this to me; it is too horrible thus to be forced to regard the depth of the chasm that separates us."

She sought to withdraw her hand, but retaining it firmly, I said, "Julie, listen to me. Love—deep, pure, devoted love—has filled up the chasm that you speak of. Am not I your friend, and your father's friend? Have I shrunk from your acquaintance? Am I not happy with you? What then imports the opinion of the world to me? Willingly would I relinquish its futile pleasures, its transient successes, for such real happiness as I have enjoyed in this little retreat; and this happiness will last,—aye! for ever, if your affection equals mine."

She leaned her head upon my shoulder, and wept.

"Julie!" I continued, "Julie! my beloved; say—do you love me?"

She raised her head, and pressing my hand convulsively between her own, replied in the affirmative, adding, at the same time, "And now may Heaven grant that I die ere long!"

"Die! thou wouldst die!" I exclaimed. "Die—and I here—near thee—with thee—and for ever!"

She shook her head.

"You do not believe me then," I cried. "Is that I wish an impossibility? I am free, or nearly so. My mother left me, at her death, a large fortune, totally at my own disposal. My father has never thwarted my inclinations; he exerts no authority over me, beyond the

direction in certain projects which he considers likely to ensure my future advancement, but which I am in no way bound to follow. 'Tis true, that were he to choose a wife for me, he might, perhaps, be tempted to overlook real qualities, in the hope of ensuring the one he considers the most desirable of all,—namely, 'high birth;' but it matters not. I love retirement, and shall remain in the country. Nay," I continued, seeing her about to interrupt me, "say not that I sacrifice my future prospects to you. Julie, we must not part. Oh! if you but knew what I suffered at the mystery last night—what my fears were; and how certain words I once heard your father use, recurred to my memory! Julie, I am not ignorant that your father thinks of bestowing you upon ——"

She waved her hand for me to cease, and exclaiming in a voice of agony—"I marry! never! oh, never! Think you I could bear to bring beings into the world to share the ignominy which fate has stamped upon me and my family? No, never! young as I was when I lost my mother, I remember her sufferings. She, too, was the offspring of beings upon whose name this indelible stain was imprinted, and the affection of the best of husbands could not console her. She died—died of regret for having ever lived, and for having given birth to another victim, branded with infamy like herself. During my childhood I was happier, for then I knew not the greatness of my misfortune; but now that reason has come, existence is abhorrent to me. Cheerfully would I relinquish my remaining years to be free from this stigma but for a single day! but there is no redemption from this cruel fate—no freedom except by death; and even then the stigma cast upon our name remains attached to our memory! My God! my God! Is this justice—is it equity?"

The child, seated at her feet, at this moment stretched forth its little hands towards her.

"And this infant!" she continued, in a voice of despair, "this poor innocent, his fate will be one day to fulfil the same dread task that his father has performed this day! Oh! cursed be the hour on which he first saw the light!"

To describe the state of my feelings during this interview with Julie would be impossible. My heart was bursting, and

the tears rolled down my cheeks. As to Julie, her eyes were dry—her sorrows were too deeply seated to find relief in tears.

A sudden burst of grief might now and then, it is true, mitigate the poignancy of her affliction, as circumstances recalled her situation more forcibly to her mind; but hers was a grief beyond the power of consolation. Neither words, nor friendship, nor time, could effect aught for her.

"How fallacious are appearances!" I said at length, breaking a protracted silence, "How mistaken I was. You seemed so calm and so resigned, that I thought you were almost happy! Tell me, Julie, is there nothing that can afford you consolation? Nothing—not even my love? Ah! Julie, I now perceive that you never loved me!"

She turned upon me a look full of tenderness, yet replete with despair.

"I never loved you!" she reiterated in a voice of reproach; then changing her tone to one of sorrow, "Oh! would to Heaven for both our sakes that I did not! You would not then thus vainly persevere in this senseless project of abandoning the brilliant prospects before you; and I should be more resigned to my unhappy situation. The world—the bright dazzling world—your lawful sphere—is closed for ever against me. I see it in the distance; but I see it as the child of perdition sees paradise—without one hope of entering—without the power, the possibility of following you thither. Think you," she continued, after a brief silence, "that I do not envy the happiness of those women, of whose acquaintance you may boast in the world? of whose company you have no need to blush? who dare to meet the eye of their fellow mortals—those whom you are proud to protect, and who are proud of your protection? Oh! would to Heaven that I may die ere long!"

"No, Julie!" I cried, encircling her slender waist with my arm, "no, thou shalt live,—live for him who from this hour swears to live for thee alone. Who for thy sake renounces the world and all its fleeting joys; yes, my beloved, we will shake off this terrible destiny!—How! when!—I know not. The world is wide, and we will flee to some peaceful spot, where unknown we will live for each other, and enjoy that happiness which stern fate denies us in a commerce with our fellows. Julie, say but the word, and

ere many days shall have elapsed, Heaven will smile upon our union."

"Oh! use not this language to me!" she cried vehemently; "I might wish—I might hope—Heaven forbid that I should be the destroyer of your happiness. What! consent to your quitting your country! your family! 'Never, never, will I admit of such a sacrifice! Once the irretrievable step taken, picture to yourself but for a moment your own regret—your own despair—and then regret would be of no avail! No, no, let us remain as we are—let us bow with submission to the Divine will. Our lots lie widely apart. Yours is far beyond this little spot. Go—enter that (to me) forbidden world, where you are destined to find happiness, and leave me to seek the only repose from which Heaven has not shut me out—that of the grave!"

Julie's mind was in a state of cruel agitation as she pronounced these words. I threw myself upon my knees at her feet, and painted to her, in the most glowing terms, the strength of my devotion—the ardour of my passion—conjuring her to consent to my proposals, and have pity if not upon herself at least upon me. From prayers and entreaties I proceeded to reproaches, even menacing self-destruction, but all was alike fruitless; Julie was inexorable. The generous girl, more solicitous for my happiness than for her own, was firm in her refusals of injuring my prospects by becoming my wife. She shook her head at each new plan I suggested, and not daring even to trust herself to look upon me, she raised her streaming eyes to heaven, in search of that aid of which she stood so much in need, and then covering her face with her hands she sobbed a long while and bitterly. A protracted silence followed, during which we seemed alike absorbed by the intensity of our mutual feelings.

The weather which had been cool and refreshing in the morning, had, within the last hour, become insupportably hot. Not a breath of air was perceptible; and as I looked down into the valleys beneath, I observed the clouds beginning to gather into dense masses; all at once the winds arose, breaking through the misty vapours, which rolled with aspect black and menacing towards the rocks where the hermitage was situated; at the same time that a distant peal of thunder resounded.

"Let us return to the house," I said to Julie, who had started with terror; "a fearful storm is about to burst over our heads. See, large drops begin to fall already."

These words had scarcely passed my lips, ere they were interrupted by a vivid flash of lightning, accompanied by such a deafening peal of thunder as I never remember to have heard. I was so dazzled at the moment, that I thought I had been blinded by the electric fluid. I felt Julie lean for an instant against my shoulder, and from thence slip to the ground. I stretched forth my hands, calling to her in the frenzied accents of despair, for I believed that the flash that had blinded me had likewise stricken her. In a moment I recovered my sight. Julie had fallen upon her knees at my feet, with her head downwards, nearly touching the earth; and the child, which had slipped from her knees, where she had placed him during the latter part of our conversation, had fallen nearly under her. Terrified, I hastened to lift her from the ground: she was stunned, but unhurt; for a moment she looked wildly around, and then recollecting the child, she seized him, and pressed him convulsively to her bosom, while her lips, pale and trembling, moved as if in speech, but no sound escaped them.

"Oh God!" she at length exclaimed. "how near death was to us!" and she pointed to a cypress close by, whose scathed and riven trunk displayed the awful effects of the terrific thunderbolt, and showed the fearful death we had so narrowly escaped.

The storm, meanwhile, continued to rage with incredible fury: almost blinded by the incessant flashes, and deafened by the roaring of the repeated thunder peals, I succeeded, with difficulty, in dragging my nearly inanimate companion and the infant to the house. On entering the vestibule, she threw herself upon her knees to return thanks to the Great Being who had thus miraculously preserved us. The child, who had likewise been stunned and was now recovered, clung to her as if for protection, while she pressed it with transport to her breast, stifling its cries by her caresses.

She arose from her knees, and as she did so extended her hand.

"How nearly our fate was being united," she said, with a deep sigh: "for

the same arrow would have stricken us—but God hath even rejected us!"

"Say, rather '*spared us!*' my beloved," at the same time raising her hand to my lip.

At that moment Coquelin arrived, he was pale, out of breath, his garments penetrated by the rain and dripping with wet.

"Father!" said Julie, "what a dreadful storm! Why did you not stay till it had ceased?"

"My child, I feared for thee, and hastened onwards, thinking thou wert alone. I wanted, besides, to see thee—and my little Louis."

And drawing them towards him, he held them both locked in his arms for some moments. I approached, and taking his hand, which he had not ventured to offer me as usual, I pressed it between both my own, bidding him "Welcome." He thanked me by a melancholy smile, whilst he warmly returned the pressure.

That evening, I remained later than usual at the hermitage. The storm had long ceased, and the weather had once more become cool and refreshing: a bright moon had arisen when I took my leave. Coquelin accompanied me to the spot where two months previously we had met. There he paused, and turning to me, said solemnly:

"It pains me to quit you this evening, for we shall not meet to-morrow; I was happy in your society—happy in having found a friend, but such is the waywardness of my destiny, that that which forms the happiness of our fellow-creatures must be productive of misery to us—I dread your presence for Julie!"

"What!" I cried, almost fiercely, "do you suspect me of having dishonourable views towards your daughter?"

"God forbid! that I should suppose you capable of treachery," in gentle and solemn accents, "but your constant presence may be attended with fearful results for her. I allude not to her honour—to her reputation. Alas!" he continued, vehemently striking his forehead, "what can compromise the reputation of the headsman's daughter? What further stain can her honour receive than that impressed upon it by her birth? But her tranquillity—her peace of mind, may suffer; even the transient happiness she enjoys would be lost, were she unhappily

to love you. You see, then, the necessity of absenting yourself. I ought, perhaps, to have said all this sooner, but I had not courage, and now, if you knew what it costs me!"——

He paused; overcome by his feelings.

I had long expected an explanation of this nature, and had always dreaded it; now, however, that the subject was entered upon, I shrunk not from an avowal of my passion.

Our parting was sad, it is true, but as cordial as each could wish, and we were mutually satisfied with each other. Prompted by the excess of my affection for Julie, I had given proofs of the honour of my intentions. I had spoken of my firm resolution of combatting and finally overcoming every obstacle to our happiness. Coquelin, on his part, was grateful, kind, but firm and resolute; in short, equally inexorable as his daughter.

The following day I returned at the usual hour; my head full of projects, and ready to combat every objection that could possibly be raised against my happiness. Alas! what a cruel disappointment awaited me! The house was closed—the gardens desolate—Julie and her father were gone—and no one was there to tell whither.

My first impulse was anger. It seemed to me that Coquelin abused his parental authority—that he had deceived me, and was about to bestow his daughter upon another. Reason then came to my aid, and these wrathful feelings subsided. I flattered myself with the hope that he had perhaps only conveyed Julie away for the present, to avoid my acquainting her with my projects, my hopes, my love. That he would return, and I should soon succeed in inducing him to bring her back, and finally prevail upon him to consent to our union. In this state of thought I seated myself within sight of the entrance, momentarily expecting his return. I waited till night, but no Coquelin appeared. Disappointed, and unhappy beyond all expression, I retraced my weary steps homewards. During the following eight days I pursued the same line of conduct, hoping at least to see the return of one of his attendants. But no! even this consolation was denied me. On the ninth day, unable longer to endure the state of anguish to which this unaccountable conduct subjected me, I resolved to return to the town, go to Coquelin's

house, and ask what he had done with his daughter.

I waited until evening, and about ten o'clock entered Aix, by the "Porte de Notre Dame," walking along the ramparts; not a living soul passed down the street, where the grass was growing between the paving stones, as if they had never been trodden by the foot of man. I reached the house, which I at once knew, —bounded on one side by the rampart, on the other by the cemetery! Three steps led up to the entrance-door. I paused and looked around, while my heart beat almost audibly. I instinctively shuddered as I placed my foot upon the first step—was I really about to cross the threshold of ignominy—to enter the dwelling of the Paria—to seek the presence of a man scorned, loathed, abhorred by my fellow-men? The man whom I had made my friend, whose daughter I was willing even at that moment—(for affection had overcome every other consideration)—to call my wife in the presence of the whole world? Yes, I was about to do all this—and more too I would have done for the sake of Julie. A total silence reigned throughout the house. The only signal I could discover of its being occupied was the presence of a light, which burned in a chamber on the first floor, the window of which was wide open. I lifted the knocker, and struck a single blow that echoed through the building. Tony, one of Coquelin's servants, opened the door. Nothing could exceed his surprise at seeing me.

"What!" he cried, "it is you, monsieur!"

"Where is Coquelin?" I inquired, closing the door behind me, "I want to see him!" Tony answered by a groan that made me shudder. He laid his candle upon an old trunk that stood in the passage, and seeing me advance, extended his arms before me, as if to intercept my further entrance. A cold shudder ran through my whole frame; I felt alarmed—terrified—though I knew not why. "Where is Coquelin?" I cried again; "conduct me to him instantly—I must see him—speak with him—where is he?" "Up stairs!" returned Tony, with a sob; "up stairs—lying in his coffin—you can still see him!"

I could not credit what I heard.

"Dead!" I cried, interrupting him; "dead! do you say Coquelin is dead?"

"He expired this morning, after an illness of eight days!"

I bounded through the hall, up the stairs, and entered the chamber whence I had seen the light. Alas! the chamber of death! There lay Coquelin wrapped in his shroud. His second attendant was seated by the side of the coffin reading the prayers for the dead.

I descended the stairs.

"And where is his daughter?" I asked of Tony, who waited for me in the passage. "In her own chamber, with the little child," was the reply. "The priest who was here this morning forbade her remaining with the corpse. He seems a worthy man, and has promised to come to see her to-morrow again."

"I too," I repeated, "will call to-morrow."

"Then come early," returned Tony, "for immediately after the funeral she purposes returning to the hermitage. I will go back with her," continued the faithful creature, "and remain in her service. I don't like the business, and would not stay with the 'new one' were he to double the profits."

I gave him a piece of gold, and having commended his young mistress to his care, quitted the house to procure a lodging for the night.

Next day, on Julie's return to the hermitage, she found me in the garden, where I had been waiting above an hour in the anticipation of her return.

To have a notion of the intensity of Julie's grief, one should have been placed in a similar situation to the heart-rending one in which this hapless girl now found herself. She had lost the loved—the only companion of her sad existence: one from whose side she had scarcely been separated a single day from the moment of her birth. I attempted not to offer consolation, knowing that "Time," the healer of sorrow, could alone alleviate the poignancy of her grief. Having relinquished all converse with the world, even the ties of relationship, I devoted my whole days to cheer and comfort her, and limited my correspondence to brief and hastily-penned answers to the oft-repeated letters of my family. I wished, indeed, to be forgotten by the world, for the world was now to me that spot inhabited by Julie; and in my turn I became her idol—the sovereign arbiter of her joys and woes. To him who had

once been loved as I was, how vain, how cold, how frivolous would every other have appeared. I gave myself up totally to the happiness I then enjoyed, lulling my fears in the peaceful security which the present moment afforded, nor heeding the apprehensions which she occasionally awakened in my bosom by her fearful forebodings of the future.

Alas! in the midst of my security an event occurred which I should have foreseen, but over which I held no control.

One night, on my return home, I found my father waiting for me. He had arrived in the morning, shortly after I had set out for the hermitage. No one knew whither I was gone, for my intimacy with Coquelin and his family was not even suspected. I was like one petrified at my father's unexpected, and, I must add, unwelcome visit. Perceiving my embarrassment, "Well," he said, "what is the matter? I might consider myself an unwelcome visitor."

"Surely you cannot think so, father; but the surprise—the unexpected——"

"Yes, yes," he exclaimed, interrupting me, "I believe you, Léonce; you *must* be pleased at seeing me after an absence of eight months: but, my dear boy, there are circumstances where——"

I trembled from head to foot, thinking that by some fatal chance he had come to a knowledge of the truth.

Again I hastily interrupted him, dreading at each word he uttered to hear a confirmation of my worst fears, by assuring him no circumstances could interfere with my duty towards him.

"Well, well," he continued, smiling, "you need not stammer out needless apologies; we know the truth: young men now-a-days are less careful than in my time; they fall in love, and they get jilted—such things happen every day; and then they come to brood over their fancied sorrows in the country—they turn hermits, and renounce the world and all it contains, because they had the good fortune to escape the artifices of a coquette before it was too late. But my dear Léonce, these are griefs that pass away like shadows; and, by the way, I think you might have found a more eligible grave for such a mighty load of sorrows than amidst these stupid mountains and break-neck rocks."

I now breathed freely. I understood my father's allusion. It was to a circum-

stance which he must have picked up by hearsay in the little town of Aix, and which had far less truth in it than he seemed to believe. I did not, however, undeceive him.

"You are but an indifferent host for a hungry traveller," continued my father. "Can you not order supper, and tell them to hasten with it, for I am sadly tired. I shall do as much for you when we are on our road to Marseilles. Well, you look as if you were petrified, and as if you wished me upon the top of Mont Blanc! I have decided, my dear boy, upon going to Marseilles; what say you to setting out to-morrow? But in the name of wonder, Léonce, tell me what possessed you to come and bury yourself amidst these rocks? I have been seeking you the whole of the day. Some peasants whom I met pointed out a path which they said they had seen you take. I followed the track a long way, and was at last night falling in with a strange adventure. Only fancy, I was pursuing my way, wondering whither such a solitary path would lead, when a poor woman guarding a few goats browsing amongst the rocks, asked me whither I was going.

"I am going to rest my weary limbs beneath the shelter of yonder lime tree, my good woman," I answered, hastening onwards, for the sun was at that moment intensely hot. To my surprise, the old creature hobbled after me, crying, 'Stop, stop! do you not know that yonder is the 'den' of the headsman?' Only think, Léonce, I might have entered the house and asked them to bestow some refreshment upon a wayfaring traveller. What an escape! But, my dear Léonce, what a gloomy neighbourhood you have chosen!'

My father then laughed at his *escape*, as he termed it, whilst I myself felt the colour alternately rise and forsake my cheeks at his simple but cruel narrative; but my father did not perceive my trouble, having had no suspicion whatever of the situation in which I was actually placed. We then went to supper, and I left him, without the slightest opposition on my part, to arrange our proposed journey to Marseilles, which I clearly perceived I could not avoid. If, indeed, my father had spoken with authority, I would have resisted; but he was able to gain obedience without the slightest

display of parental authority. At midnight I conducted him to his chamber; he embraced me, and passing his fingers through my hair, as he was wont when I used to climb upon his knee, "Léonce, my boy," he said, "tell me, are you not glad to see me?"

Tears of remorse and shame started to my eyes. I was conscious of guilt towards my father, whom I was deceiving, and devoid of faith towards Julie, whom I was about to quit so suddenly. In an hour after this occurrence I was at the hermitage. Every window was closed except that of the library. Looking through the unfastened shutters I perceived Julie seated in her easy chair. A small lamp burned before her, reflecting its light upon her face, which was bent over a large book, in which she was arranging some dried plants. After a few moments she raised her head, and shaking back the long curls from her face, pressed both her hands upon her temples, exclaiming, in plaintive tones,— "One hour's rest!"

I opened the shutter gently; Julie gave a slight shriek.

"Fear not," I said, entering, "it is I."

"Ah!" she cried in a voice of alarm; "what has happened? why return at such an hour? Say, Léonce, shall I not see you to-morrow?"

I made a sign in the affirmative, not wishing to let her at once know the worst.

"I see," she cried, throwing herself back in her chair, her cheek pale, her eye fixed, "I see how it is—the moment of our separation has come."

I then told her of my father's arrival, his plans, and in fact every thing that had happened. She listened calmly, and when I had finished—

"Léonce," she said in a trembling voice, "refuse not to accompany your father; he is kind; go with him, since it is his wish: I knew how this matter must end—I was prepared for it—but, alas! I dreamed not it would have been so soon."

After a pause she continued—

"Tell me what are his views? where will you go? what will you do after our separation? Tell me all."

I detailed to her, as far as I was able, the particulars of the life I was about to lead when separated from her. I wished that in thought at least she might follow me into that world to which she was a stranger. She listened with mute and

deep attention, but without any outward display of grief.

I was not prepared to find her so resigned, and such is the egotism of love, that I even felt a sort of resentment towards her. I should, indeed, have been better pleased had I seen her more unhappy.

Hours passed rapidly; the lamp now vacillating in its socket, was sending forth but a feeble glimmer. I threw open the window; Julie approached.

"Day," she exclaimed, "day already."

She saw me take my hat, and understood that the moment of our separation had really arrived. She passed her arm through mine, and walked with me to the entrance of the valley—to the spot where we had first met. There we paused. My heart was full, and tears rose to my eyes. I pressed her in my arms.

"Farewell, Julie," I said, "I shall return—you know I will."

She shook her head, and pointed to the road destined for me, which lay straight forward. I looked at her—her cheek was pale, her eyes dry.

"Farewell," I said, parting from her, "farewell, Julie!"

I ran down the narrow path; when at the bottom I stopped, and looked back among the rocks where I had quitted her. Julie had disappeared.

"Ah!" I cried in stern anguish, "I thought I had been better loved."

Two hours after my arrival my father entered my chamber.

"What," he said, "up already? But how pale and haggard you look. My dear Léonce, if you are ill we will defer our departure."

"No, no, father, to-day, this morning let it be. I long to be far away hence."

No matter of particular moment occurred during the journey, nor, indeed, until our arrival at Marseilles. We took up our abode at one of the best hotels of the Canebière, where I made the acquaintance of an English gentleman and his sister, who had just returned from their summer tour in Switzerland, where they regularly passed six months, and the other six at Marseilles, or elsewhere. Twenty years' sojourn on the continent had completely frenchified Sir William Neale, who had preserved no more of his English habits than a certain coldness of manner and stiffness of gait. His sister, Miss Anna Neale, belonged to an in-

trepid class of spinsters guarded by the threefold defence of forty winters, grey hairs, and spectacles. My father and myself took tea every evening with our new acquaintances. An English lady presiding at a tea-table in France was a rarity seldom to be met with under the empire.

One day Sir William said to me without the slightest preamble, his teeth faster closed than usual—

"My dear Debray, I have fallen desperately in love."

"The deuce you have!" exclaimed I, for I considered Sir William's years proof against such weakness. "How has that happened? Some new English arrival?"

"No such thing, my dear fellow, but in gazing from morning till night upon the loveliest creature that the sun ever shone upon."

"And where do you see her?" I asked.

"On the terrace of the hotel, through the little grated window of my closet."

I burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, to the great discomfiture of my friend; for I pictured to myself Sir William, with neck elongated, perched from morning to night upon a table, hanging from the iron bars of a grated window at least ten feet from the ground.

"I have made every inquiry possible about her," continued the lover: "she is a most respectable person, a widow; her name Olivier. She receives no visitors, and has no acquaintance here; she must, indeed, lead a wearisome life. All this gives me hope. I have hit upon an expedient to make her acquaintance; an excellent one, you will say. I have persuaded my sister to send out invitations to a ball, for we know a great number of persons hereabouts, and have included all in the hotel; Madame Olivier, amongst others, received a card of invitation this morning. What do you say to my plan of opening preliminaries?"

"An excellent one, provided it succeed."

"No doubt it will; besides, Anna has promised to call upon her to-day."

"And you mean, of course, to accompany your sister?"

"That, indeed, would be taking the place by siege. I know better how to manage matters. Anna will go alone. I shall take good care not to show my



face there, for if she suspected I was giving a ball purposely for her, I am certain she would decline coming."

The eve of the ball Sir William came to me quite discomfited. He said his sister had called upon Madame Olivier, who sent her *femme de chambre* with a thousand excuses for not receiving her, as she was confined to her room by indisposition.

I was really pained to see my friend so discomfited.

"I thought you were wiser," I said, "than to suffer yourself to be so ruffled by such a trifle. This invisible Madame Olivier is either playing the coquette, or never noticed you at all; probably she may be some adventuress: don't make a fool of yourself, my dear friend, by dancing attendance on such a creature; fancy that she is gone, and think no more about her."

"I tell you," rejoined Sir William, "that she is no adventuress, but a most respectable person; however, I believe I had better take your advice, and try to forget her;" and he sighed piteously.

The same evening, at tea, Miss Neale observed that she feared Madame Olivier would decline accepting the invitation to the ball: that she appeared to be quite an original, passing her whole time behind the Venetian blind, watching those who come in and go out of the hotel; she has no other employment, no other amusement. Sometimes she sits up all night; she likewise goes frequently down to the garden when we are in bed, and remains there till morning; she is, in fact, quite a night bird, shunning the light of the sun."

My father also observed that he had seen her, and that she was the prettiest creature in the world, and quite young: yesterday morning he said he got up earlier than usual, and rang his bell, but no one answering it, he went to call some one from the balcony; she was then upon the terrace, but when she saw him, she retired instantly into her chamber.

"What do you think of her?" asked Sir William, in a low voice, turning to me.

"Think! she must be out of her mind."

We separated at a late hour, and before I retired I entered Sir William's chamber to ask for a book he had promised to lend me. Whilst there, he went

into his cabinet, mounted a chair, and by means of the table peeped through the window.

"Debray," he said, in a low voice, "come hither—look at, her—she is there!"

I hesitated for an instant, thinking how ridiculous we must both appear to any person who might have entered the room. "Well, what keeps you?" he said at last; "are you afraid she will bite you?"

With some difficulty I placed myself beside him upon the table, and looked upon the terrace floor below us. Madame Olivier was there, dressed in deep mourning, leaning on the balustrade in a pensive attitude; the light of one of the reflectors shone upon her whole figure; her long brown hair fell in disordered curls over her shoulders. I regarded her for a moment with an air of stupefaction; was it reality, or was I dreaming: I passed my hand over my eyes, thinking the sight I saw was an illusion. I looked with increased eagerness—the resemblance was wonderful. At that moment she raised her head, and looked in the direction where we stood. Although invisible to her, the rays of the lamp fell full upon her face. I was not mistaken—it was no illusion. There was Julie!—Julie herself!—my beloved, my once adored Julie!

"Well," inquired Sir William Neale, "now you have seen her, think you I am such a fool when I say that if it be not her own fault she shall be Lady Neale?"

"What!" I exclaimed; "Sir William, you jest: would you really make her your wife?"

"Why not?" exclaimed the baronet, evidently surprised; "she is a widow, and I am in love with her: what is there to prevent my marrying her?"

I made no further remark, but hastening from off the table, wished my friend "good night," and retired to my chamber.

The next day I found a pretext for remaining at home, whilst my father and Sir William took a ride. I then sent a note to Madame Olivier, with my name, "Léonce Debray."

A moment after I entered Julie's apartment. I found her waiting for me near the door, my note in her hand. She was pale, and trembled excessively. As I advanced she turned away her head, as if unwilling to meet my gaze; her knees

seemed too weak to support her, and she would have fallen had she not rested upon the back of a chair.

Irritated at such a reception, and a prey to many jealous doubts, I exclaimed coldly—

“How imprudent.”

To this cruel word the hapless girl replied with downcast eyes and faltering voice—

“’Tis true—but pardon me, I could not resist following you to the confines of that world from which God has excluded me. I had hoped to remain here unknown, unseen by you. Heaven forbid that I should break in upon your happiness, and disturb your tranquillity. Now I shall depart without a human being ever knowing who I was, or what has become of me.”

The sentiments which I had been trying to suppress for the last two months (for so long a period had elapsed since I quitted Julie), were rekindled in my bosom with all their former intensity. Her resignation, her tears, her uncomplaining gentleness again found their way to my heart, and I myself in turn experienced the most poignant remorse at having been led by my unjust suspicions to say aught that could hurt the feelings of the devoted girl who had never ceased to love me. Once again I took her hand in mine, and leading her to a seat, I told her that I lived but for her alone—that no earthly power should separate us. She listened to me with downcast eyes, while her tears fell upon our united hands. All at once a singular animation brightened her countenance, a captivating colour rose in her cheeks, and her blue eyes sparkled with joy. I gazed upon her with rapture. I thought that Sir William himself, in despite of her birth, would then gladly have offered her his hand and title. And I, who had vaunted of my unbiassed principles, who doated upon her, was yet silent. Such is the inconsistency of human nature—such our deference to the opinions of the world—our anxiety for its approbation! And what gives the world in return? how does it recompense our slavish obedience to its mandates? Alas! that man should be so weak!

For some moments Julie remained deeply absorbed by her own reflections. At length with blushing cheeks anxiously looking in my face—

X—VOL. XII.—FEBRUARY.

“Léonce,” she said, “you love me, then. We have met once more—it may be but for a single day, an hour—yet it is more happiness than I had dreamt would ever again have fallen to my lot. See,” she continued with increasing animation, “for your sake I have ventured to the boundaries of this forbidden world,” and she put Miss Neale’s card of invitation into my hand. “And this world has, of its own accord, opened its portals to receive me. I sought it not. Oh, no! I dreamt not of it.”

She gazed anxiously in my face ere she ventured to continue.

“Suffer me to profit by this invitation—to pass one whole night in *your* world—to sit by you, to walk with you, to lean upon your arm, proud and happy of your presence—of your protection.”

Seeing me smile, she proceeded more courageously.

“Léonce, this envied felicity was not then so impossible—this dream of happiness was not so far from realization. Fear not, Léonce, nothing can, nothing shall betray us. No living soul can know me here. Impossible, you are the only being to whom I have ever spoken, except to my own family and domestics. There is no danger then—see!” and she shook back the bright curls from her face—“see, my brow is without spot; the stigma of reprobation and of ignominy is indeed written there, but not in *legible characters*. Many—all here may look, but none *can* read it. Léonce, for once in my whole life I would enter this world, in which I am about to leave you. Say ‘yes,’” and her voice fell to an almost inaudible whisper.

Her appeal was irresistible. I trembled for the consequences. Yet I echoed—“Yes! for once, Julie. But think to what trials we subject ourselves. Do you believe it possible that you would remain unknown in a world that has once gazed upon you? You will be pursued with attentions—each would know who you are, whence you come, whither you go. Who knows, some might even question you—you know not how bold men are. What answer, then, could you return to this formidable question?”

She smiled playfully as she replied—“Trust to me—I shall be able to evade their curiosity and even their questions.”

“Alas!” I sighed, “I shall not have a moment’s happiness until we are at the

grottos again. Would you not like to return there, Julie?"

Nodding her head in token of assent, she pressed my hands as she answered—"Yes, very soon."

I quitted her. I dreaded lest my father and Sir William should return, and finding me absent make inquiries whither I was gone. What pretext could I then have given for my visit? The remainder of that and the following day I was pursued by Sir William, who teased me to death with his declarations of his hopes, his fears, his intentions. At length the hour of the ball arrived.

Sir William and his sister, who were both rich, had spared no expense to give *éclat* to the entertainment; and the grand saloon of the hotel presented a most dazzling appearance. It was hung with white silk draperies, festooned with wreaths of flowers; the panels were covered with drapery, and innumerable lamps were reflected in costly mirrors. By ten o'clock three hundred persons had arrived. I stood near the door with Sir William, who was almost choked with anxiety.

"Well," he whispered, as the clock struck eleven, unable longer to conceal his mortification, "she surely will not come."

I, too, was vexed and mortified. I thought that at the last moment Julie's courage had failed. From an inconceivable feeling of caprice I felt indignant at her conduct for not having dared to accomplish a project, the very mention of which had at first so terrified me, and accordingly seated myself at a card table. In about a quarter of an hour Sir William came to me, smiling.

"She is there!" he whispered in my ear.

I re-entered the ball-room; Julie was there, seated next to Miss Neale. I was terrified lest I should have found her timid and embarrassed. At the first glance I felt re-assured: she was calm and smiling, and, in fact, quite mistress of herself. I could, indeed, have fancied that she had passed her life in the world, which she had now entered only the first time; she turned pale, however, at my approach; but soon recovering herself, turned to salute my father, whom Sir William was in the act of presenting to her. Every eye was fixed upon her, for in that assemblage of loveliness she was

the most lovely. Her dress was simple, a robe of transparent India muslin, and she wore her beautiful brown silky hair flowing in natural ringlets round her face and neck. The divine expression of her countenance was what it had ever been, excepting that a slight increase of colour upon her cheek added to the brilliant lustre of her calm blue eyes.

The presence of a woman like Julie, so young, so lovely, and seemingly unknown to all, as may be imagined, had created a general sensation. She was surrounded by dancers, all eager to lead her forth. She declared her intention, however, of not dancing. Sir William Neale could not quit her a single moment. He annoyed her by his assiduities and importunities, and seemed proud to be the only man to whom she spoke—the only one she seemed to know amidst the fashionable throng. As master of the house, however, he was forced to divide his attentions, he therefore beckoned to me to approach, and take his place beside Julie.

"Madame," said he, presenting me, "this is my friend, M. Léonce Debray, who is equally sensible of the honour you have done us in appearing here to-night."

Julie replied by an inclination of the head.

I seated myself next her. We both seemed as though we were under the influence of a dream. I felt almost terrified at the strangeness of my position, and I believe I should have fled, had not Julie, who read my mind, turned a supplicating glance upon me.

"Only two hours more," she murmured as the clock struck twelve. After a pause she whispered with faltering voice, "Léonce, will you walk round the rooms with me?"

I gave her my arm.

What a night! what a moment in the life of this poor recluse! She had entered the world—a world hitherto closed upon her—and was surrounded by its admiration, its homage, its devotion. She walked on an equality with those women whose condition she had so long envied—women of fortune, rank, and beauty now alike passed unnoticed, unregarded, in the presence of herself—the child of ignominy and disgrace—upon whose fair brow fate had stamped so vile a stigma, but who at that moment reigned supreme, the acknowledged "Queen of

Beauty." But Julie was unconscious of the sensation she had created. She saw none other but myself amidst the assembled multitude. I felt her cold hand tremble on my arm as she gazed around with a vague and troubled aspect. Sir William joined us, he had noted Julie's altered countenance, harassed her with questions and attentions. I seized an opportunity, during his brief absence, to entreat Julie, for Heaven's sake, to leave the room; it was too great an effort for her—her violent emotions might prove fatal, since I felt unequal to it myself—my heart, I felt, was bursting with emotion.

"Julie," I said, "have pity on me, on yourself, prolong not this dangerous visit."

She drew me towards an open window, and raising her eyes to heaven sighed deeply.

"Who would say," she said, "that this was autumn? See how dark, how gloomy the night is. Winter approaches with hasty strides; there will soon be neither flowers nor foliage at the grottos, there will soon be nothing left, nothing."

She paused suddenly, and bending upon the rail of the balcony where I had placed my hand, touched it with her lips.

"Farewell, Léonce," she said.

This gesture was rapid as thought; Julie turned round, and plunging a long earnest regard through the brilliant saloons, she seemed to address a mute farewell to a world where, during the brief space of a few hours, she had shone so bright a luminary. Again she took my arm—

"Let us be gone," she said.

I conducted her to the foot of the staircase.

"Come no further," she added.

When I had regained the top she turned round and made another signal of adieu. She then passed into her own chamber.

I returned to the ball-room, and for the first time that night breathed freely. I felt as if a load had been removed from off my heart. The ball lasted till daylight. When I entered my room I looked towards Julie's windows; she had not retired, for the lamp was still burning in her chamber.

I was in bed at twelve o'clock the following morning; it seemed as though a leaden hand weighed heavily upon my

eyelids. When I was awoke at hearing my door opened with violence, I looked up, Sir William Neale stood at my bedside.

"What is the matter?" I inquired, as I perceived the angry expression of his countenance.

"Oh, not much," he replied in a voice which he vainly endeavoured to render calm—"not much; nothing at all of any consequence—merely a caprice of one of that most wayward sex—Madame Olivier quitted the hotel this morning at an early hour. She will not return, for she paid her bills and discharged a young girl, who had served her as *femme de chambre* since she has been here. Last night, after the ball, she packed her trunks, and this morning at six she got into her post-chaise. But *who* she is I cannot discover; she knows nobody, nobody knows her; neither knows any one whence she came nor whither she is gone. I must, however, I will discover it, were I forced to make the tour of Europe for that purpose."

Whilst my friend was speaking I espied a note laid upon my table with my newspapers. Tremblingly I took it up.

"Read it, read it, my dear fellow," said the disappointed baronet, making the circuit of my chamber with hasty strides, "read it; you at least seem more fortunate in your love affairs than I in mine."

I opened the letter, it contained but a few words; they ran thus:

"Upon her knees the unhappy Julie writes these few lines, to bid you an eternal farewell. Be happy Léonce. In this world we shall never meet again. In another, perhaps—I have faith in the justice of Heaven. Farewell! forget not Julie."

"Well," said Sir William, "are you unhappy too—you turn pale."

"You were speaking of Madame Olivier," I said, affecting not to hear his remark; "what did you say? You know that before you can set out in search of her you must discover where she is gone. It may be to a foreign country; in that case she will have passed the frontier by to-morrow morning."

"No such thing," replied Sir William—"she hired a post-chaise which was merely to convey her as far as Aix. I shall wait the return of the postillion to know where she stopped; and then we will consult what plan we had better pursue."

I had great trouble to get rid of Sir William; each five minutes he was changing his plans. At length I persuaded him to await the return of the postillion. The following morning by break of day I was on horseback. At noon I was at the grotto. I experienced the most lively emotion in again beholding the spot where I had first met Julie, where I had been so deeply beloved, where I had once felt so happy. The valley looked solitary and calm as heretofore; the tints of autumn had tinged the foliage, and changed the bright green leaves to a withered brown. The rose-trees had shed both their blossoms and leaves, retaining nothing but their black and thorny branches; and the bright pomegranate blossoms had faded upon their stems; every thing, in a word, bore the sad type of nature's decay. It was then that Julie's words—the last I had heard her utter—rose to my mind:

"There will soon be neither flowers nor foliage at the grotto; there will soon be nothing left—nothing."

"Neither flowers nor foliage," I repeated mentally; "how true. Nature herself hath put on the garb of woe."

I quickened my pace. My heart beat as though it would escape from my bosom. Tears filled my eyes. On approaching the cottage I perceived, to my inexpressible surprise, a stranger upon the

threshold. A few steps more and I recognised a poor woman whom I had often met tending her goats about the mountains. She was upon her knees, her head turned towards the vestibule; her stick and her basket stood beside her. Coquelin's little boy was playing upon the terrace, he uttered a cry of surprise at seeing me—he had, it would seem, forgotten me. The old woman turned her head.

"Ah, Monsieur!" said she rising, "have you, then, the charity to come and watch this poor girl with me? God will reward you."

"What mean you?" I exclaimed, hastily approaching, and struck with a sudden and foreboding terror—"what is the matter? is any one sick? what are you doing there?"

Her pointed finger directed my wandering eyes to the open doors of a gloomy chamber, and there I beheld to all appearance the last mortal remains of a human being. Sensations of giddiness seized my brain. I gazed on, motionless, until the dead gloom of a world of darkness came over my memory, and I was left on a sudden in a state of unconsciousness, such nearly as was that which enveloped the lovely form of my beauteous and idolized Julie, who had been the victim of my caprice, bad faith, and selfish ingratitude.

L. V. F.

## THE SUNKEN ISLE.

BY LEOPOLD J. BERNAYS.

There stood an ancient city once, a city proud and free,  
Like a palace built by fairy hands, amid the azure sea;  
All its streets were paved with marble white, as ever met the eye,  
While its temples and its lofty domes rose towering to the sky.

And there a beauteous maiden dwelt, who was right passing fair,  
She seem'd not one of this frail earth, but a spirit of the air.  
Sweet isle, thou wast the brightest gem of that ever sparkling sea,  
But ah! more beautiful and bright, was that diamond set in thee!

And a youth came from a foreign clime, a nobler youth I ween,  
Was ne'er before, on this sunny earth, in human figure seen:  
They met and loved.—Ah! was it strange, one thought in these hearts  
should share,

Of the maiden with the soft blue eye, and the youth with flowing hair.

He wedded her, and led her forth, to distant—distant lands,  
Far away from where the merry waves danced o'er her native sands;  
Far from that fairy country, that knew her childhood's happy smile,  
Far, far away from her much loved land—her lonely ocean isle.

And mighty north-winds sudden roar, both "tyrannous and strong,"  
They raged against the lovely isle, and roaring passed along;  
The waves like troops embattled rolled against the sandy shore,  
And the mighty waters swept along with loud triumphant roar.

Then from the huts and palace walls, alike there rose on high,  
From aged, and from youthful lips, one loud heart-rending cry;  
*One only* cry of misery, *one* shout of fierce despair,  
'The waters had o'erwhelmed it all—no island glitter'd there!

\* \* \* \* \*

Long years roll'd by, and that lady fair returned to view the sea,  
Where 'once her island home had braved the waves victoriously;  
And oft' she urged her little skiff across the silent wave,  
And look'd upon the dismal spot which was her country's grave.

And one calm day, with her lov'd spouse, she left the verdant shore,  
She little dream'd, that earth would feel her tiny feet no more;  
When lo! beneath the glassy wave, that lucid onward rolled,  
They saw the city's columns tall, and its temples starr'd with gold.

"Ah! look, my lov'd one, look!" she cried; "how fair, how beautifully,  
My little island home appears, beneath the tranquil sea:  
The spirits of my ancestors—they call me from below,  
Farewell, my much-loved spouse, farewell! to my own dear home I go!"

"Farewell!" she cried, "farewell!" still the words rang in the air,  
He turn'd and look'd for his lovely bride—but the lady was not there;  
A ripple only showed the spot where she sank beneath the wave,  
And sought, nor sought in vain—in her island home—a grave!

## ROYAL BIRTH-DAYS—THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S, 24th FEB.

This is a day which has a just claim to be held in veneration by Englishmen; for, in addition to its being the natal day of our amiable Queen Dowager, it is also that of one of the most popular princes of the royal house of Brunswick, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who, having for a number of years filled the high office of Viceroy of Hanover, has, in consequence of recent political events, again come to take up his residence in his native country.

Fourteen years will have elapsed, on the 24th of the present month, since the duke's illustrious consort distinguished the return of the day by one of the most splendid fêtes which had ever been witnessed in Hanover, and which will long continue to live in the remembrance of all who happened to sojourn in that capital during the severe winter of 1822-3.

The entertainment consisted of a ball and masquerade, given at the King's Palace. It is not our intention to make the vain attempt of doing justice, by description, to the splendour and exquisite taste with which the whole arrangements

were carried out, under the immediate direction of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge; we well remember the brilliancy of the opening dance, which consisted of four quadrilles of different nations, in appropriate costume, as well as the rich dresses and the brighter beauty of the female dancers.

Her Royal Highness and the Princess Louise, her sister, condescended to take a part in one of these quadrilles (we believe the English one); and their *vis-à-vis*, if we are not mistaken, were the elegant Fräulein von Schulze, and the pretty little German wife of the French Count Perthuis.

But we hasten to record the appearance of a countryman of our own upon the scene.

A young Englishman, then residing at the court of Hanover, anxious, for the honour of old England, not to be behind hand in evincing, by some means, his loyal attachment to his native prince, assumed the character of a boy on this occasion; and taking advantage of a German custom which authorises the

presenting a bouquet of flowers to any individual on the anniversary of his birth, made a point of procuring one, carefully selected by the court gardener from the green-houses of Herrenhausen, and, at

the first favourable opportunity in the course of the masquerade, advanced towards the duke, and presented it to him, accompanied by the following *viva voce* address:—

At the dawn of this day,  
As I slumbering lay,  
Near the Leina's soft wandering stream;  
A voice that was near,  
Saluted my ear,  
With sweet words in the tone of a dream.

"Awake, boy, awake!  
For Britannia's sake,  
And think on the day which has broke;  
Go hasten to bind  
Some flowerets kind,  
For the breast of your high-honoured duke."

I awoke at the sound,  
But looking around,  
And hoping sweet *Flora* was near,  
Father *Winter* appeared,  
With his snow-covered beard,  
And thus then I sighed in despair:—

"No floweret blows,  
No pretty plant grows,  
And decks the soft meadows with green;  
Not a blossom is found  
On the ice-covered ground,  
Not a lily or rose to be seen!"

When, see! from the air,  
In that beautiful car,  
What prince of the fairy-land lowers?  
And holds in his hand  
That lily-white wand,  
It was Oberon, king of the flowers!

Who said to me, "Boy,  
Let your tears turn to joy,  
For *loyalty* never decays;  
And Oberon's power  
Shall yet give a flower,  
Your prince's high bosom to grace."

Thus spoke the elf-king,  
And the very next thing,  
Struck an evergreen *oak* with his wand;  
Which changed in a twink,  
Upon Oberon's wink,  
To the bouquet I hold in my hand!

Then take it, I pray,  
Ah! don't say me nay,  
For I then shall weep sad in despair;  
But when you have press'd  
It warm on your breast,  
We shall feel that our *hearts* are all there.

And ne'er be it said,  
 Though nature may fade,  
 That loyalty ever decays;  
 But *lilies* still blossom  
 On beauty's fair bosom,  
 On each gallant brow flourish *bays*.

## DELINEATIONS BY AN ARTIST.

FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF FRANCIS HERVE, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "A RESIDENCE IN TURKEY AND GREECE."

### AN ECCENTRIC FAIR ONE.

#### CHAPTER I.

[We are desired to assure our readers that the several extraordinary events recorded in this series of papers are *facts*.]

Long before I had emerged from my teens I sallied forth into this world of uncertainty, armed with my spear and shield, but not with the intention of slaying any liege subjects of his Britannic Majesty George the Fourth, nor those of any other potentate; but, on the contrary, with the philanthropic view of immortalising the natives, as my lances, pikes, and other weapons, were comprised in my pencils—my palette formed my buckler—my colours my ammunition, and my paper the fair field for my action. Casting my eye over the map of England, which lay extended before me, I found it difficult to determine which ought to be the favoured spot that should have the first benefit of my transcendent talents, I therefore decided upon consulting my elder brothers on so important a point, they having been experienced campaigners in the same rôle as that in which I proposed to play my part. I therefore judged it meet to call a cabinet council, at which my eldest brother presided, and delivered his sentiments in the following manner:—"As you have not quite the pencil of Apelles, it is my opinion that you should not seek for Mæcenas from the highest nobles of the realm, which after all would be but a confined field for the development of your abilities. Rather should you extend your works and your fame amongst the more numerous and useful classes of society; it therefore appears to me that Portsmouth would be the best theatre for your debut, and the display of your unfolding capacity, as a centre from which emerge our navies to all parts of the world; by which means your per-

formances and your reputation may circulate even to our Antipodes. I also conceive that the subjects which you will there meet, both as regards our own and the fairer sex, are precisely such as will be well adapted to your touch, and prove to be persons who will not attempt to cramp the bursting germs of your rising genius, which might be the case if you practised amongst a class of so-disant connoisseurs. Therefore, without any particular partiality or predilection in favour of Portsmouth, still do I vote that it should have the preference in deriving all the advantages which must accrue from the first free exercise of your taste, convinced as I am how much in harmony are its inhabitants and visitors with your style of painting, which, being of the bold order, will be in such good keeping with the majority of the frequenters of that celebrated port, particularly as regards that portion of its population which is composed of woman." Struck with the penetrating acumen evinced by the above discourse, I at once became a convert to all its axioms; whilst my approval being confirmed unanimously by every member assembled, the measure was carried without a division, and the council dissolved. Bidding adieu to home, and first launched in the barque of my own ostensibility, I hied me to Portsmouth. I shall not fatigue my readers with a description of the physiognomies which came under the castigation of my pencil—of a host of lieutenants, midshipmen, &c., nor of their jovial parties, nor of their favourite nymphs, whose features they wished perpetuated, to preserve the reminiscences



of the enchanting moments they had passed with the loves of Portsmouth. But one fair there was, whose manners and appearance so diverged from those of the common herd, that I shall take leave to introduce her to the public. Anxious that a representation of her countenance should be committed to posterity, she presented herself to me, to invoke the aid of my commemorating art, and for that purpose agreed to become, for the time required, my patient, or rather, I should say, impatient, as she could never sit still an instant. She was in person tall and gaunt, and although only fifty-four, had assumed the matronly title of Mrs. P——, instead of preserving the virginal epithet of Miss, to which she was entitled, from her days having been ever passed in uncorrupted celibacy. It has been observed that nature is ever bountiful and just, and if in one respect she has bestowed her gifts with a sparing hand, in another she would be proportionably liberal. This remark was powerfully exemplified in the person of Mrs. P——; for although her allowance of flesh had been meted out with stinted measure, yet was she amply compensated by the unusual portion of bone with which she was endowed, for, in fact, she had been allotted a far greater share than has been conferred upon the generality of females. There was an independence in her air, which was conspicuous throughout her whole exterior; even her eyes seemed to disdain any kind of subordination towards each other, so that each had assumed the privilege of looking right or left, as fancy or caprice might dictate, without any sympathetic movement on the part of its neighbour; consequently, whilst one might be contemplating all the glories of a radiant sunset, the other could luxuriate on every softer beauty of the rising moon. About her nose there was a degree of originality which seldom failed to attract attention; the bridge, instead of projecting, was inverted—but again there was compensation, from the bulb at the lower part being wider, more prominent, and altogether larger than the usual dimensions which are awarded ordinarily to human beings. There was a boldness of breadth in her nostrils, such as I have never witnessed in any other person: they were somewhat in-

flated, whilst being placed perpendicularly, and the cavity singularly capacious, they afforded such an insight into the head that one could fancy her every thought might be seen as it entered and floated therein, giving an openness to her appearance which I have rarely met with, as it might literally be said she was easily seen into, so different from those close characters which are impenetrable even to the most scrutinizing eye. With regard to her lips, nature had been most munificent, as their massive proportions caused them to advance far beyond the level of her face; whilst her teeth displayed a variety, both as to form and colour, such as perhaps were seldom seen assembled together in the same mouth. Her chin, forehead, and cheeks, were by no means encumbered with too much flesh, consequently the primitive form of the skull still remained discernible beneath the slight covering which only veiled, without concealing, its original proportions. Her complexion, though light, presented not the dairy-maid red and white, so taking to the vulgar eye, but, mellowed by time, had softened into a sort of indescribable sentimental dinginess, with which the colour of her eyes in a great degree harmonized, being of a pale grey, intermingled with a slight tint of yellow. She was altogether so constructed as to impress the beholder with no mean idea of her physical strength; above the middle height, broad in the chest, extremely muscular, and bold in her step, there was a manliness in her deportment which gave her rather a martial appearance. At length she placed herself in *durance vile*, on the stool of repentance, in order to afford me an opportunity of portraying her lineaments, and of contemplating the human form divine. Observing very justly that the most frequent fault in pictures was, that they were apt to look too grave, or as if the original had been sitting under a feeling of restraint, to obviate every chance of that defect in her portrait, she proposed that she should sing to me, adding that it would impart a vivacity to her countenance which she considered would be highly advantageous to the resemblance. I replied, that as I was an ardent lover of vocal harmony, it would afford me the greatest pleasure. Accordingly, she commenced

displaying the powers of her lungs, which were by no means contemptible, and the song she selected was "Little Jenny Wren," which she sung, as well as many other airs in the same style, with so much of gesticulation, that her animation at last became of the most energetic description. Methinks I hear my readers exclaim, "She must have been mad!"—to which I reply in the negative: however, the eccentricities of the lady, which, as a faithful biographer, I have yet to narrate, will rather strengthen the opinion that her conduct was the effect of an aberration of intellect, yet must I correct such a conclusion, by the assurance that she was only superlatively eccentric. She was possessed of a good fortune, the major part of which she expended in ameliorating the condition of such unfortunate beings as came under her observation. She had a most powerful mind, which had been highly cultivated; her reading was most extensive, her fund of anecdote inexhaustible, rendering her a most amusing companion, when the effervescence of her spirits did not cause her to launch out into extravaganzas. She was from Somersetshire, and only came to Portsmouth in consequence of having some property in the vicinity, and had apartments temporarily at Havant, a small town, at about nine miles distance, and thither it was agreed that I was to repair, in order to pass a few days with her and a Mrs. D——, a widow lady, above sixty years of age, who lived with Mrs. P——, in quality of companion. Ever amused with originality of character, I certainly did promise myself a rich store of entertainment, from a visit to so extraordinary a personage. My eldest brother coming to stay a short time with me, gladly consented to accompany me to Havant, to see this notable heroine in whose description I had so excited his curiosity, that he was most anxious to ascertain whether my account of her was faithful to truth, or a most exaggerated representation. As to the portrait, which I had traced upon ivory, of her physiognomy, it amused my brother to that degree, that he could not look at it without laughing to such an excess, that he begged of me to put it out of his way, lest it should cause him a serious fit of hysterics. At length the day appointed

for our visit arrived, and we started for Havant, amusing ourselves all the way there with anticipations of the diverting circumstances which probably must arise during our stay with so whimsical a character as Mrs. P——, without ever dreaming of the ridiculous scene, which we were not only doomed to witness, but in which we were also destined to act a part. We were received by our hostess with every mark of kindness and hospitality; the first day being Sunday, passed off in an extremely rational manner; we went to church twice during the day, she being extremely strict in all her religious duties, and particularly in the observance of the Sabbath. The miniature which I had completed for her she highly approved, except in one instance, and that was my having shown her ear, in which I certainly did display my bad taste, and she her good judgment in advising a sort of lace lappets to her cap, which covered both her ears, which were not quite so large as those of a jackass, but might compete with such as adorn a full-grown sow of the true Essex breed. At night it appeared to me, that my brother felt both mortified and disappointed at finding Mrs. P——, so much more like other folks than he had expected, and I myself thought that she was most provokingly reasonable, as if it were out of pure contradiction to what I had stated concerning her. However, a most delectable treat was reserved for us for the next morning, which fully exonerated me from any exaggeration in my narration of her eccentricities. On the Monday we all arose early, and Mrs. P——, proposing a walk before breakfast, we proceeded in a very regular and orderly manner, to a place called Haling Island, which is divided from the main land, by an arm of the sea, but is passable at low water, which was the case when we crossed, the whole way being perfectly dry. When arrived on the island, Mrs. P—— observed an old man mending chairs, who riveted her to the spot: she immediately began questioning him, as to whether he had any wife or family; and receiving an answer in the affirmative, she entered upon so elaborate a dissertation, both moral and theological, that fatigued with her own eloquence, she seated herself beside the chair-mender, upon his bundle of rushes:

my brother took possession of the old chair he was mending; and I reclined upon a grassy bank, till finding that the lady's oratory appeared to promise any thing but an end, I ventured to remark—"That as the tide waited not for Canute the Great, I suspected that it would not tarry for us." "Never mind," said the eternal interlocutor, resuming the thread of her discourse; but time, which puts an end to all things, at last began its terminating operation with Mrs. P——'s harangue, she beginning to tire of talking; the old chair-mender of listening; my brother's patience to wane, whilst I was practising every visible symptom which could demonstrate the ennui I experienced. To compensate for lost time, although we began our march homewards to quick time, and as I had anticipated, we found the tide was up, and three-quarters of a mile of sea lay extended before us; I, who formed the advance, then turned to our pilot, when arrived at the water's-edge, saying—"Now, madam, what is to be done?" "I'll show you," replied the adventurous fair one, and forth she walked into the ocean, with all the confidence of a sea-fowl. "What are we to do?" I demanded of my brother, ever accustomed to appeal to him as my Mentor. "Oh!" returned he, "we must follow certainly;" but I thought he looked very ruefully on the subject. For my part, I felt no inclination whatever to turn a modern Leander, and swim after such a Hero, the more particularly as I did not understand the art of swimming: however, straight into the briny flood we stalked, I feeling thoroughly consoled with the knowledge that we should not go far; well aware that my brother, from some peculiarity in his composition, if he merely put his feet in a pail of water, immediately lost his respiration; and therefore, as I expected, we had not proceeded many yards upon our aquatic tour, before he called out to me that he was sinking. I flew to his assistance, and with much difficulty bore him once more to terra firma. Our first object was to launch a boat, as the only probable means of rescuing our female Quixote from a watery grave. We begged of some fellows, who by their garb appeared like sailors, and eventually proved to belong to the boats, to

assist us in pushing one instantly into the water. Never in my life did I behold such imperturbable indifference as the brutes displayed, alleging as an excuse for their laziness, that the lady must be drowned, and that no powers on earth could save her: at last, partly by threats and promises, and giving them some money at the moment, they began to exert themselves, and by all setting our shoulders to the boat, at length we shoved her off, and got her afloat; jumped into her, and rowing off as rapidly as possible after our enterprising companion. Meantime she was tripping it along, on the light fantastic toe, her head alone visible above the surface of the water; the lace lappets of her cap were still conspicuous, as they kept bobbing up and down, whilst at times they would wanton in the breeze, or at others would dab into the sea. At length it became a regular race, we skudding along as swiftly as oars pulled by lusty arms could convey us, and she pursuing her marine promenade as fast as the immense strides of her long legs could carry her forward; and by all that is wonderful, she beat us by a furlong, and proceeded homewards, without waiting for our arrival. The most amusing part of the affair was exhibited upon her reaching the shore, where a number of persons were assembled, watching with intense anxiety to see what amphibious animal was approaching the coast; some said it must be a mermaid; others that it was some sort of a sea-nymph; whilst a third remarked, that neither mermaids nor sea-nymphs wore caps or bonnets; besides, added a fourth, I always did hear that mermaids and sea-nymphs had very pretty faces, so that we are quite sure that it is none of them. At last, when she did arrive, one person got off his horse, and advancing towards her, made a very low bow, "Hoping she had had a nice cool refreshing walk that morning;" adding, "that he would not have engaged to perform on horseback what she had done on foot for five hundred pounds." "Nor I neither," replied the dauntless heroine, "but I would do it for nothing, any time it pleased me so to do." A very aged man approached her, saying, "He had lived in the neighbourhood upwards of seventy years, and had never witnessed any thing so wonderful

before; observing, that she might consider her escape as the most miraculous event. On our quitting the boat, we might have had some difficulty in finding our way to Havant, not having taken any notice of the path by which we came, through fields, green lanes, &c.; never dreaming that we should have to return home without our fair companion: but the drippings from her wet clothes afforded us a track, as unerring as that by which Queen Eleanor was guided to fair Rosamond's bower. When the aquatic lady reached her home, not liking Mrs. D——, of whom Mrs. P—— stood in some awe, to know the prank she had been playing, she exclaimed, "Do you see what a mess I am in?—and what do you think is the cause? Those young men (alluding to my brother and myself), imagining that I was a giddy girl, must needs roll me in the hay, which, from the dew, was in so wet a state, that they have made me in such a pickle that I have not a dry thread about me, but am just as if I had been in a shower-bath without taking my clothes off." Amongst other things which had partaken with her of the plenteous ablution she had received, were a bundle of bank-notes, and in order to dry them, she very imprudently laid them in the sunshine on the sill of the window, and, as might have been anticipated, as soon as the moisture evaporated, they began sporting about with the zephyrs, playfully circulating about the streets of Havant for the benefit of its inhabitants; and to the honour, be it recorded, of the population, a considerable portion of the volatile flimsy were conveyed to the right owner. In giving an account of her maritime tour, she declares that she tumbled down twice during its performance; but with all due submission to her superior judgment, I shall venture to state, that she must have dreamed of having fallen, for had it been the case, she certainly never would have survived to have told the tale; moreover, as we always saw her cap and bonnet peering above the ocean, it was not possible she could have slipped to the ground, or they must have accompanied her in her prostration. Had we followed, drowning must have been our fate, as we were ignorant of the exact track which we ought to have pursued;

and had we diverged in the least degree either to the right or left, we should have sunk in mud to such a depth, from which it would have been impossible for us to have extricated ourselves. Her superior height also kept her mouth about one inch above the water, although she vowed that she was obliged to walk some part of the way about the middle on tip-toe, to prevent the sea from entering her ears and nostrils; as she was no swimmer, she was well aware that as soon as she was carried off her legs she must be lost; fortunately for her, she had often gone over the ground, and knew exactly the direction she was to keep so as to avoid the beds of mire on each side of her.

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CHAPTER II.*The Vagaries of a Lady.*

It was much to be regretted that Mrs. P——, in her charitable donations, should have suffered the overflowing kindness of her heart to subdue the cooler reasonings of her clear head. We had a powerful instance one morning, as we sat at breakfast, of the misapplication of her bounty. A servant entered to say some one was at the door asking alms, hoping that he could be permitted to see the humane lady who was so kind to the poor. Mrs. P——, ever awake to the voice of distress, immediately descended to the door, and soon after we heard a noise as if something very extraordinary was coming up stairs, and presently a sailor with crutches was introduced, Mrs. P—— bidding him to sit down and tell his story. The man began by informing us that his name was Robert Murray, that he was born at Dundee, continuing by saying, "I went to sea, ma'am, when only ten years old." He was then interrupted by Mrs. P—— exclaiming,—"Don't ma'am me! your name is Robert and my name is Dorothy, so now proceed with your tale." The man then resumed his story, stating that he had been many years in the service of the United States, when his fair auditor again stopped him by giving him a most energetic lecture of condemnation for his ever having connected himself with so ungrateful a race (as she termed them), having thrown off their maternal country after having been fostered and protected by her guardian power and

shield ; but no sooner did these trans-Atlantic offspring feel their strength, than they threw down the gauntlet at their own natural parent. But to follow her through the whole thread of her elocution, would be beyond my powers of memory ; suffice it to say, she fancied she had made a powerful impression upon the man, which was favoured by his eyes being somewhat weak, and from his hand rather shaking, the effect, I have reason to believe, of constant intoxication ; but be that as it may, Mrs. P—— attributed all the sailor's maladies to mental affections, produced by her powerful oratory. The only emotion I perceived, was when his eye caught sight of a pound note which the benevolent lady handed to him, his surprise and joy being manifested in the most undisguised manner. It certainly struck me at first as being far too much to give a common beggar ; but at the same time it must be admitted that the man ought to have been handsomely rewarded for his unflinching endurance of Mrs. P——'s elaborate harangue. I thought we all deserved something for the patient manner in which we had endured so long a yarn. Having obtained what he wanted, and more than he had expected by nineteen shillings and sixpence, with many bows and scrapes to his fellow-sufferers (that is to say, those who had heard the lecture), the happy sailor hobbled off. Mrs. P—— attended him to a bookseller's, and there bought a Bible, of which she made him a present ; what she gave for it I know not ; but I afterwards ascertained that he made an agreement with the persons who kept the first public-house out of the town on the road to Portsmouth, that he would let them have the Bible for as much liquor as would make him tipsy ; he was not particular as to the nature of the beverage, so as it had but an intoxicating power. It is curious to observe that throughout human nature in general how much higher people appreciate their own powers of rhetoric, whether colloquial, persuasive, reprehensive, or panegyrical, than they are estimated by others ; and thus it was with Mrs. P——, as in relating to my brother the anecdote of her relieving the sailor, she stated that what she had said to him about America had

such an effect upon the poor man that she brought tears into his eyes, and then turned to me and asked if it were not true what she stated. Now it so happened that for the confirmation of her point the worst thing she could have done was to appeal to me, I directly answering, that the only tears which I could perceive were those of joy at the sight of the pound note. However liberal and even inconsiderate in her gifts, she was particularly tenacious of being imposed upon, even although it were the merest trifle. Of this I had an example : she had commissioned me to order for her at Portsmouth a silver case for a small bottle which she carried with her in travelling for the purpose of containing restoratives, bitters, or something of that kind. I was never very inquisitive about those matters ; but whatever the little mystical vessel was intended for, matters not, and has nothing to do with the case, but that I had to pay eight guineas for it, was too clear a case, and which I did with all the pure unsuspecting innocence of my nature. "An imposition !" exclaimed Mrs. P—— ; "but I hope you have not paid for it," added she. My reply was in the affirmative ; upon which she declared she would have it sent to London to be valued, which she did, and found it was two pounds too much ; she therefore vowed the first time she was at Portsmouth she would call upon the vender of the case and upbraid him severely with his rascality, adding that I should go with her. A great treat, thought I to myself, and so, in fact, it proved. When we entered the shop, the man seemed disposed to be mighty civil, and on Mrs. P——'s holding up the case in point, and asking him if he remembered it, he replied, "Oh ! quite well, ma'am," with such an air of satisfaction, that I really believe he was expecting another job ; but his hopes of that nature were soon cut short by Mrs. P—— saying, "And you really can have the impudence to look at this," putting the silver envelope quite close to his eyes, "without reddening in the face ?" upon which he blushed instantaneously. I also was beginning to reproach him, but Mrs. P—— stopped me, by saying, "Never you mind, leave it to me ;" and, indeed, the odds against the man

were already very great, as he had no chance with her whatever; he was a very dapper little man, with a thin shrill voice, and of a most inoffensive appearance. Mrs. P—— demonstrated very clearly to him that the silver was worth four pounds, the fashion another, and allowing twenty-eight shillings for his profit, it would have amounted to six pounds eight, and, therefore, she considered he had cheated her out of two pounds, adding, that she looked upon him in the light of an arrant little thief. This put the silversmith upon his mettle, and in a very treble tone he squeaked out, "Upon my word, ma'am, I don't know what you mean by coming into my shop and abusing me in this way; I think you are treating me very ill." "Then why don't you pull my nose," exclaimed Mrs. P——, "if I use you ill?" at the same time thrusting her proboscis into the man's face; but he did not seem to have any inclination to meddle with such a formidable weapon, and therefore kept backing, holding up his hands, and displaying every symptom of alarm; but as he backed, she followed him so closely that her great knubble of a nose ever and anon came in contact with his face, she all the time calling out in a most audible voice, "Why don't you pull my nose?" The poor man continued retreating with his face to the foe, till by a dexterous sort of whirl he got behind his counter, thinking that she would not dare to invade such sacred territory, and that whilst he could keep so powerful a rampart between himself and the enemy, he should be protected from her nasal attacks. Alas! poor man, he counted without his host, for his persevering persecutor was of too pugnacious a character to acknowledge the inviolability of a counter, consequently she pursued her game as tenaciously as ever, till at last she pinned her poor craven victim quite in a corner, her ardour appearing to increase with the chase, as she poked her great nose at him, opened her wide mouth, the colour rising high in her, that such was the poor creature's look of terror, I really believe he thought himself Tom Thumb, going to be swallowed up by the red cow, whilst seeing no escape left, he yielded to all the horrors of despair, giving such a scream that he

even startled Mrs. P——. Not intending to kill, but only to frighten to death, she left the trembling sufferer to recover as he could from the bodily fear and surprise which she had occasioned him, asking me as we went out of the shop if I thought she had given him enough. "Plenty, madam," was my reply, "rather more than adequate to the two pounds of which he cheated you." "You think, then, he will remember me and the case?" "I do, indeed, and think he will consider it a very *hard* case, too," was my answer, whilst she appeared to derive the highest satisfaction from the castigation she had inflicted upon the shrinking culprit. A few days after this circumstance, I received and accepted an invitation from a family in the Isle of Wight to spend a few days with them, and, as ill luck would have it, so had Mrs. P——, from the same persons; and therefore was I doomed to be her attendant, which experience had taught me by this time was no sinecure; but as there was no remedy, I determined to submit to my fate with the best apparent grace which I could assume. We had no sooner entered the boat than Mrs. P—— began to demonstrate some of the wonderful physical powers with which she was possessed, by rowing with a strength and address that would have shamed many men, and in fact she "feathered her oar with such skill and dexterity," that the boatmen were quite astonished at her prowess. She remarked that it might be as well if I took a pair of oars: upon which I replied, that if I did so it would deprive me of the pleasure I was then enjoying (as I was sitting opposite to her, contemplating the symmetry of her proportions), observing that she reminded me of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," then the popular poem of the day. She smiled, and said the compliment was not amiss, and might serve to redeem some of the bad shots which I was so often in the habit of making; "however," continued she, "Frank is your name and frank is your nature, and I no sooner beheld you than I could see through you, thick as you are; but I do not object to that bluntness of character. It is true that you are but a rough diamond, but when you have seen somewhat more of the world, it is

probable you will acquire a greater degree of polish, and it is to be hoped will come out something brighter than you are at present; not that I think you will ever prove a gem of the first water, or indeed of any other water, as it is very evident you are not partial to that element, or you certainly would not have left me to perform my aquatic tour alone." I admitted that I believed nature might not have intended me for a Neptune, although I was sure she would have made an excellent Amphitrite. But I must take leave to observe, that it was fraternal affection which prompted me to save my brother, and induced me to suffer her to wade through the sea unaccompanied. That, replied she, is not a bad excuse for you, but you should have remembered, that "when a lady's in the case, all other things give place." But you, madam, I observed, are an extraordinary case, an exception to all other cases, in fact, a superlative case, as proved by your management of the jeweller's case, from which you displayed the most consummate ability, in making out an excellent case for yourself, and a most wretched case for your opponent; and as to your fearless demeanour, had you been case-hardened, by your sinews being braced in case-armour, you could not have been more confident, nor more alarmed your foe, had you attacked with a case-knife, and poured case-shot into him, leaving him, as you did, in a most pitiable case. No, madam, continued I, experience has convinced me that, however critical the case may be in which you are placed, it is better not to assist you, certain as I am, that left alone you will always make your own case good. Now, I dare say, said Mrs. P——, you think all that very clever, but for your future good, I must inform you, that a propensity to punning, and playing upon words, always shows bad taste; therefore, if you will take my advice, you will give it up. I defended myself by observing, that I had imagined, in following her example, I could not err, and that she might perhaps recollect that it was she who had commenced. True, said she, but I flatter myself that I know how both to time and to apply my puns rather better than you do; besides, perhaps it is an error of mine, and if you seek to imi-

tate, you should always try to copy the good qualities, and not the defects, of your friends. I answered, that in herself the amiable foibles of human nature and her higher attributes were so happily intermingled, that really it was difficult to discover her imperfections, whilst one felt unwilling to recognise them as such. Well, come, observed she, that is somewhat better than your bad puns. Meantime Mrs. P—— continued rowing to the last, and when we arrived on the island she did not display any symptoms of fatigue. On proceeding to our mutual friends, she found that a relation of her's, a Major H., was at the Dépôt and, anxious to see him, requested me to accompany her in quest of him. I would have as leave been hung; for although I was amused with her conversation and eccentricities inside a house, I was by no means fond of figuring away with such a Dulcinea as she out of doors: however, as I had no reasonable excuse to make, I was compelled to submit. We repaired accordingly to a place which appeared as extensive barracks, and were informed that Major H. would soon be there, when I proposed walking before the gates till he came; but that did not suit Mrs. P.'s fancy, she insisting upon entering the barrack-yard, which it was evident to me ladies were not accustomed to frequent, from the manner in which the groups of officers were gazing at us; in fact, Mrs. P. was the only female to be seen of any description. From staring the spectators soon proceeded to laughing, which was much excited by my fair friend's throwing out her arms and displaying such extraordinary energy, by a variety of gesticulations, that she became quite an object of curiosity, and a complete crowd began forming around us; for my part, I found the situation so extremely unpleasant, I should have felt grateful to the ground could it have opened and entombed me, or should have been glad to have screwed myself into a nutshell could I have rendered myself invisible, so embarrassed did I feel at being with any one who appeared so ridiculous. I therefore observed to Mrs. P., that I thought we had much better wait in the road for the major, as it was manifest that we had no business where we were, and that we excited the re-

marks of every one present. This only made the matter worse; withdrawing her arm from mine, she retired a few paces, and broke out into a most animated oration, which she delivered in a loud voice, to the following effect :—" Sir, if you feel afraid of these impertinent and effeminate puppies, I do not, therefore you may leave me as soon as you like." That, I replied, I certainly should not think of doing, whilst she remained I should do the same ; but without feeling afraid of those by whom we were surrounded, I certainly did not wish to stay where it was evident we were intruders. The officers, who heard every syllable of Mrs. P.'s speech, were vastly amused at the compliments she paid them, and burst out into a louder laugh than ever ; upon which Mrs. P., in a still higher tone, and putting on a martial air extraordinary, said—" As to these insignificant fops, it would just serve them right if you would horsewhip them all round, and be doing no more than what you ought to do." Now it struck me very forcibly, that horsewhipping officers was by no means a light or amusing pastime ; but their increasing mirth, which was becoming rather uproarious, and most pointedly directed to my fair companion, augmented the embarrassment of my position ; they were so merry that it was impossible to particularise any one. I was quite at a loss how to act, but was making my mind up to something, when Major H. very opportunely arrived. The respectful manner with which he addressed Mrs. P., and at the same time his friendly air towards her, with the extreme pleasure he evinced at seeing her, occasioned the bystanders rather to change their tone, and in presence of their senior officer they did not seem quite so disposed to exhibit their mirth at the peculiarities of his friend. The major was not able at the moment to join us, but requested we would walk slowly along the road, saying he should overtake us shortly, but hinted that we were trespassers, and if we remained there we might draw upon ourselves unpleasant observations. Much to my gratification, Mrs. P. acted upon the major's advice, and we were proceeding in a very orderly manner for her, when all of a sudden, as a waggon was coming by, she broke out into one of her most

energetic declamations, and sprawling out one of her arms, her sleeve came in contact with one of the wheels of the lumbering vehicle, by which means it became pretty considerably dirtied, and immediately Mrs. P. became very angry, vowing it was the fault of the waggoner for not turning his horses aside, so as to have left her sufficient room. It was in vain that I represented that the man was on the crown of the road, his proper place, and that there was plenty of space left for us ; but that any person sticking out an arm a yard long, must take the consequences. This argument did not by any means satisfy her : she still insisted that it was all owing to the fault of the waggoner, and that if I was a man of spirit I should instantly horsewhip him, in which opinion I totally differed with her ; in the first place, the man was perfectly blameless ; secondly, from the glance I had of him I considered him too big ; and, thirdly, he was out of sight before she made the proposal. I therefore observed that I hoped, at any rate, I should never have so mean a spirit as to fight with so low a fellow as that. I did not want you to fight him, returned Mrs. P., I merely wished you to chastise him. At this moment the major joined us, and under the pretext of going to a little hill to the left to look at a prospect, I most gladly yielded up my Venus to the son of Mars, who was very competent to fulfil the duties of her beau, but worse constructed than myself for being her champion ; indeed, as far as external appearance indicated, there was no comparison between the major and the lady for physical strength, she having so infinitely the advantage. From that time, and ever after, I determined never to be again entrapped into being the cavalier of so whimsical a nymph, and during the remainder of my stay in the island I magnanimously resigned my priority of claim to the major, who appearing rather to aspire to the honour, I thought it would be cruel to check so laudable an ambition : once only, when I was walking with them, was I indulged, by a tête-à-tête with Mrs. P., the major quitting us for a short time, to call at the house of an acquaintance. The spot in which he left us was most rural and retired, which tempted my companion to propose we should sit upon a mossy



bank, which was invitingly near. I readily assented, justly calculating that my frisky fair was less likely to get into mischief by displaying her energies on the ground, as she would have ample space to give her limbs their full sprawl than if she were straddling along the road. A purling stream was rippling at our feet, the trees mingled their branches above us, so as to form a natural bower over our heads, the birds were billing and cooing around us, the breeze seemed but to sigh as it breathed through the leaves, and all we beheld tended but to invite contemplation. Mrs. P. appearing to yield to the charms of the scene, was for some time wrapt in reverie, till at length gently in soft and confidential strains she began to pour forth the overflowings of her heart, and to confess that she once had loved; at that period, added she, my skin was fair as the lily, and the rose's bloom then mantled upon my cheek; but it appears that long she sighed in silence, "for she never told her love, but let the canker-worm prey in secret upon her damask cheek," and I thought she looked as if some kind of worm had preyed upon the rest of her face, and had left its inroads somewhat recklessly: however, that's a digression. So to return to the subject. Although the youth whose charms had invaded her peace began to display certain symptoms that his heart was not composed of adamant, but like that of the maiden's became gradually softer, till at last it might be said their very souls appeared to melt into each other, deeply affected (or at least appearing to be so), I exclaimed, "but what, alas! my dear madam, could have impeded a legal union of your hands under such promising auspices?" "Promising, you may well say, for never was mutual affection wrought to a higher acmè than between us: his came upon him later than mine, but was no less solid; as for my own, I may almost say it sprang with my birth, grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength." "It must have been great and strong indeed," said I, gazing at her colossal person. She did not see the point, and continued:—"No comparison whatever could give you an adequate idea of its force." "Then," I repeated, "what was the obstacle to your being united—was it that there

was any immorality attached to the character of your lover?" "Oh! by no means," she replied: "his mind was as fair and as pure as his features and form, which were those of an Apollo, as also were his accomplishments." "Was it then that your family objected on account of his fortune?" I demanded. "Oh, no!" returned she: "he was wealthier than myself; but there was a fatal cause, such as was irremediable, but which determined me never to consent to our union." "Perhaps he had formed some other attachment, which you accidentally discovered, as such circumstances sometimes occur?" I observed. "Far from it, for he was constancy itself," she replied. "Then," said I, "it really is beyond my powers of divination to imagine any other reason." All of a sudden she started upon her legs, and with one hand high in air, with eyes as if bursting from their sockets, and nostrils distended, in a voice like Stentor, she exclaimed—"There was madness in his family!" For my own part I could not help thinking so much the more congeniality of sentiment with your own; and imagining that the insanity might have been in some degree contagious, and that she might have caught a portion, either from her lover or from some of his relations. The major joining us, prevented any farther remarks upon so tender a subject, and from my never again having an hour alone with her, the topic was never resumed. That Mrs. P. was not mad was proved by the opinion of a number of medical men of the first abilities, she having been placed in a private establishment for the reception of lunatics, but by persons interested in so doing; she afterwards succeeded in effecting her deliverance, and in proving to a court of law, and a commission appointed to examine her case, that she was perfectly sane. She also prosecuted those persons who had caused her to be deprived of her liberty for conspiracy, and gained her action, displaying throughout the whole affair such clearness of judgment and talent, that it was remarked, that if her intellects were impaired, it would be difficult to find those which were otherwise. The fact was, that when she chose she could restrain her eccentricities, and then no one was more rational than herself.

## CHAPTER. III.

*An Extraordinary Being.*

The French are not content with observing that England is a nation of originals, but they insist that we have a greater proportion of mad people than any other country with which they communicate. *They* are not to be blamed for imputing to us such a character, for the fact is, that the fault lies in the poverty of their language, having no such word as eccentric, or any other that can express that most comprehensive of epithets which alone can describe so great a portion of the English people. A being of this numerous order, but who had higher pretensions to the title of eccentric than many I met with at Canterbury, in the person of the Rev. John Fresselique. He introduced himself to me by saying, he had understood that I was very fond of horticulture (which was the case), and as he had a similar taste, he did not see why two persons partial to the same study should not meet together without waiting for an introduction from a third person. Half an hour's conversation convinced me that I should be enabled to derive much amusement from his extreme originality. He had been a chaplain for many years in the British Navy, and had acquired somewhat of the roughness and bluntness of the sailor. From possessing a good memory, he retained the full benefit of a classical education, having been in the four quarters of the world, had known many of the celebrated characters of Europe, and become most intimately acquainted with Lord Nelson, from whom he had many letters, one of which was stated to be the last he wrote, prior to his quitting England to take the command of that fleet which proved so successful at Trafalgar. This friendly and valuable epistle he had framed between two glasses, and declared to me that the Prince of Wales offered him five hundred pounds for it, over the grave of the immortal hero on the day of his funeral. But for twice the sum Fresselique would not have parted with it. There was a pith in all he said, and a quaintness in his mode of expression, which to me was completely new, and proportionately amusing. Before we parted, he pressed me with much cordiality to go and see him,

stating that he resided at New Romney, in Kent, having a living in the neighbourhood, and as we shook hands, repeated his invitation by saying, "Well, then, you promise that when you are inclined to give yourself a holiday (and alluding to the subject which occupied me), no longer feeling disposed to draw pictures, you will come and draw weeds with me in my garden." Some months afterwards, having a few weeks at command, I thought I could not employ them more agreeably than by visiting the entertaining and good-natured parson. I found him living in a very comfortable house, and his family, consisting of his wife and his niece, whose name was Short, and the stature of the young lady corresponded with her name. Mrs. Tresselique was a fine woman, of pleasing manners, ever very mild and amiable when she was not irritated by some strong provocation. I had to introduce myself to the ladies, as the master of the house was absent on my arrival. When he came home he gave me the most hearty welcome, and thanked me kindly for coming to see a poor parson; he then turned to Mrs. Fresselique, and said rather roughly, "We have greens for dinner to-day, I know." "Very well," replied Mrs. F., "I am aware of it." "Yes," returned he, "and you are determined all the town shall be aware of it too, by suffering the servant to throw away the water inside the house instead of outside, as I always told you to do; a sweet reception you have given this gentleman, truly; he must have smelt the house a hundred yards before he came to it; my olfactory nerves were assailed by it all the way as I came up the High street." "Nonsense!" said Mrs. Fresselique; "it must be something which has got into your snuff, if there be any thing at all, but you are more full of fancies than a dancing bear:" then appealing to me, said, "Pray, sir, did you find any unpleasant odour on entering the house?" "By no means, madam," I replied. "There, do you hear that, Mr. Fresselique?" said his lady, with an air of triumph. "Why, how, in the name of politeness, could he have said otherwise?" exclaimed the unvanquished parson; "but pray, is not dinner coming? I am sure we have smelt it

long enough." A summons to the dinner room was the answer. The old gentlemen had no sooner put his gastronomic powers in action, than he began his murmurings in the following manner:—"These peas are not boiled enough; they are as hard as shots; if they did not roll down one's throat, it would be impossible to get them down any other way; it is a strange thing that you and little Miss Short (as he always designated Mrs. F.'s niece,) can't pay a little more attention to domestic affairs. I dare say the truth is, you have had all the tabbies in the town here, and with your gossip and scandal have slandered the reputation of every respectable woman for ten miles round." "I declare," said Mrs. F., we have not had a soul here all the morning." "Then I suppose you have been reading novels, or singing duetts, or some such stuff as that: as to this beef, it is as tough as a piece of junk; I do think it is a bit of the old parish bull, it was killed the other day—your old friend there, you know who I mean, that nearly tossed you and little Miss Short last week in Coates's field; I wish he had given you both a lift sky-high, you would have been that much on your way to heaven; you'll never have such another chance of getting so near it again: I should like to have seen you mounted aloft; I dare say you might have looked well enough in the air, which is certainly more than either of you ever did upon earth." "I'll tell you what," said Mrs. F. (whose amour propre began rather to smart under her husband's castigation), if I was not *very* handsome, I was always far too good for you; but as to that, when I was young I was not considered so ill-looking either, nor did *you* used to think so at one time." At this appeal, the old gentleman, moved, no doubt, by tender reminiscences, appeared rather softened, and observed, that "As for the hull, it was well enough for the first twenty years after it was built, but at present it is something like my own, rather weather beaten, having seen a good deal of service, and is all the worse for wear; however, it might pass now when it was well rigged." "This is some home-brewed beer, sir," observed Mrs. F., offering me that wholesome

"how do you find it?" I

drank, and approved of it. "So much for politeness," said the reverend tar; "but it is all of a piece with your asking that gentleman to say he did not smell any thing disagreeable, when he could not keep his handkerchief from his nose. Why as to that swipes, or beer as you call it, if we had it on board a ship, we should think it just good enough for washing the decks; for my own part, I would as leave take a draught of bilge water." "I am sure every body likes it but you," returned Mrs. F., "and it really is too strong for me." "Strong!" roared out the marine parson; "yes, too strong of the river, sure enough; but may I be tarred and feathered if it has any other kind of strength." The pie next afforded food for grumbling. "Pray, Mrs. Medicott (for such was the appellation he gave his wife when he was sarcastically angry with her, but why I could never discover), did you think when you built this pie you were erecting the walls of a fortification. I have heard that promises were like pie crust, made to be broken; but there is far more consistence in this paste than any promises you ever made, even at the altar of Hymen, or elsewhere. It would have been but friendly of you if you had cautioned Mr. H. to whet his teeth before you sat him down to such hard fare." The cheese was the next object of his censure, asking me if "I would like a piece of cast-iron?" then exclaiming, "Here, little Miss Short, bring a hammer and chisel to assist us in getting this bit of adamant to pieces." "How you do go on, Mr. F.," said his irritated wife; "it is only you who find every thing so hard; it would be much harder if there were none; the fault is not in the victuals, but in your feeble old teeth; the fact is, you are in your second childhood, and ought to be fed again with pap; but don't suppose that all the world want food as soft as your own head." "I am much obliged to you, Mrs. Medicott, for all your compliments," said the old boy, angered in his turn; "but the real truth is, that you do not know how to go to market, nor ever did." "Yes, and if you went, you would buy fast enough, but you would never think about the paying for it," observed Mrs. F. "Why how the deuce should I, when you take care that

I should never have a pound in my pocket; you know very well," continued the naval priest, "that you croak all the money as soon as ever it comes into the house, and if I did not now and then crib a something for marriages, christenings, and burials, I should never have a penny to buy snuff and tobacco." "As to that, Mr. F.," replied his managing wife, "if I did not take care of the little income we have, you would not long have a house over your head, nor a bit to put in your mouth, for you know very well you would spend it all in the first week." Hitherto their bickerings had not been of a very serious description, but as recrimination increased, it rose to such a height that it swelled into a most tremendous quarrel, and he became so furious that she exclaimed, "For God's sake, Mr. F., go out and cool yourself, you are as red as a Turkey cock, and if you stay here another minute I expect you will burst with rage; a pretty entertainment this for your guest; but whatever you do, go out and cool yourself this moment. Blustering as he went, foaming at the mouth, and with his pipe in his hand, at length he took his wife's advice, and quitted the room. The moment he had made his exit, Mrs. F., appreciating the embarrassment I felt under such unpleasant circumstances, apologised by saying, "I am very sorry, sir, that you should have been subjected to witnessing so disagreeable a scene; but as I hope and understand that we are to have the pleasure of your society for some time, I am sorry to state that you will too often have to endure a repetition of such unpleasant occurrences as has this day happened. Mr. F. has a good heart, and means well, but I regret to say that he is not quite right here," added she, pointing to her head. I replied by begging she would not mention it; that of course I should never attempt to interfere; that I always considered those little differences between man and wife were productive of many words, which far surpassed the meaning intended, and were no proofs whatever of want of affection. "It is very kind of you," observed Mrs. F., "to put such a construction on the subject, and I hope your view of such affairs may be correct." The entrance of Mr. F. checked

our farther conversation, and Mrs. F., without an observation, retired, leaving us over the wine. The clerical marine then alluded to the discordant transaction in his way, by observing, "You have seen a precious row, haven't you; ah! you will see that often enough here; Mrs. F. is as good a woman as ever lived—a most worthy creature, but her mother died mad, and she is no better." Well, thought I to myself, I am nicely in for it, however, between two mad people. At the first moment it struck me that the best thing I could do was to shift my quarters as speedily as possible, but on second thoughts I determined to remain a few days, that I might not hurt their feelings by a sudden departure, and at the same time having much curiosity to know how they acted in a general way, not conceiving it possible but that the quarrel I had witnessed must have been an occurrence extraordinary, never dreaming that it was to be a diurnal affair. By when Mrs. F. rejoined us, calm was perfectly established, but no sooner had her husband sipped his tea, than he vowed the water was smoked. "Ah! that fancy," said Mrs. F., "comes from your mouth being full of smoke; how can it be otherwise, when you are smoking from morning to night. Then I suppose," continued Mr. F., "you mean to say the milk is not sour." "That I certainly do," replied Mrs. F., "although it is more than I can say of you, for every one knows that there is not a more sour old crab in the country than yourself." "That, I think, my dear, is very fortunate," observed the old gentleman; "as you are such a sweet creature, your sweetness would be cloying if it were not tempered with a little of my acidity." In this manner they continued sparring till bed-time, but without absolutely arriving at a downright quarrel. The next morning was Sunday, and the breakfast passed off very harmoniously, and I began to think it was a respect for the Sabbath which induced them to restrain their tempers; but soon after Mrs. F. had gone up-stairs he sang out in a furious key, "Mrs. Medicot, here's a pretty kettle of fish!" At which Mrs. F. exclaimed, "What's the matter?" "Matter enough, and something worse too," replied her husband: "here's one of your cats been and kitted upon my

gown, and a pretty pickle it is in too ; a precious figure I shall cut going to church with a gown like that, it has so many colours on it now, covered as it is with cat's hairs, that it is more fit behalf for a harlequin than for a clergyman." "It is well for you to complain of a surplus of visitors, when you won't keep the door of your surplice-room shut," said his wife, by way of consolation. "And so I always do, too," answered Mr. F., "but it is you and little Miss Short who have left the door open : you are always poking there after something. I can't think what business you have there at all ; but you are ever ramming your heads into places where you ought to make yourselves scarce. I'll lock the door for the future, and then neither you nor your little short niece, nor any other cats, can get in ; you have no need to keep so many : with this new mess there are nine of them, and I am sure if you had, instead of nine cats, a cat-o'-nine-tails, it would do you a deal more good, if well applied." "Well, I am sure, Mr. F. : I knew nothing about it, that I declare," said Mrs. F., with an air of sincerity. "I suppose you would make me believe that neither you nor any of your crew were aware of it ; but I know that you are all so cat-like yourselves, that there is the greatest sympathy between you and the cats, it is impossible but that you must have known it, only the truth is, you have such a fellow-feeling with the cats, that you did not like to disturb your favourite pet, and thought, forsooth, that she ought to keep her bed for some time after such an event, without caring a straw about her spoiling my gown." "You know very well," exclaimed Mrs. F., indignant at the charge, "how careless you always are of your gowns, and that you would not have one to your back if I did not look after them." "A pretty way of looking after them, indeed ! And where are my cassocks ? Not one to be found. It is always so. But I know what becomes of them : you and little Miss Short take them all, and cut them up to make thumb-stalls." At last the old gentleman was properly rigged for the performance of the church duties, and I accompanied him, and heard him preach a most splendid sermon, both as regarded the substance and the delivery. In fact, he seemed so dif-

ferent a man in the pulpit and in his own house, that he was not recognisable for the same person. His countenance was rather fine than otherwise, and so were his features naturally ; but in consequence of an operation which he had undergone on the locality, he was enabled to draw up the lower part of his face so as to touch his nose, and project a little beyond : he would do this when he was very intent upon any subject, either writing or reading ; but when his physiognomy was twisted up in that manner, it was so comic, and had so ridiculous an appearance, that it was impossible to restrain our risible muscles while beholding it, particularly in profile. In fact, when Mrs. F. and myself have been seated so as to have a view of him sideways, when his face was under the influence of distortion, we have not been able to suppress our *audible* mirth, and he at length has turned round, and said, "What in the name of wonder are you both laughing out ?" To which we of course have returned some evasive answer. Few men had the art to so extraordinary a degree of making friends amongst influential people, and persons occupying the most exalted situations. I was once making that remark to Dr. Milner, the Dean of Carlisle and learned author of church history, and he replied by observing, "how few men were so taking as John Fressilique." He had been a pupil of the doctor's, who always expressed much interest in the welfare of his former *élève*. I have often thought that it was the novelty of character so conspicuous in F., which attracted with persons who were generally approached by those who ever sought but to compliment and flatter ; therefore there was something new and fresh in the language of truth, which amused persons only accustomed to hear the voice of adulation : then there was a degree of whimsicality about the man himself that was so unlike any body else, that even his manners were entertaining ; besides, he had a knack of interesting every one so in his behalf, that if he asked his way in the street, people would not only direct him, but proceed some distance out of their road to show him the spot he demanded. But he had not the talent of retaining his friends : after he was well known, the charm which hung

about his eccentricity wore off; he was captious, sarcastic, and not by any means delicate in his mode of telling people their faults: hence it was he would sometimes touch a tender chord, and wound beyond forgiveness. Amongst other persons whose displeasure Fresselique incurred, was the celebrated Earl St. Vincent. Whilst sailing under his orders the unlucky parson, suffering under a severe cutaneous affection, solicited for leave of absence, which was denied by the earl, and Fresselique was compelled to go to sea, in no very enviable state; but willing to deduce amusement from misfortune, he wrote a poem upon the subject, in which his lordship was introduced in no very flattering terms. After the reverend poet had read it to many of his friends throughout the fleet, he stuck it one day rather carelessly into his pocket, and it fell out. A Captain M—b—y, who was an enemy of Fresselique's, picked it up, and took it to Lord St. Vincent, who, as it might be imagined, did not very much relish the complimentary style in which he was mentioned. The poem was read to me by Fresselique, from a rough copy, which he had fortunately preserved. I really think I never laughed more in my life than I did in hearing the queer Hudibrastic rhymes, all ending in *ch*, which F. had strung together, descriptive of his unfortunate complaint, &c. I only regret that my memory will not permit me to afford my readers a few lines, by which they might have judged of the poet's style, so exclusively his own, and so like himself. Some time after he had lost his poem, he heard that it had been given to the earl, and thinking it possible that he might still have retained it, when in London called upon his lordship, who sending out word that he was engaged, Fresselique sent

in his card, which the earl threw into the fire, with some such observation as—  
 “What does the old fellow come pestering me for!” which was communicated to Fresselique by an acquaintance who was frequently with the earl, and happened to be present when the card was received. Fresselique, on hearing this, determined to adopt some means of informing the earl that the ordeal to which the devoted card had been submitted was not unknown to its master. To effect this purpose, he went into a hatter's shop, and asked them if they would give him the bottom of an old hat-box, requesting that it might be the largest that they could find. The people stared, but complied with his demand, he writing his name in full upon it: he then went and left it at the Earl St. Vincent's. The footman, unaccustomed to receive cards of such an extraordinary size, took it in with both hands, and, as ordered, presented it forthwith to his master, who, on reading the name of the “Rev. John Fresselique,” naturally exclaimed, “What can that bothering old man mean by sending me such a card as that?” The explanation soon followed, in the form of a note, couched in the following manner:—“The Rev. John Fresselique presents respectful compliments to the Earl St. Vincent, and understanding that he was so much distressed for fuel as to be under the necessity of burning the Rev. John Fresselique's card, he now sends him one of considerably more extensive dimensions, flattering himself that it may prove proportionably serviceable.” This was one of the many instances of the extraordinary methods which Fresselique would adopt for the expression of his resentment, when circumstances did not admit of his having recourse to severer measures, intended for future detail.

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IMITATED FROM METASTASIO.—SONNET.

The snow-drop peeping from her icy bed,  
 Arrests our notice, while she droops her head;  
 Yet could the summer all her sweets disclose,  
 They'd lie unheeded by the glowing rose.

Thus in the shades of night how bright appear,  
 The twinkling stars, in their revolving sphere;  
 But when oppos'd to the bright orb of day,  
 Their lustre's conquer'd by the brilliant ray,

C. F. B.

## TO ELLEN.

*In the manner of Shelley.*

BY JOHN JORDISON.

Is there a voice on earth whose gentle tone  
 Can stir the deep chords of this ill-tun'd heart ?  
     As the soft night-winds wake  
     The music of the lyre.

Is there an eye whose brightly-beaming glance  
 Can chase from this dull brow the clouds of care ?  
     As the sun's rays dispel  
     The gloomy mists of morn.

Is there a charm can win me from the world,  
 Its noise and bustle, back to rural life,  
     And rouse within my breast  
     The feelings of my youth ?

That charm is thine, to bid the warm tears flow  
 From the mysterious fountains of the heart ;  
     Thine is that gentle voice,  
     And thine that beaming eye.

## REMEMBER ME !

When by the lake thou chanc'st to roam,  
 Or watch the torrent's dashing foam,  
 Or by thy cheerful hearth at home ;  
     Dost thou remember me ?

When courted by the flattering throng,  
 When listening to the maiden's song,  
 Or in the dance impell'd along,  
     Dost thou e'er think of me ?

When spring unfolds her many charms,  
 And Zephyr's breath, creation warms :  
 'Twas then that folding in thy arms,  
     Thou said'st, "remember me !"

Should time and distance from thy thought,  
 Erase the love so dearly bought,  
 And which by thee alone was sought ;  
     That I, might think of thee !

If thy fond vows, thou e'er should'st break,  
 Then from my heart thy image take,  
 For in my grave, my rest I'll make ;  
     And dying, breathe "remember me !"

C. F. B.

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS IN THE COUNTRY.

*(Concluded from Page 77. JAN. 1.)*

For several days we went on precisely in the same way, notwithstanding the dreadful accounts with which the newspapers teemed, of broad-wheeled wag-gons stuck in the snow, mail coaches precipitated into bottomless pits, family coaches, over-laden within and without, dug out of drifted mounds ten feet deep; apothecaries and watchmen frozen to death and no more heard of, flocks starved, and, in short, all the innumerable horrors and calamities incidental to an inclement winter. We ate, drank, danced, played at cards, squabbled, yawned, slept, kept up large fires; and, finding ourselves in comfortable quarters, each day performed the same evolutions with the utmost precision and renewed vigour.

The frost and snow continued unabated, as also the alarming accounts in the public prints, when, to my dismay, I observed that the fires diminished very sensibly; for the last two days mine had entirely ceased, and, on comparing notes with the other men, I found that they were all under the same discipline. We endeavoured in vain to discover the cause; a profound silence was observed on the subject, and in peering about the premises I found that the coal-yard was carefully padlocked! We all resolved to discover the cause of this privation; some thought that Mr. Smith was tired of our company, and wished to freeze us out; but how we were to ascertain this we knew not, as Mrs. Smith seemed very anxious to detain the Danvers party and Sir William Temple at the Wold, and daily suggested some new mode of passing the time.

The early amusements, now wholly confined to the house, became more and more monotonous, and the morning slumbers of the company were gradually protracted, until at last they rarely made their appearance before luncheon-time. But even this *re-union* lacked its wonted sociableness, every interesting subject for chit-chat being fairly exhausted. The demon *ennui* seemed darkening down, chill and foggy, upon the spirits of all, and good-humour speedily about to take his departure, when, just as matters wore their worst aspect, a letter arrived for Mr. Dan-

vers, and like a ray of sunshine to dispel the thick gloom which damped our mirth, the mere cracking of the seal broke the ice of taciturnity and was quite an event for the Wold; but when the difficulty of deciphering certain obscure passages had been got over, and the entire contents, bit by bit, imparted, the effect was startling, nay, electrical. Monosyllabic question and rejoinder thawed away, until the full current of gossip rolled on again at spring-tide rate. Infinite were the exclamations, as well from the gentlemen as the ladies, of "*Bless me!*" "*Dear me!*" "*Good gracious!*" as the details were repeated with ever-beginning variety and never-ending additions. And how alarming and absorbing an interest was the principal topic—Fire! "*What!*" exclaimed they, in doubting mirth, "*do you mean to say that a four-sided stone structure, like the Royal Exchange, is totally destroyed? It is all nonsense—where were the City firemen? Nothing but hot-water and cold-work, it appears, at the 'Change all night; for Mr. B. writes that they were obliged to make a fire under the Cornhill-pump to keep the engines in play, and the men working them, in spite of their anti-combustible water-proof jackets, were almost frozen into icicles before morning.*" "*But, bless me! he goes on to say,*" continued Mr. Danvers, "*that the house of a nobleman at the west-end of the town, has also caught fire, and been blazing away. The Stock Exchange next, has, it seems, caused an alarm, as well as the mansion of a distinguished legal character, Sir E. Sugden, at Thames Ditton, which is partially destroyed. Gilston Park, the seat of Mr. H. G. Ward, M. P., has followed the fire mania, and is left sadly dismantled. Before the ruins of the English structures had ceased to smoke, my friend states that accounts have reached London that the Imperial Palace at St. Petersburg, the winter residence of the Emperor of Russia, containing great treasure, many choice pictures, and numerous objects of art, was also razed to the ground by fire. The very day after seeing this, he adds, that he read in the papers an account of the*



Parisian Italian Opera House (*Salle Favart*) sharing a similar fate; and that the curtain, too, of the Odeon Theatre was consumed on the same night——” “Psha!” peevishly ejaculated Sir William Temple, “you are acting a farce, or your worthy correspondent, before extinguishing his candle, must have singed the tassel of his nightcap, dozed off half-stuffed with its smoke, and dreamed of fire all night.”

“Stop an instant, and we will see,” said Mr. Heaviside, slipping off the envelope of a weekly newspaper, which the servant had just presented to him, on a highly-polished salver, and running his eye over the closely-filled columns—“Sure enough, here it is all confirmed, and more conflagrations to boot tacked to the list. Drury Lane Theatre appears to have had a narrow escape on Thursday, the 18th inst.; and from theatres the next paragraph takes us off to the Grand Mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople, if there be any truth in the accounts *via* Trieste. The Paris *Quotidienne*, I observe, aptly remarks, touching the chief of these fires—that in three European capitals buildings were burnt which were the type of each—that of the Palace of the Emperor of Russia at St. Petersburg being emblematical of the absolutism of the despot; of London, the thirst for gain, Commerce and Capital; and Paris, the *Comedie*, or theatrical bent of the nation; and were it not that the statement relative to the Mosque at Constantinople requires confirmation, might we not add one point further to those of the Carlist journal—the tabernacle of religious fanaticism, which has so long, and so anomalously, reared its lofty domes and graceful minarets in the ancient city founded by the first Christian emperor, whose name it bears.” “Well, this is famous matter for the hieroglyphic-mongers in the prophetic almanacs,” remarked Mr. Smith: “and Braidwood and his engines for the last fortnight past must have had no idle time of it, having been summoned, I perceive, to extinguish no fewer than twenty-five fires in the metropolis. What a terrific destruction of property in the course of two short weeks: I should think that, warned by these startling calamities, fire-proof rooms would be in future resorted to in all large edifices, for the security of valuable documents and works of art. The catastrophe

at the Salle Favart presents the worst feature of the whole—the poor manager, Severini, lost his life, Rossini his musical library, and Lablache (unfortunate *Gros de Naples*!) the bonds and securities which constituted the greater part of his fortune. As for Rossini's loss, it may eventually prove a gain, to speak somewhat paradoxically; for, as he has hitherto been a great plagiarist from himself, now all his old opera scores are consumed, we may reasonably look for something entirely new. This may rouse him from his fit of laziness, and effectually warm him into new activity. *Nous verrons*.

“Well, so much for the fire-king's doings!” exclaimed all, “Now what think you of those of his elementary brother-potentate, the ice-king, listen! “During every day of the past week, the parks with their frozen lakes have presented scenes of much gaiety, interrupted, however, I am sorry to add, on Sunday last, by a very distressing accident, at the Serpentine, Hyde Park. Up to four o'clock all had gone well, and the persons on the ice seemed lulled into perfect security. About that time, when there could scarcely have been less than from eleven to twelve thousand persons on the ice and banks a sudden crash of the ice, succeeded by, heart-rending shrieks, and cries of ‘boat boat!’ announced that an accident had occurred. The excitement was dreadful. The result was that three or four persons lost their lives. Two bodies were found dead, and others are supposed to be missing. Notwithstanding this, on the following day, the same ice was again much crowded, there being, at times, it is estimated, not less than six thousand persons upon it. Among the company were several experienced skaters, including Captain Greenwood, of the 1st regiment of Life Guards, who shone most conspicuously. There was also a good sprinkling of fashionables (among whom was the Earl of Winchelsea), by whom several sets of quadrilles were executed in a most scientific manner. In St. James's Park, the skaters have been extremely numerous, among whom were two ladies named Grant, whose graceful skating attracted much notice. Several fair performers likewise made their *début* on the Regent's Park lake, some, I am told, attired *à la Russe*. The Skating Club pitched its tent there, and had a

numerous muster of members daily, including Sir W. Newton, Hon. — Bligh, Captain Trotter of the Life Guards. Messrs. Byng, Chilton, Cheltenham, &c. All manner of accidents short of death have occurred, but not enough to damp the energy of the skaters. The appearance of the Thames, I may add, is now very remarkable. Immense icebergs float about in it, and give effectual interruption to the navigation; and in parts it has been frozen to such a degree that a man, the other day, without the incitement of a wager, or any other hope of gain, crossed on foot (not without great risk of his life) from shore to shore. Water has been plentifully retailed at so much per pail in the streets, which have been rendered in consequence almost impassable from sheets of ice."

"Considering all things, I think we have fared far better here, after all, than our London friends, with their want of water by day and superfluity of fire by night," chuckled Mr. Hills, whom our readers will remember had so narrow an

escape from a watery grave. The conversation now again returned into its quiet current, and the party had time to consider how they were at present circumstanced. It appeared to all the guests that the Smiths were taking the utmost precaution against catastrophes by fire and water. The supply of each had long been scanty, and although there were reports of persons having been frozen to death, and that the thermometer had stood at four degrees only above zero, the coals were doled out in measures of pitiful capacity.

On Sir William Temple and myself devolved especially the task of keeping up the spirits of the young ladies, and as we were discovered to be possessed of poetic fire, we were compelled to rack our brains in filling albums for the individual amusement of the fair owners. No contribution was, however, in my eyes equal to that which Sir William Temple inscribed on the pages of the fair Mary Maitland's *album*; and, as such, I begged her to transcribe a copy for me, which she obligingly did: it ran as follows:—

#### TO A ROSE.

While soft her dews the misty dawn distils,  
 And amorous Zephyr fans thy drooping form,  
 His balmy breath thy blushing colour fills;  
 But when the coming, rude, unpitying storm  
 Thy fragile head with fury shall assail,  
 This careful hand will snatch thee from thy fate,  
 And place thee where no danger can prevail.  
 Despoil'd of all the thorns that round thee grow,  
 Thy nobler part alone shall be preserv'd,  
 And thus, in freedom, thou shalt safely blow,  
 Thy foes, thus banish'd, all the sweets reserv'd;  
 Nor tempest, frost, nor winter's cutting blast,  
 Nor any ills that on perfection wait,  
 O'ercome the guard that round thy form I'll cast.  
 Thus plac'd beneath the care of watchful love,  
 In tranquil peace thou haply may unite  
 Beauty and sweetness, which shall lasting prove,  
 Fragrance enhancing form and hue so bright.

As may be supposed these lines were instantly applied to his evident passion for the blushing girl, with no small share of envy.

Every fire in the house was retrenched, save in the parlour and kitchen, and we were in the act of reading a most heart-rending account of a stage-coach accident, by which seven or eight individuals

had lost their lives in an avalanche of snow, when the fatal news was announced to us at breakfast by Mrs. Smith, that the coals were entirely out! Not one to be had at the wharf, and the canal completely frozen up. This disclosure fell like a thunder-bolt upon our heads, and caused the first sensation of warmth that we had felt for several days; for after receding

on the first intelligence of our calamity, the blood rushed back with violence to our faces.

I instantly pictured to myself Parry, Ross, the crews of their respective ships, the Arctic Pole, the Esquimaux, white bears, twilights, and every horror of the northern region; I saw it all before me, began to feel its effects, and was not at all astonished to behold the consternation of the whole party, which was quite in unison with my own. With one impulse each guest instantly began to inform Mr. and Mrs. Smith that they had received letters requiring their presence at home, on various matters of pressing business, and commenced the dispatch of notes to the coach offices at North Wold, bespeaking all the places in the different London coaches. Sir William Temple's house was only four miles distant, consequently he could at any time make his

escape; but as the internal warmth which filled his breast made him proof against all external sensations of cold, he declared his determination not to leave the Smiths alone in this dilemma; and I afterwards had the satisfaction of hearing that he had made his suit acceptable to the charming Mary Hartland. This most unexpected union was the only one which took place; all the others, so well planned and assisted, having entirely failed.

On the 26th of January I resumed my seat in the "*Celerity Light Coach*," equipped as before. I took a kind leave of my friends, and on their pressing me to renew my visit to *the Wold*, I promised—with the proviso, that it should be in the summer, being fully determined never again to attempt passing "*a Merry Christmas in the Country*."

C. F. B.

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## FRIENDSHIP.

BY EMMA WHITEHEAD.

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Friendship, the greatest gift of noble minds,  
 Friendship, that one heart to another binds;  
 This hidden sympathy of soul and sense,  
 Whose acts are honor, words are innocence.—  
 Who that has known thy sweetness, can forswear,  
 This dearest consolation in each care;  
 This pure inspir'd religion of the soul,  
 Which holds man's worldly ills in its control?  
 To bless the present—and to purify  
 The past and future for eternity:—  
 This is the true philosophy of life,  
 The love which knows nor lover's change nor strife,—  
 For friendship is true love reflect from Heav'n,  
 Where all is kind and nought to be forgiv'n.

In early youth, my spirits knew full well,  
 All the bright spirits that in nature dwell;  
 Honor, and Love, and Truth—sons of the skies,  
 And Charity, simple as he was wise:  
 Honor, with pointed spear and plumed crest,  
 And manly Love, by manly deeds confest—  
 And honest Truth, who knew not how to feign,  
 And Charity, too gen'rous to give pain.—  
 Sincerity, whose words were understood,  
 Humanity, intent on doing good;  
 These were my dear companions,—in those fields,  
 Where young Hope grasps all that the season yields.  
 These *were* my friends! the destiny of years,  
 Is lost in darkness and dissolv'd in tears.

But there was *one*,—who in my sorrow came,  
 Call him not lover, but dear friend his name!  
 One, who was neither Honor, Love, nor Truth,  
 But took their perfect likeness from his youth;  
 Knitted them in his manhood into one,  
 And every living virtue made his own.  
 He came:—who would not smile and joy to see  
 The Prince of Friendship—and to feel 'twas he!  
 One, who from human ill can e'en extort  
 Some human good and make it dear to thought;—  
 One, who in ev'ry kindness ne'er remiss,  
 Can change e'en sorrow into seeming bliss;  
 In bounty, like the bright unshadow'd sun,  
 Which cherishes all things it looks upon.  
 Where e'er he be,—the seasons in their round,  
 Bless him, with fruits and flowers ever crown'd—  
 Bless him with ev'ry precious gift of life,  
 With happy thoughts and sweet contentment rife,  
 With secret consciousness of his own good,  
 Which fills his fellow men with gratitude,—  
 With gentle meditations won from pray'r,  
 The deity presiding over care!  
 This is my hope, if one hope may belong  
 To a lone minstrel and a child of song.

But oh! if there be *one*—why my soul tremble?  
 One who in kindness only can dissemble;  
 Feign all the feelings that he does not feel,  
 To cut the heart across with blunted steel—  
 One, who on all the laws of truth can call,  
 And true to falsehood, can be false in all;—  
 Be harsh as Hate, e'en Hatred's pow'r misuse,  
 And feign his friendship still his fond excuse;  
 One, who can to the home of sorrow come,  
 And make it weary of its native home;  
 Out of a grief—a second grief create,—  
 Give unto froward fate, a second fate:—  
 If there be such a man,—if see? he stands  
 Like some sad exile in deserted lands,  
 Chains are about him—though they be of gold,  
 His many chains of bondage are untold:  
 He is that slave—whom slavery would spurn,  
 Whose heart is seen, like ashes in an urn,  
 Sunk into dust:—but no, who would not sigh  
 With downcast eyes; regretful pass him by:  
 Who would not weep never more to defend,  
 One who once took the sacred name of friend,  
 To leave him—where e'en mem'ry dare not go,  
 To haunt the streams of Lethe, as they flow;  
 To leave him too, on that oblivious shore,  
 Where friends who once have parted—meet no more!

Alas, farewell!—no more this feeling's strife,  
 Enough for life, the lesson of a life;  
 If one true friend may shew the law of heav'n,  
 One false one may hope there to be forgiv'n.  
 Clouds that pursue the golden track of day,—  
 Shadows of night, melt of themselves away;  
 But as yon godlike light, which treads the sky,  
 TRUE FRIENDSHIP—perfect TRUTH can never die.

## THEATRES.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—The Italian Opera season will, it is stated, commence about the middle of the present month. It is also rumoured that Tachinardi Persiani, who has created a great sensation at Paris, in the character of the heroine of the new opera of "Lucia di Lammermoor," is to be the prima donna. On dit, that Duprey is engaged, and also a new basso.

**DRURY LANE.**—The leading topic of conversation among theatrical and literary people, is the reappearance of Mr. Charles Kean on the London boards, after a judicious five years' training at the different provincial theatres, where we believe his talents as an actor have gained him the approbation of all who have witnessed his performances, and his private virtues the esteem of a large circle of friends.

Mr. Kean comes forward under the greatest advantages, and at a time when the metropolis is nearly destitute of tragic talent. It is now five years since we witnessed his performance of Leonardo Gonzago, in Sheridan Knowles's play of the "Wife." We then saw little to admire in him as an actor, and no traces of the genius of his father. The attempts he then made were those of a boy, struggling against prejudice and misfortune; he appears now as a man, claiming the impartial and just reward of years of toil,—as a man who must either stand or fall by his own intrinsic merit. Such being the case we dare not give a decided opinion—we should be unjust if we did, for he has, as yet, only appeared in the character of Hamlet (in which he made his début on the 8th ult). Now Hamlet is a character requiring less of physical strength, less of the vividness of genius, than that of Macbeth, Richard, Othello, or even Lear. We therefore think ourselves incompetent to judge of Mr. Kean's general merits by his delineation of this one character. Of all Shakespeare's plays Hamlet has ever interested us the most—there is something so beautiful and yet so melancholy about it that it imperceptibly lays hold of the heart; and Mr. Kean's genius is certainly fitted for the piece. His study of the charac-

ter has been good; the sombre temperament of the scene is every now and then broken in upon by flashes of mouldering passion, which memory rekindles into life. His scene with Ophelia and rencontre with his father's ghost were finely acted. We must mention also with approbation the closet scene with his mother, and when having slain Polonius he rushes, his exclamation "Is it the King?" told with striking effect. The concluding scene was also very good; and altogether we were very much delighted with Mr. Kean's performance, and sincerely hope he will succeed equally well in all the characters he undertakes. We understand that of Lear is to be the next. We do not think this has been well selected, as it never was a very popular tragedy. Others state that "Richard" is to come next, and we hope this will be the case. Miss Romer took the part of Ophelia, and completely *murdered* the poor unhappy maiden's plaintive ditties, by the bravura style in which she *executed* them. We ought not to omit mentioning that the tragedy has been very well got up as regards scenery, decorations, &c., much more having been laid out on it than is usual on such occasions.

The only other movement worthy of notice at this theatre, is the appearance of Mr. Buckstone, in a new farce of his own writing, called, "Our Mary Anne." The plot turns on the amorous imprudence of Jonathan Trunks (Buckstone), a steward who falls in love with and marries Mary Anne (Miss Poole), a young damsel betrothed in her childhood to Jonathan's master, Colonel Albert (Cooper). Jonathan, to gain the hand of his mistress, has kept from her the secret of her betrothment, and is very uneasy at the thought of the Colonel's return, who has been absent many years. Presently a widow lady, Ernestine (Mrs. Ternan), arrives, whose hand the Colonel has, unseen, refused some time before. She resolves to await his return, and, in order to gain an interview, disguises herself as a peasant girl. The Colonel does return, and takes Ernestine for "Our Mary Anne," grown up into womanhood, and falls desperately in love with her, but is

horrified when the conscience-stricken Jonathan informs him that he has married Mary Anne already. At last his better feelings prevail, and he astonishes both Ernestine and sober Jonathan, by joining their hands. Their mutual surprise explains the mistake; Jonathan is forgiven and allowed to retain "Our Mary Anne," and the Colonel is united to Ernestine. The farce, owing to the peculiar drollery of Buckstone, was eminently successful; but at this house it is almost lost; at the Adelphi or Olympic it would have a long laughter-making run—slide we should have said during the late weather.

"Joan of Arc" has, as we predicted in our last, been almost entirely withdrawn; so that Kean and the "Pantomime," the "Daughter of the Danube," "Our Mary Anne," and "the Pantomime," have formed the nightly fares during the month. The "Pantomime" is very good.

COVENT-GARDEN.—This theatre has not produced any novelty during the month. Macready performs *Macbeth* every Monday evening; and "Amilie, or the Love Test," has become a decided favourite. Of the *spectacle*, "Joan of Arc," the less we say the better.—The pantomime, "Peeping Tom of Coventry," has met with complete success, Stanfield's diorama being one of the most beautiful things of the kind we ever saw. It is said Macready sent him 300*l.* for it, but that he would only accept half that amount; acts equally creditable to each. Macready, therefore, being fully aware that the diorama had done the treasury much good service, begged Stanfield's acceptance of the 150*l.*, and a magnificent salver, the cost of which is said to make up the other 150*l.*

Macready will shortly appear in the character of *King Lear*. There are also a five-act drama in great forwardness and a version of Auber's opera of "The Black Domino." Lord Byron's "Foscari" is postponed for a short time.

OPERA BUFFA, LYCEUM.—The favourite opera of last season, "Scaramuccia," has been brought forward with success. Signor F. Lablache's is a capital piece of acting; his leading the orchestra with an immense white stick was exceedingly laughable. Miss Fanny Woodham is heard to great advantage in this pretty little theatre.

"Il Nuovo Figaro" has been compressed into one act.

A piece entitled "Betly," by Donizetti, has been produced. *Betly* (Mdlle. Scheroni), a Swiss girl, treats her devoted lover, *Daniel* (Catone), with indifference. *Max* (Lablache), her brother, a sergeant in the army, whom she has not seen since childhood, hears of her perfidy, and determines to assist *Daniel*. He pretends to be a lover of *Betly*, challenges *Daniel*, and then declares if *Daniel* were a married man he would absolve him from the necessity of a hostile encounter. *Betly*, anxious to save *Daniel's* life, protests that she is his wife; and to further the deception, signs a marriage contract, upon which *Max* declares that he is her brother, and that he has merely pursued this line of conduct to make her marry *Daniel*. The piece is good enough in itself, but not likely to induce the aristocracy to patronise the establishment; and it is to that class alone to which the Opera Buffa must appeal.

ST. JAMES'S.—Here we had a new farce from the pen, we believe, of T. H. Bayly, or else translated by that gentleman from the French. It appeared as a tale a few numbers back in *Bentley's Miscellany*, called "The Culprit." The great sin in which the hero, *Captain Hussey* (Harley), indulges is that of smoking, which was forbidden in a clause of his marriage contract. To enjoy his favourite habit he daily absents himself from his "lovely wife" (Mrs. Sterling), and smokes in secrecy and silence. *Mrs. Hussey* becomes jealous, and fancies he is paying his devoirs in another quarter. Accordingly she follows him to his favourite resort, a garret which he has hired for a smoking-room, where she discovers that the object of the captain's affections is—a pipe!

"The Musician of Venice" is the only other novelty. The music is by Pilati, and deserves commendation; it is supported by Braham, A. Guibilei, and Miss Rainforth.

Mr. Otway is engaged for a limited number of nights.

Pilati is also to give a series of concerts at this theatre.

HAYMARKET.—The only novelty of the past month at this theatre was a farce, entitled "Confounded Foreigners," from the pen of Mr. J. H. Reynolds. The plot

turns on the embarrassments of a Frenchman and an Irishman, both of whom are enamoured of a young lady, whose father has a predilection for the lads of the Emerald Isle, while her aunt is equally prepossessed in favour of the elegant habits of La belle France. The Paddy assumes the character of a Frenchman, to deceive the aunt; and the Frenchman that of an Irishman, to deceive the father. Hence the strange effect of two persons, with marked peculiarity of accent, endeavouring to adopt that of the other. Mr. Reynolds is a young gentleman, and we believe this farce to be his first attempt; but, whether it be or no, it certainly is deserving of much praise. Power took the character of the Irishman, and Ranger that of the Frenchman;—both were master-pieces. On Monday, the 15th, Mr. Webster, the lessee, took his benefit, and the theatre closed for the season. The performance of "The Love Chase" was repeated for the EIGHTY-FOURTH time!—a comedy which, perhaps, has not been equalled in scenic effect, laughter-making, and poetic beauty, since the days of Elizabeth. Mr. Webster delivered an appropriate address of thanks for the liberal support he so deservedly met with. It is said 5,000*l.* has been cleared this season. At any rate, the Haymarket must have succeeded better than any other house, and the reason is evident—it has introduced sterling British talent, instead of foreign gew-gaws.

OLYMPIC.—We last month drew attention to four new pieces of considerable merit, but the fair widow is not contented unless she is constantly adding to her stock. We have now to mention a burletta, entitled "Shocking Events;" the main plot of which (of course interwoven with an amour) rests upon the shoulders of Farren and Keeley; the former of whom, *Griffinhoof*, has a great notion of making the dumb speak by startling surprises; and *Puggs*, the latter, is the unfortunate victim of his experiments, who, although he is in full use of his organs of speech, is placed in a situation in which it is better for him to feign dumbness, and patiently submit to all *Griffinhoof's* attacks, than the alternative. It is useless making one's mind up not to laugh at Keeley's contortions, for when at last, *Griffinhoof* gives him rather, too hard a thump, the

dumb man halloo's out "Old fool!" much to the delight of the successful experimentalist, the effect is irresistible.

The other novelty is an adaptation of "Le Domino Noir," under the literal title of "The Black Domino," but in the shape of a *petite comédie*, set off by many of the airs of the original opera by Auber. The plot is extremely good, and somewhat original. *Julio de Calatravera* (C. Mathews), a young Spaniard, has refused the hand of a rich heiress, whom he has never seen, in consequence of a passion he has imbibed for an *Incognita* (Madame Vestris), whom he has met in a black domino. The piece opens with a masked ball, at which the mysterious stranger appears; *Julio* can learn nothing from her, save that her name is *Camilla*, and that she must quit the ball at twelve o'clock, when she must bid him adieu for ever. To detain her he puts the clock back, and manages to make her attendant depart. She stops a few minutes after the time, but hearing distant clocks strike rushes from the room in great terror. Uneasy at being alone so late in the streets of Madrid, she enters a house, the door of which is open. There she finds *Dorothea* (Mrs. Macnamara), an old housekeeper, who is waiting the return of her master, as also the arrival of *Gregorio* (Wyman), a convent porter, to whom she is secretly married. Being bribed by the gift of a diamond ring, the old lady consents to shelter her young guest, and invests her with a servant's dress, intending to pass her off as her own niece. Presently the master, *Fernando Gomez* (Selby), a dashing officer, returns, bringing with him a party of friends, amongst whom is *Julio*. He is astonished at discovering his *Incognita* filling the office of servant. She conceals herself in *Dorothea's* apartment. *Gregorio* enters drunk, and as he draws near his wife's chamber door the *Incognita*, arrayed in a black domino, rushes out. He takes her for the devil, and at her request gives up the convent keys. On the following day *Julio* calls at the convent, where the lady he has rejected is about to take the veil; he begins to explain his ungallant conduct, but is thunderstruck when the novice, throwing the veil aside, discovers the features of the *Incognita*. The lady, as may be supposed, does not take any vows but those, that she will love, honour, and

obey, &c.; and *Julio* is made happy with a pretty wife and a large fortune.

The music is light and elegant, particularly a song sung by Madame, which was *encored*, commencing, "I rove at will." The scenery is by a Mr. Telbin, who painted the scenery of "Puss in Boots," and it is exceedingly good. Vestris and Mathews exerted themselves to good purpose; and although the piece differs from the usual standard of the Olympic games, we think it likely to have a successful run.

**ADELPHI.**—The Adelphi has three new pieces. A domestic burletta, entitled "St. Mary's Eve; or, a Story of the Solway," in which Celeste made her first bow in a speaking character. The scene is laid in the reign of George the First, immediately after the rebellion, and the retirement of the Pretender to Versailles. Next in the list is a one-act farce, entitled "The Dancing Barber," in which Mr. Harry Beverley—who has taken poor John Reeve's berth at this house—kept the audience in a roar of laughter. And last, not least, we mention an operatic burletta, by Mr. Coyne, the music by Pilati, called "All for Love; or, the Lost Pleiad," which introduced the charming Mrs. Nisbett to these boards. It is, of course, a my-

thological representation—one of those pieces which Yates knows how to take off to a nicety. *Asteria* (Mrs. Nisbett), one of the Pleiads, descends from the skies, in search of a more corporeal help-mate than the inhabitants of the upper regions; she soon finds one, *Roland* (Mr. Lyon), who is the lover of *Lucette* (Miss Shaw), who regards a goddess as better than a mortal. *Flutter* (Mr. Yates) and *Boreas* (Mr. H. Beverley) throw every obstacle in the way of the marriage, but without success. *Boreas* retires to his cottage among the ice; and *Flutter*, being rather of a warmer temperament, becomes the favoured suitor of *Lucette*; and all the company, including the audience, are reconciled.

**NORTON-FOLGATE.**—Mrs. Honey's novelty is a burletta, entitled "Dandolo; or, the Last of the Doges." It is by Mr. Sterling, the stage-manager, and founded on adventures of that oyster-eater, Dando, of ancient memory. It is evidently taken from a tale called "The Professor," which appeared lately in "Bentley's Miscellany."

"The Spirit of the Rhine," in which Mrs. Honey was so attractive at the Adelphi, has been revived. It is too good for the knaves of Norton-Folgate.

## MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

A MAGNIFICENT PIANO-FORTE has lately been constructed—or rather, converted—by Messrs. Zeitter and Co., from an old harpsichord, beautifully painted, which formerly belonged to the Royal Family of France; and, associated as it is with the interesting personages of that period, renders it an object of historic value, as well as a rare and beautiful work of art. The name of the maker is still preserved in the interior of the new instrument, and it appears to have been constructed in the year 1641, in Paris, for some member of the Royal Family of France.

The first instruments of this kind were made in England in or about the year 1560, and were, in compliment to our Queen Elizabeth, called "virginals."—About the year 1630, this character of instrument was improved, and was called, in France, "spinnette"—in Germany, "caffiel." These continued till about the year 1750, when another improvement was made, and they were then

called "claviscin," or "harpsichord." The piano-forte was the last improvement that was made, and was invented by Bartolommio Cristifale, a native of Padua, who lived at Florence, and worked for the Grand Duke of Tuscany; and hence the piano-forte of modern days. An improvement worthy of much attention has been made by Messrs. Zeitters' "patent sounding-board," which gives to this instrument a volume of tone hitherto unequalled, and by which they partake of the principle of a fine cremona violin; and, as they become older, they greatly improve. This last and most important invention promises to secure to Messrs. Zeitters (as they deserve, for their ingenuity) the greatest patronage that has hitherto been bestowed on instruments of this class. Indeed, the brilliancy of tone need only be heard, to gain an acknowledgment of their superiority, and secure theirs a preference over every other piano-forte.

This original instrument has been



traced to the possession of Marie Liezenski, a Polish princess, the daughter of Stanislaus II., who became the queen of Louis XV., whose musical instructor was the celebrated "Rameau," about the year 1725. The outside case is beautifully painted in various subjects—Apollo and the Muses, Tritons, Venuses, sea nymphs, &c. &c., by Boucher, in his best and most elaborate manner, are still in a fine state of preservation. The inside of the top was, at a later period (as will be hereafter shown) painted by Le Prince, a pupil of Boucher, representing the performance of an opera ballet, "The Chef d'œuvre of Rameau," in which, according to the custom of the time, the portraits of Louis the Fifteenth, the queen, and others of the then living royal family are introduced in the principal characters. ("Les Personnes les plus illustres, Hommes and Femmes, se livrerent au Jeux de la scene. Le Roi meme quelque fois remplit un Rôle,") besides there being other portraits of celebrated departed persons in the background, viz., Dante, Sully, &c. &c. At one end of the picture is the portrait of Rameau, decorated with the order of St. Michael, being crowned by Fame, while witnessing the representation of his Chef d'œuvre, in the gardens of the Palace of Choisi. This picture is an exquisite performance, of the highest tone and touch, in the manner of Watteau, but of a higher character and quality.

At the death of the queen this instrument was placed in the Garde Meuble at Paris, where it remained until the effects were ordered by the Directory to be sold, and it was then purchased (by assignats) by Mons. Balbastu, organist at Notre Dame and St. Eustache. He kept it till his death, although he had repeated offers for it, nor could his wife be prevailed upon to part with it; but at her death it came into the possession of a gentleman who was afterwards attached to the court of Charles the Tenth, who accompanied that monarch to Holyrood. Previously, however, to his leaving France, he sold it to a M. Legrand Marchand de Curiosités, at Paris; hence its present destination. It appears to have become the property of Mons. Balbastu about the year 1762, when it was converted from a spinnette into a clavescin, or harpsichord. The old sounding-board gives evidence of this, from its having

been enlarged with a different kind of wood, as well as by different workmanship.

About this time M. Balbastu composed a Pastorale, and placed it on the front of the instrument, with his name and date, August 6th, 1767; the name of the instrument maker, who converted it, also appears on the front board, Joannes Ruckers, Antwerpiaë.

The outside case appears to have been painted by Boucher, at the time the instrument was a spinnette, in the possession of the queen; but when it came to the possession of Balbastu, who was a pupil of Rameau, he had it altered, as before stated, to a clavescin, or harpsichord; and had, in compliment to his instructor, the picture on the inside, painted by Le Prince, representing the performance of his instructor's (Rameau) Chef D'œuvre, with his portrait.

It is now a beautiful piano-forte, retaining all its original character in outward appearance, and is in the possession of a lady, to whose taste much credit is due for having been so careful to preserve and to perpetuate such a fine work of art; as well as to Messrs. Zeitter for the pains they have taken, and the ingenuity they have evinced, to continue in its original character such a fine specimen of its date; and, at the same time, to communicate to it all the advantages of a modern musical instrument, which may be said to be the "Ne plus ultra" of perfection.

The Duchess of Sutherland last year ordered two pianos from Messrs. Zeitter, and we understand that their superiority becoming thus known, her Majesty has also commanded one of the "patent" instruments for her own use.

*Her Majesty's New Order of Knighthood* will replace the Hanoverian order, no longer in the gift of the British crown. This order is to be entitled "The Knighthood of merit," and is to consist of two classes of equal rank, the civil knights and the military knights. Sir William Woods has provided several patterns of the decorations, which have been sent to the Duke of Sussex for approval. That most likely to be selected consists of an enamelled cross of eight points, having in the circle on one side the word "Merit," and on the other "V. R.," the whole surmounted by the imperial crown; the distinction for the military badge being two swords in saltier, with the blades and hilts between the cross.

## MONTHLY CRITIC.

*Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* Vol. 6.\* Cadell, Murray, and Whittaker.

WE are entirely disposed to consider this sixth volume of the "Life of Sir Walter Scott" not only as the most precious of those already published, but as one of the most important works with which Sir Walter has benefited and enriched the public. The greater part of this sixth volume was written by his own hand during the latter part of his life, and unlocks the secret feelings of his noble mind when it was sorely tried by the loss of his well-earned fortune, as well as of his beloved partner. If our love and veneration for this great man *could* be increased, the perusal of this journal would have that effect. We see in it a just man struggling with the storms of fate, and bearing up with strength of mind and gallant exertion against cruel blows, yet preserving a cheerfulness of temper and simplicity of heart which makes his reader occasionally smile through tears that have, unbidden, gathered. This journal is a beautiful and instructive lesson to the many in this world who have to bear the sudden reverses of fortune which the caprices of our finance regulators so often occasion. In the course of this journal the reader must admire the manly manner in which Sir Walter rouses himself from the pressure of his own misfortunes, to ward off from his beloved country that destruction which had overtaken his own property. His letters of Malachi Malagrowther performed a far greater benefit for Scotland, by preventing the ministry from tampering with the arrangements of the Scotch share banks, than Swift did to Ireland by his celebrated Drapier epistles. And mark the moral difference of the two characters! Swift used the powerful engine of the Irish currency grievance as an envenomed weapon against a ministry and government whom

he personally detested, while Scott had the more difficult task of standing in the gap to defend his country's welfare against the mistaken measures of men whom he valued as friends and a sovereign personally attached to him. The convulsions which English capital and commerce have suffered since, and are still suffering, ought to render Scotland ever grateful to her true-hearted defender. The intrinsic value of this great man can never have been generally known till the publication of this sixth volume of his life.

Throughout the whole course of this important biography, wherever it was possible, Lockhart has made Sir Walter his own historian by means of his correspondence; but, in the present volume, Sir Walter takes his own life into his own hands. While reading in his journal the painful circumstances which finally abridged his valuable existence, we note with painful interest such passages as the following:—

"December 18, 1825.—What a life mine has been!—half educated, almost wholly neglected, or left to myself; stuffing my head with most nonsensical trash, and undervalued by most of my companions for a time; getting forward, and held a bold and clever fellow, contrary to the opinion of all who thought me a mere dreamer; broken-hearted for two years; my heart handsomely pierced again; but the crack will remain till my dying day. Rich and poor four or five times; once on the verge of ruin, yet opened a new source of wealth almost overflowing. Now to be broken in my pitch of pride, and nearly winged (unless good news should come), because London chooses to be in an uproar, and in the tumult of bulls and bears, a poor inoffensive lion like myself is pushed to the wall. But what is to be the end of it? God knows; and so ends the catechism.

"Nobody in the end can lose a penny by me—that is one comfort. Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my

\* The Lady's Magazine and Museum of October, 1832, contains a memoir and portrait of the late Sir Walter Scott, Bart.; copies of which may be obtained.

fall will make them higher, or seem so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and to hope that some at least will forgive my transient wealth on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. Sad hearts, too, at Darnick, and in the cottages of Abbotsford. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest? How live a poor indebted man, where I was once the wealthy—the honoured? I was to have gone there on Saturday in joy and prosperity to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things! I must get them kind masters! There may be yet those who, loving me, may love my dog, because it has been mine. I must end these gloomy forebodings, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I feel my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me every where. This is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things may be. An odd thought strikes me—When I die, will the journal of these days be taken out of the ebony cabinet at Abbotsford, and read with wonder, that the well-seeming baronet should ever have experienced the risk of such a hitch? Or will it be found in some obscure lodging-house, where the decayed son of chivalry had hung up his scutcheon, and where one or two old friends will look grave, and whisper to each other, 'Poor gentleman'—'a well-meaning man'—'nobody's enemy but his own'—'thought his parts would never wear out'—'family poorly left—pity he took that foolish title.' Who can answer this question?

"Poor Will Laidlaw—poor Tom Purdie—such news will wring your hearts, and many a poor fellow besides to whom my prosperity was daily bread.

"Ballantyne behaves like himself, and sinks the prospect of his own ruin in contemplating mine. I tried to enrich him, indeed, and now all, all is in the balance. He will have the Journal still, that is a comfort, for sure they cannot find a better editor. *They*—alas! who

will *they* be—the *unbekannten obern*\* who may have to dispose of my all as they will? Some hard-eyed banker—some of these men of millions whom I described.

"I have endeavoured to give vent to thoughts naturally so painful by writing these notes—partly to keep them at bay by busying myself with the history of the French Convention. I thank God I can do both with reasonable composure. I wonder how Anne will bear such an affliction. She is passionate, but stout-hearted and courageous in important matters, though irritable in trifles. I am glad Lockhart and his wife are gone. Why? I cannot tell—but I *am* pleased to be left to my own regrets, without being melted by condolences, though of the most sincere and affectionate kind."

Nothing can be more painful in this world than to see honest men with poetical organization combating in this country with the professors of acquisitiveness. Ideality and mammon sustain but a sorry battle when the point of contest is this world's goods. How can the author cope with the crafty and ambiguous money-maker, who, worshipping but one God, grasps him closely, and sacrifices every courtesy and benevolence of life to his demon? And when we see this mighty heart succumb at last, after such a manful struggle, succumb, not mentally, but physically, to the vultures of care which pounced on him from the ledgers and day-books of the speculators with whom he got entangled, what *other* poet, think we, could stand the contest?

Goëthe was the only poet who truly comprehended his position in human life; he has written two short poems which ought to be committed to memory by every author before he writes a line; one is the dialogue between the Creator and the poet, and the other his beautiful and dignified address of thanks to his heroic patron, Karl-Auguste, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, showing all that that prince had done for him—"When," says he, "I, as a poet, little understood the arts of gain."

And so will it ever be, and what ought to be a startling warning to the crowds of incompetent idealists who are at present making a rush into the literary arena: it is not only those who can com-

\* *Unbekannten obern*—unknown rulers.

mand. success in authorship, like Sir Walter and Goëthe, that are incapable of success in business, but with every one who has cultivated idealism, so as to overbalance the regulating faculties; and it is hard to wear the poet's wreath of thorns without the glorious halo with which success invests them. In this respect, however, our virtuous Queen steps in with benevolent hand, purposing to raise a new order, THE ORDER OF MERIT; so that not merely the sword-defenders of our possessions and our liberties, but the talented, the worthy, with spirits benevolent and active in good, may hereafter receive at a sovereign's hand a civic token of merit, so long and so much wanted in this country, to upraise and sustain the best interests of England in the persons of those most active for good. There are few of the poetical aspirants, whose books monthly load our critical table (with whom, *par parenthèse*, we deal right gently), who do not make the success of Sir Walter Scott in life the secret aim of their hopes: to these we say, read his journal, and remember that where one ungifted idealist manages his worldly affairs better than this great man, ten thousand do far worse.

The sixth volume of his biography commences with the marriage of the present Sir Walter Scott, in the year 1825: details the whole progress of the biography of Napoleon and the romance of Woodstock, the painful embarrassments with Ballantyne and Constable, and the death of Lady Scott; it comprises a French and Irish tour, and closes with the return of the great man to Abbotsford, in November, 1826. We may reasonably expect, and shall be glad to see *two* volumes more. Mr. Lockhart speaks of the seventh, and last, but we think he must make great sacrifices if he comprises the rest of Sir Walter's career in another volume. Among this mass of deeply interesting matter, the reader will dwell on the journal, particularly where the death of Lady Scott mingles its sorrows with worldly trouble—who can read this passage without its awakening sympathy.

“May 16, 1826.

“I have seen her. The figure I beheld is, and is not my Charlotte—my thirty years' companion. There is the same symmetry of form, though those limbs are rigid which were once so gracefully elastic—but that yellow masque,

with pinched features, which seems to mock life rather than emulate it, can it be the face that was once so full of lively expression? I will not look on it again. Anne thinks her little changed, because the latest idea she had formed of her mother is as she appeared under circumstances of extreme pain. Mine go back to a period of comparative ease. If I write long in this way, I shall write down my resolution, which I should rather write up, if I could. I wonder how I shall do with the large portion of thoughts which were hers for thirty years. I suspect they will be hers yet for a long time at least. But I will not blaze cambric and crape in the public eye, like a disconsolate widower, that most affected of all characters.

“May 17.—Last night Anne, after conversing with apparent ease, dropped suddenly down as she rose from the supper-table, and lay six or seven minutes, as if dead. Clarkson, however, has no fear of these affections.

“May 18.—Another day, and a bright one to the external world, again opens on us; the air soft, and the flowers smiling, and the leaves glittering. They cannot refresh her to whom mild weather was a natural enjoyment. Cerements of lead and of wood already hold her; cold earth must have her soon. But it is not my Charlotte, it is not the bride of my youth, the mother of my children, that will be laid among the ruins of Dryburgh, which we have so often visited in gaiety and pastime. No, no. She is sentient and conscious of my emotions somewhere—somehow; *where* we cannot tell; *how* we cannot tell; yet would I not at this moment renounce the mysterious yet certain hope that I shall see her in a better world, for all that this world can give me. The necessity of this separation, that necessity which rendered it even a relief, that and patience must be my comfort. I do not experience those paroxysms of grief which others do on the same occasion. I can exert myself, and speak even cheerfully with the poor girls. But alone, or if any thing touches me, the choking sensation. I have been to her room; there was no voice in it—no stirring; the pressure of the coffin was visible on the bed, but it had been removed elsewhere: all was neat, as she loved it, but all was calm—calm as death. I remembered the last sight of her; she

raised herself in bed, and tried to turn her eyes after me, and said, with a sort of smile, 'You all have such melancholy faces.' These were the last words I ever heard her utter, and I hurried away, for she did not seem quite conscious of what she said: when I returned, immediately departing, she was in a deep sleep. It is deeper now. This was but seven days since.

"They are arranging the chamber of death; that which was long the apartment of conjugal happiness, and of whose arrangements (better than in richer houses) she was so proud. They are treading fast and thick. For weeks you could have heard a foot-fall. Oh, my God!"

Whoever mistook Sir Walter Scott for a time-server will be able to be undeceived by the present volume; that is, if willing to yield to the testimony of facts: we refer to the offence given to Lord Melville, the letter to Mr. Croker, and, above all, the noble lecture he read to his titled guests when he assisted the hospitalities of his roof in behalf of Mrs. Coutts, who distributed her great wealth with a discreet and bountiful hand; and with this extract we close our review.

"1825. — The author of *Lalla Rookh's* Kelso chaise was followed before many days by a more formidable equipage. The much-talked of lady who began life as Miss Harriet Mellon, a comic actress in a provincial troop, and died Duchess of St. Albans, was then making a tour in Scotland as Mrs. Coutts, the enormously wealthy widow of the first English banker of his time. No person of such consequence could, in those days, have thought a Scotch progress complete, unless it included a reception at Abbotsford; but Mrs. Coutts had been previously acquainted with Sir Walter, who, indeed, had some remote connexion with her late husband's family, through the Stuarts of Allanbank, I believe, or perhaps the Swintons of Swinton. He had visited her occasionally in London during Mr. Coutts's life, and was very willing to do the honours of Teviotdale in return. But although she was considerate enough not to come on him with all her retinue, leaving four of the seven carriages with which she travelled at Edinburgh, the appearance of only three coaches, each drawn by four horses, was rather trying for poor Lady Scott. They contained

Mrs. Coutts, her future lord the Duke of St. Albans, one of his Grace's sisters—a *dame de compagnie* (vulgarly styled a toady)—a brace of physicians—for it had been considered that one doctor might himself be disabled in the course of an expedition so adventurous,—and, besides other menials of every grade, two bed-chamber women for Mrs. Coutts's own person; she requiring to have this article also in duplicate, because, in her widowed condition, she was fearful of ghosts—and there must be one Abigail for the service of the toilette, a second to keep watch by night. With a little puzzling and cramming, all this train found accommodation; but it so happened that there were already in the house several ladies, Scotch and English, of high birth and rank, who felt by no means disposed to assist their host and hostess in making Mrs. Coutts's visit agreeable to her. They had heard a great deal, and they saw: nothing, of the ostentation almost inseparable from wealth so vast as had come into her keeping. They were on the outlook for absurdity and merriment; and I need not observe how effectually women of fashion can contrive to mortify, without doing or saying any thing that shall expose them to the charge of actual incivility.

Sir Walter, during dinner, did every thing in his power to counteract this influence of *the evil eye*, and something to overawe it; but the spirit of mischief had been fairly stirred, and it was easy to see that Mrs. Coutts followed these noble dames to the drawing-room in by no means that complacent mood which was customarily sustained, doubtless, by every blandishment of obsequious flattery, in this mistress of millions. He cut the gentlemen's sederunt short, and soon after joining the ladies, managed to withdraw the youngest, and gayest, and cleverest, who was also the highest in rank (a lovely marchioness), into his armorial-hall adjoining. "I said to her" (he told me), "I want to speak a word with you about Mrs. Coutts. We have known each other a good while, and I know you won't take any thing I can say in ill part. It is, I hear, not uncommon among the fine ladies in London to be very well pleased to accept invitations, and even sometimes to hunt after them, to Mrs. Coutts's grand balls and fêtes, and then, if they meet her in any private circle, to practise

on her the delicate *manœuvre* called *tippling the cold shoulder*. This you agree with me is shabby; but it is nothing new either to you or to me that fine people will do shabbinesses for which beggars might blush, if they once stoop so low as to poke for tickets. I am sure you would not for the world do such a thing; but you must permit me to take the great liberty of saying, that I think the style you have all received my guest Mrs. Coutts in, this evening, is, to a certain extent, a sin of the same order. You were all told a couple of days ago that I had accepted her visit, and that she would arrive to-day to stay three nights. Now if any of you had not been disposed to be of my party at the same time with her, there was plenty of time for you to have gone away before she came; and as none of you moved, and it was impossible to fancy that any of you would remain out of mere curiosity, I thought I had a perfect right to calculate on your having made up your minds to help me out with her." The beautiful peeress answered, "I thank you, Sir Walter—you have done me the great honour to speak as if I had been your daughter, and depend upon it you shall be obeyed with heart and good-will." One by one, the other exclusives were seen engaged in a little *tele-a-tete* with her ladyship. Sir Walter was soon satisfied that things had been put into a right train; the marchioness was requested to sing a particular song, *because* he thought it would please Mrs. Coutts. "Nothing could gratify her more than to please Mrs. Coutts." Mrs. Coutts's brow smoothed, and in the course of half an hour she was as happy and easy as ever she was in her life, rattling away at comical anecdotes of her early theatrical years, and joining in the chorus of Sir Adam's *Laird of Cockpen*. She stayed out her three days\*—saw, accompanied by all the circle, Melrose, Dryburgh, and Yarrow—and left Abbotsford delighted with her host, and, to all appearance, with his other guests."

*Memoirs of an Aristocrat, and Reminiscences of the Emperor Napoleon.*

By A MIDSHPMAN OF THE BELLEROPHON. 1 vol. Whittaker and Co. THE best manner of commencing the pe-

rusal of "The Memoirs of an Aristocrat, and Reminiscences of Napoleon," is to open the book at once at page 208: we need not then desire the reader to proceed; the author takes good care of that matter, and the volume will be read breathlessly to the end. The sketch of the Bellerophon is not the best portion of the work; although, from the nature of the subject, forcibly commanding attention. It is, indeed, a most extraordinary volume, written by a person who possesses far more genius than talent,—who has marred a production, which would otherwise have procured him great sympathy and respect, by a most injurious mixture of coarseness.

Our author may probably say, "I did not mean to write a lady's book." We answer, "Then what was the use of writing at all?" We will tell our author, whether he be Hume or Home, chief or earl, and we care not, that a book which is calculated to give *offence* to a female, innocently cheerful, is not fit to be read by a man; and that a man whose conversation would disgust a sensible woman, is not a true gentleman in breeding, even if an aristocrat by birth. Our author, however, takes the name, and perhaps it is *only* a name; but he has learned to write during his progress through this work, and *he* will find, on examination, that his *best* passages are those which are unpolluted by the execrable sin of coarseness. Why should a writer, who can, if he pleases, bring tears into the eyes, or smiles to the lip, make his reader turn away occasionally with loathing? A wrong-headed, perverse set of mortals he makes out the Humes of the border; and, in good truth, those amiable qualities by no means seem to be worn out by long descent; for if true judgment and good taste had been shown in the management of the materials which have furnished this volume, it ought to have taken as high a rank in literature as its author *claims* in the peerage. There are some persons who, after having surmounted every difficulty, and mastered every impediment to success, are surprised at finding that an unknown hand suddenly dashes the cup from their lips. Such persons are usually fatalists; they cry out on an evil destiny as pertaining to themselves or their race, and they cannot perceive that the injurious hand is generally their own. If our author does not meet the success in literature which

\* Sir Walter often quoted the maxim of an old lady in one of Mrs Ferrier's novels—that a visit should never exceed three days, "the *rest* day—the *drest* day—and the *prest* day."

the genius shown in the latter part of his volume will lead him to think he deserves, he owes it to the disgusting passages in the commencement of his work, his fondness for oaths, and other vulgarities, which will justly banish him from the presence of women, the true dispensers of literary fame in all *works of amusement*.

The genius that drew the character of "the old blind commodore," had it been governed by true judgment and moral feeling, could far excel Marryat in his own art; for there is an intensity and firmness belonging to the portraiture from life in this work which Marryat cannot effect. We are disposed to treat a great part of this volume as a real biography, and we think we could accurately distinguish to whom each portrait belongs, as well as every scene which really occurred from the wiredrawn buffoonery which blots the commencement of the volume. The woman whom the author pursues with true border vindictiveness, under the absurd name of "Nancy Skinnington Viper," amply revenges herself for her friend's introduction, by the injury she does to the narrative every time she appears on the stage. A view of Napoleon furnishes us with a very good extract. To the gallant commanders, Captain Maitland and Sir Henry Hotham, true justice is done:—

"We were engaged during the forenoon of the 15th bringing on board the suite and luggage of the Emperor from La Epervier brig. About 10 o'clock Napoleon appeared on deck 'surrounded by his faithful few,'—few now, indeed, to him that had been accustomed to be surrounded by half a million, ready to lay down their lives at his nod,—in the dress now known to all the world; but he had exchanged his long boots for silk stockings, shoes, and gold buckles, which displayed his model of a limb to great perfection. The sun shone as bright on the fallen Emperor as it did on the glorious morning of Austerlitz. The fine figure of Lady Bertrand, with her charming children, adorned our quarter-deck. A great many officers in rich uniforms came off with Napoleon, who did not eventually follow him to St. Helena. These were all grouped about this fine morning, making the deck of the old ship (which was scrubbed and washed to the bones) look as gay as a drawing-room on a levee-day. Maitland, quite in

his element, kept jogging about with his slight stoop and Scotch bur, sometimes acting the gallant to Lady Bertrand, and then, all attention, listening to and answering the many questions put to him by the Emperor. He expressed a wish to go through the ship, the captain took the lead, the Emperor followed, and his little cortège of marshals in full uniform brought up the rear. Maitland spoke French tolerably well, which saved the trouble of an interpreter, and enabled him to carry on a conversation with Napoleon without stop or interruption. He made the round of both decks, complimented Maitland on the excellent order of the ship, which was no flattery, for she was in capital fighting condition: asked questions at any of the men who came in his way, and a young midy, who boy-like, had got before the Emperor, and was gazing up in his face, he honoured with a tap on the head, and a pinch by the ear, and, smiling, put him to a side, which the youngster declared was the highest honour he had ever received in his life, viz. to have his ears pinched by the great Napoleon!!! Returning to the quarter-deck, he expressed a wish to speak to the boatswain, to put some questions to him relative to his duty, there being a considerable difference in the responsibility of that officer in the French service, I understand, from that on board our ships. The boatswain was sent for, and upon Maitland telling him the Emperor wished to speak with him, the boatswain shuffled up to Napoleon, and pulling off his narrow-brimmed glazed scraper, made a duck with his head, accompanied by a scrape of the right foot, "I hope," says he, "I see your honour well." Napoleon, who did not understand as much English, asked Captain Maitland what he said, which I have no doubt the captain translated faithfully, for he was blunt enough in his own way; the Emperor smiled, and proceeded to put his questions to the boatswain through the medium of the captain, and as Napoleon seemed quite well pleased when he dismissed him, I have no doubt the rough old fellow had answered much to the purpose, for although he did not understand court manners, he perfectly understood his duty.

"About 12 the Superb entered the roadstead, and the moment she came to an anchor, Admiral Hotham came on board, and was introduced to the Empe-

ror on the quarter-deck. Sir Henry immediately uncovered, and remained so while he was on board. This was the signal for that which I believe every one of us desired. The captain followed the example of the Admiral, and in future, every one uncovered while the Emperor was on deck, thus treating him with the respect due to a crowned head;—a crowned head did I say? although I have the highest respect for crowns, be they of gold or silver, there is many a crowned head, or head that has worn a crown, it's all one, who deserves no such mark of respect, but when Admiral Hotham and the officers of the Bellerophon uncovered in the presence of Napoleon, they treated him with the respect due to the man himself, to his innate greatness, which did not lie in the crown of France, or the Iron crown of Italy, but the actual superiority of the man to the rest of his species.

"I repeatedly observed Napoleon, with his keen, calm, meditative gray eye, watching every movement, auguring therefrom, I suppose, what might be his future fate. He was evidently pleased with the deportment of Hotham and Maitland; looked quite at ease, and as completely at home as if he had been going a pleasure trip on board of one of his own imperial yachts. More so, I suppose, for when he was in reality an emperor, and had yachts at his command, had he shown face outside one of his harbours, it was ten chances to one that one of our cruisers would have had him nipt up before he was an hour at sea. Ah, well, we got him at last, so it would have been much the same thing.

"The first day passed away most delightfully; the captain slung his cot in the wardroom, and relinquished his cabin to the Emperor, henceforth becoming only his guest. This was noble and generous; and nothing farther need be mentioned of Maitland, to show that he had an excellent heart.

"Sofas of flags were erected on the quarter-deck, for the benefit of Ladies Bertrand and Montholon, and the ports nettinged, to prevent the children from falling overboard. The first lieutenant, withal not a man of the melting mood, seemed to breathe the air of a court, at least the air of the court of Napoleon, for his was a court of warriors, and nothing remained undone that could sooth

the feelings of the illustrious fugitives. By illustrious, I do not mean their rank, I mean their great deeds, which alone render men illustrious; and theirs had filled the whole earth with their fame. Next morning, the Emperor, accompanied by Captain Maitland, went on board the Superb to breakfast with Sir Henry Hotham, according to the invitation of the previous day. Before the Emperor left the ship, the whole body of our marines were drawn up on the quarter-deck, to receive him with all due honour as he came out of the cabin. As he passed the marines and returned their military salute of arms, ever fond of warlike display, he suddenly stopped, his eye brightened, and crossing the deck, he minutely examined the arms and accoutrements of the marines, and a fine body of men they were; requested the captain of marines (Marshall) to put the men through one or two movements, and when they had performed these, he pointed to him to bring them to the charge. In our army, the front rank only charges, but, I believe, in the French the second rank keeps poking over the shoulders of the first, as likely to kill their own men as the enemy. Napoleon put aside the bayonet of one of our front rank men, and taking hold of the musket of the second rank man, made a sign to him to point his musket between the two front rank men, asking Captain Marshall at the same time, if he did not think that mode of charge preferable to ours? To which the captain replied, that it might be so, but it was generally allowed that our mode of charge had been *very effectual*. Here the Emperor took a most conscious look of the captain of marines, as much as to say, I know that to my cost; and, smiling, turned round to Bertrand, to whom he observed, how much might be done with two hundred thousand such fine fellows as these. Aye, and so you well might say, my most redoubtable Emperor, for, give you two hundred thousand such fine fellows as these, and land you once more at Rochefort, and I shall be sworn for it, that in three short weeks you have Wellington and the Holy Allies flying before you in every direction, and in ten days more you have the imperial head-quarters at Schoenbrunn, and in quiet possession of your tame Maria Louisa, and that beloved boy over which thy imagination so fondly doated. But it could



not be, and let me go on with my hair-brained narrative. The moment our barge left the ship, the *Superb's* yards were manned with the pick of her ship's company, dressed in their blue jackets and white duck trousers, and her complement of marines drawn up on the quarter-deck, to receive the wonderful stranger. His reception from the Admiral was every thing that he could wish, and he remained nearly two hours on board of the *Superb*. While our barge was lying alongside the *Superb*, waiting for the Emperor and Captain Maitland, a conversation took place between some of the *Superb's* men and our boat's crew, in which the former insisted that *they* and not us, were to have the honour of carrying Napoleon to England, while our men stood stoutly out for their prerogative, as being the first who received him on board. No, no, says one of the *Superb's*, depend upon it the Admiral will take Boney home himself, and not allow you to have anything more to do with him. 'Will he, by G—d,' answers one of the *Bellerophon's*, 'before we suffer that, my boy, we shall give you *ten* rounds and secure first.' Ten rounds and secure, had become a byword in the ship, as, for some weeks previous to Napoleon's coming on board, we had been kept close at quarters, exercising the guns, and to go through the motions of 'ten rounds and secure,' had been the common spell at quarters, so that *our* man thought we would try the effect of our ten rounds upon the *Superb*, sooner than quit Boney; and so much alarmed was our ship's company that this would really be attempted, that they came aft in a body to Captain Maitland, to state their intention of resisting by force any attempt of Admiral Hotham to detain the person of Napoleon; and were only satisfied when Maitland assured them that no such thing was intended."

The description of Napoleon's last view of the French coast is well done, and the whole of this portion of the work deserves public attention. The narrative of Captain Cook's death places that event in a somewhat new light. We are sure it is authentic, as Lieutenant-colonel Philips gave us nearly the same description, seated by us, and illustrating his interesting narrative with the superb print by Bartolozzi, where his portrait as a young officer, on the fatal beach of Qwhyce, is

introduced; far different from the white-headed veteran who, in 1829, was fighting the battle again, and delighting in our breathless attention. Our author mentions Philips in this most interesting account; he names his father as one of Cook's officers, and his portrait is probably in the picture to which we have alluded, and of the existence of which our author is not perhaps aware. As midshipman of the *Bellerophon*, the writer seems never to have received promotion; therefore we cannot wonder that he is somewhat mal-content with the powers that be, or rather, that have been. We cannot help treating his adventures as realities; and, if we are right, why does he not expunge from his volume all that is unfit to meet gentle and refined minds, and fairly and openly give to the world his name and autobiography? Many a man, who has not a tithe of his claims to public attention, has done the same thing successfully.

The scene in which "the old blind commodore" votes, as the Earl of M., for the Scotch representative peers, is a fine one, and we regret that our limits will not permit us to extract it.

*Trelawny of Trelawne; or, the Prophecy.* In 3 vols. By Mrs. BRAY. Longman and Co.

THE introduction to "*Trelawny of Trelawne*," is quite worthy a place by the side of the best of Washington Irving's best papers; it is a beautiful sketch, and we cannot help regretting its conclusion: fain would we have accompanied Mrs. Bray through an examination of the rare and curious relics she introduces us to at *Trelawne*. If she knew her own strength, she would never leave autobiographies and genuine letters to wander on a debatable ground between truth and fiction.

Truth ought to be the motto of this lady. If she describes natural scenery, historical or local tradition—a tree, a flower, or a ruin, her style is terse and captivating; but the moment she enters into dialogue or imaginative fiction the spell is broken: the human speech, which gives such charm to Miss Strickland's *Chronicles*, and the sketching of character, are not her *forte*. The excellencies we have enumerated, interspersed as they are plentifully among her fictitious compositions, alone sup-

port her reputation. If she were to rely on her ideality alone, her works would fall a dead weight from the press. Her readers, for instance, will devour her introduction, for there the illustrator of Mr. Stodhart's magnificent national work is at home; and right happy should we be to wander with so admirable a narrator over every antique residence, venerable church, mouldy register, illegible autograph, and gloomy vault in the west. From the charming paper to which we allude, we quote her visit to the protestant Bishop Trelawny's chapel, in which it appears catholic rites are now performed:—

“Not far from this record of the Protestant bishop's consecration of the chapel, I observed on one of the green-baized doors a printed paper, which I copied into my note book the next morning, and I here give it *verbatim* to the reader. On the top of the paper was a cross, printed in deep black; a border of the same sable hue surrounded the placard, as if to give notice, on a glance of the eye, that the subject it contained related to mourning and to death. Beneath the cross, I read these words:—

‘JESUS MARY JOSEPH TERESA Llanherne,\* of the convent of St Joseph and St. Ann of the English Discalced Carmelites, formerly of Antwerp, with all sacred rites of our holy mother the church. Departed this life on the 9th August, 1832, our beloved mother Mary of the angels, alias Ch. Stewart, ex Prioress, aged 79, professed 60 years, whose soul we recommend to your prayers and sacrifices, that she may eternally

REST IN PEACE.’

Notwithstanding I entertain a high respect and all Christian charity for good and pious Roman Catholics, and I have known many such, yet, being myself a protestant, and not having therefore any very great faith in the benefit of prayers for the dead, I could not perform the charitable office thus required of me for the soul of the lady of Llanherne. But by here making public the requisition, I give it the benefit of a wide circulation, so that all who may chance to read these pages may have to thank me for a knowledge of her death, and an opportunity

\* Llanherne in Cornwall; an old house given to these holy sisters by the late Lord Arundel, when they fled to England from the French Revolution.

afforded them, by that circumstance, for the exercise of what, if of the same church, they may deem a most charitable and important duty. But to go on regularly—I stopped in the narrative to read the placard over the green-baized door of the chapel. Reader, we must go back to the vespers.

“The priest performed the service of the evening in the English tongue, and afterwards read a short lecture on purgatory, setting forth the necessity of a good life, in order to avoid the horrors of even that brief suffering. ‘We are saved, yet as by fire;’ I observed those words of St. Paul were repeatedly quoted in support of the doctrine. One part of the service struck me as being very impressive. The tapers were burning at the altar, giving a ‘dim religious light’ to the crucifix that stood on the table; the more remote parts of the chapel were in obscurity; the shadows along the roof were broad and deep, and the moon was shining with mild lustre through the windows: whilst, in the midst of the service, the priest commanded all present to pause and examine their own hearts, for the sins which each had on that day committed. A deep silence ensued. The congregation remained on their knees; till at length, after the lapse of some minutes, this profound stillness was broken by the voice of the priest commencing a prayer to the throne of mercy for pardon and peace. With all my protestant prejudices strong upon me, I could not help thinking there was an awe and a solemnity in this custom calculated to make one examine one's own heart.”

And is it possible that Mrs. Bray does not know that she might have joined in this most beautiful act of worship without her protestant feelings being in the least alarmed, since it is an act of protestant worship in the Lutheran church, retained by Luther, with many other admirable points in that glorious vespertine litany, from which our own morning litany is derived. It is called an act of recollection by Luther, and it is retained in the Swedish Lutheran church. We need only call to remembrance the fact, that the life of the youthful Queen, Christina, when she was about the age of our present gracious Queen, was attempted by an assassin, while every one in the church had their eyes covered during “the recollection.” Pity that our church did

not brush off the rags and cobwebs of saintly invocation which the church of Rome appended to this apostolic litany, and give it to our church in unbroken beauty. The effect Mrs. Bray describes has often struck us, and she will be happy to learn that one great protestant church retains this part of the service of the ancient church. But we proceed with her through the domains of Trelawne, and even descend into the family vault from whence she draws this curious anecdote :—

“One coffin, entirely composed of lead, was so enormously high, that whilst standing by it, I found it reached above my shoulder from the ground where it was deposited. This excited our curiosity; and Lady Trelawny told us that a *tradition* in the family averred that this was the coffin of a lady called ‘*Aunt Charlotte*,’ a daughter of the famous Bishop, who died in single blessedness, and who having the misfortune to be humped-backed, felt it more severely than a person of her good sense ought to have done; so that it was her custom always to sit with her back to the wall in a corner of the room, on a particular low chair, which she thought was the best method of keeping out of sight the misfortune of her shape; and, ‘the ruling passion strong in death,’ she desired to be buried in this very sitting position: hence arose the necessity for that monstrous lead coffin that attracted our attention. Now it so happened, that in hunting amongst the old papers at Trelawne, I had, but on the very night before, read a few of ‘*Aunt Charlotte*’s letters to her father, the Bishop, which had given me the very highest opinion of the tenderness—of the gentle and affectionate disposition of her mind. Her portrait (that I had seen in the tapestry-room) helped to confirm this opinion: it was prepossessing. It represented a stouter person than her sister ‘*Mirtilla*’ appeared to be in her picture. Charlotte’s eyes, like hers, were dark, and the whole countenance agreeable. I saw nothing in the portrait that indicated a hump-back. Her dress, however, was full, loose, and flowing; and perhaps this circumstance, with a little exercise of politeness on the part of the artist, not to be too particular in copying the original in his drawing, might account for the picture being at variance with the tradition.”

We now bid farewell, with great re-

gret, to this fascinating portion of the work, and enter a sort of debateable ground, where the romantic part is fact, and the historical portion very fiction. In the first place, Mrs. Bray does not hold good faith with her readers; from the serious introduction in which she described her research into autographs with Lady Trelawny (who, we suppose, is not a fictitious person), we very innocently expected to read genuine letters and diaries of the seventeenth century, like those of Pepys, North, the younger Lord Clarendon, &c. However, the perusal of two pages showed this was a deception, for the author has not any further knowledge of the history of that time than the scanty generalizing information of library histories of England. Take, for instance, the following anecdote :—

“There is a story much talked of about the mass, at court. It is reported that my Lord——(I forget his name) would only go with King James the Second as far as the *dour* of the *chapel* to mass; and the king said, ‘My lord, what stop here; will not your lordship go farther?’ ‘No, sire,’ answered the protestant nobleman, ‘My father would not have gone with your majesty so far.’”

Now turn to the diary of Clarendon, and see the force and power of the Duke of Norfolk’s repartee to King James, and behold how the historical romance tames down and dilutes a most powerful anecdote. The Duke of Norfolk was the protestant son of a catholic father. James the Second was the catholic son of a protestant martyr. “My lord duke,” said James, when Norfolk left him at the chapel door, at St. James’s, “your father would have gone further.” “But your Majesty’s father would not have gone so far,” was the reply to the son of Charles the First. This is the true edition of the anecdote.

Again, the flippant damsel, who describes the scene of Catherine of Braganza’s *coucher* of condolence on the death of her husband, Charles the First (where, of course, all were in the deepest mourning), immediately dresses in pink, and white, and other gay fallallas, to go to a court which assuredly was in the deepest mourning; for, till the reign of George the Third, even the general mourning for an English king lasted a twelvemonth;—we could show Mrs. Bray

a most curious ghost-story, in a book printed within three or four years of 1685, which would prove to her young lady that court and courtiers were that year in mourning for Charles the Second. Again, this same very apocryphal, autograph-writing young lady, takes lessons on the harpsichord. But, could she have procured more than a spinette in the year 1685—the harpsichord being unknown for more than fifty years afterwards?

We will not proceed thus to analyse the historical truth of the scenes at the court of England in the third volume, for the above proves the manner in which facts are metamorphosed. In local history, Mrs. Bray is admirable; and she has most ingeniously managed the ghost of "Dorothy Dingley," to which she would have done wisely wholly to have adhered. It requires the most intimate knowledge of the internal springs of history, before she can bring her Cornish heroes to a court, whose real characters are not even now wholly unveiled.

The extraordinary manner in which this romance is introduced, will deceive many an inexperienced reader into the belief that they are reading the real correspondence of an historical family of some note, and of course they will believe the historical misrepresentations. Such mistakes constitute the great mischief done by historical romance. This is the confusion and perversion of *facts* in the minds of the uninformed. In general, writers of historical fiction of the present day carefully guard their readers against errors of this kind; and we are almost inclined to reproach Mrs. Bray with something more serious than want of literary judgment in her inextricable confusion of truth and falsehood between her introductory matter and her romance.

In point, however, of entertainment, "Trelawny of Trelawne" is the best romance she has written; and if it were not imbued, from end to end, with the moral wrong we have named, we should have given it far higher praise.

*Anglo-India; Social, Moral, and Political.* From the "Asiatic Journal."  
3 vols. Allen and Co. 1838.

THE same excellent judgment and lively talent which made Emma Roberts's "Scenes and Characteristics of Hin-

dostan," a standard work from its first appearance, has guided her editorial pencil in this selection; the volumes are worthy of her literary reputation, and fully prove that their editress can not only write entertaining books herself, but appreciate genius in others, a quality somewhat rare among the editors of this egotistical age, as the downfall of many a promising periodical can bear witness.

So much for the selector from the pages of the "Asiatic Journal;" now for the selections. The commencing series, English Society in India, is the most important, inasmuch as it is not only very cleverly written, but forms a guide to the conduct of those who are inexperienced in the usages of the varieties of the English species transplanted into this stupendous colony. Of all subjects that of marriage is the most interesting to female readers, and we think the following extract places the voyages of young ladies to India in a very endurable light.

"Away, then, with this stupid gossip about mercenary marriages of India—the markets, as they are called, where English beauty is bought and sold. I affirm, without hazard of contradiction, that there are more interested and venal marriages celebrated in the space of one day in London, than have taken place in Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay, since those places have been presidencies. If those places are *markets*, Almack's and the Italian Opera are *shambles*. How many young ladies, who have reached the marriageable period, could I name, who, at the very time that they were curling up their noses at Miss S. or Miss W., who had just sailed on their outward-bound voyage to the East, with the undissembled speculation of getting husbands, were themselves from morn to night occupied in the hope of entangling some middle-aged baronet, or banker, or wealthy esquire, into a matrimonial promise, and setting in motion their whole train of artillery to carry their point! And what is the destination of a young girl of fashion in London, from the first flutter of her heart at the sight of a beau? What is taught her by the counsels of mamma, or the examples of elder sisters? What are the aims that engross her whole being, all her waking, all her sleeping thoughts? What is the goal which her young imagination pants to arrive at? Is it the simple union of the affections—the unadulterated choice

of the mind, with no dowry, no worldly wealth, but that of love—the gratuitous dedication of her whole soul, the unbought devotion of her heart, to one beloved and beloved object? No; she has been too well tutored not to discard all this nonsense with contempt, as the idle dream of thoughtlessness and folly.

“The females, sent out to India to try their chance for an establishment, are, for the most part, nurtured to the hopes of a competent rather than a splendid union. To this end they are educated, modestly indeed, but sufficiently to qualify them for the duties of wives and mothers. They are taught the art of pleasing by means of those accomplishments, which are no more than a necessary part of female education, instead of the fascinations which glare and dazzle rather than delight, and are more fitted for the stare and gaze of public admiration, than for the chaste and sober ornaments of domestic life. Having probably some friendly connexions in India, they arrive there generally under the protection of kind and matron-like residents, with whom they become domiciled, and who, from their experience of the characters and morals of the male society at their respective presidencies, are enabled to give them the most salutary advice as to the important choice on which depends the woe or the weal of their after-lives. What is there mercenary or venal in this? It is an egregious blunder to imagine that there can be no real affection in these marriages. I never heard that the little god of love could make no use of his wings for being encumbered with rupees, or that his arrows were less efficacious because they were tipped with gold.

“But let those who sneer at English marriages in India, look to the unbroken constancy of the union: I mean in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. Can there be a more conclusive proof that the affections of the young spinsters, so invidiously ridiculed as forming part of the ship's cargo, find there a secure and honourable asylum?”

Really if women *must* be married, out of two evils, it is the more high-spirited action to go to men that are willing to buy a wife, than to stay in England and marry a husband who expects to be bought with a dowry. After all, disinterested men *do* deserve some condescension from women, and that the female

heart responds gratefully to the feeling of being loved solely for herself is fully proved by the fact that Anglo-Indian marriages are remarkable for life-long affection. The bench and bar of India are subjects familiar to most readers, and the story of the judges' wigs and the cockroaches we have often delighted in.

“It was rather an amusing incident, which happened in open court, after the judges had come to the determination of wearing wigs, in addition to the costume which, in every thing but the wig, was the ordinary judicial dress. ‘In Calcutta, where the climate is much hotter, each judge had his wig, and it was the duty of the court to preserve its dignity by the exterior observances of the Bench, of which the wig had always been deemed an essential part.’ The reasoning of the chief-justice was conclusive with his brethren. The wigs were ordered from England, and in due course arrived, all packed in boxes. Unluckily, the cockroaches had found their way into the wig-box of Sir Thomas Strange, and fed, much to their satisfaction, upon each side of it. Unfortunately, after the judges had seated themselves, each with his new wig, the holes gnawed by the voracious insects began to make way for Sir Thomas's ears, which, in a few minutes, were visible through them. The laughter that ran through the court having attracted his attention to the circumstance that afforded so much amusement—in a moment, off went the wig indignantly over the heads of the prothonotary and his clerks, upon the area of the court. The example of the chief-justice was instantly followed by the other judges, and, one by one, like a leash of partridges, the three wigs flew across and lighted on the floor. This ludicrous circumstance so completely unhinged Sir Thomas, that he adjourned the court till the following day, for it was found impossible to hush the merriment it occasioned.”\*

By far the most extraordinary portion of these volumes is to be found in the commencement of the second volume, entitled, *Sketches of Hindu Manners by Hindus*: these, which contain some very sensible reasonings on the folly and

\* “This anecdote was treated by a correspondent as a mere fiction; but the writer (who was a barrister of the court where the incident occurred) asserted its accuracy, doubting whether the wig-less judge was Sir Thomas Strange or Sir Benjamin Sullivan.”

disgusting absurdities of these heathen customs, ought to be read with deep attention by our statist, our religionists, philanthropists, and by those estimable few who unite all these characters. We think they will agree with us in the observation, that when the cleverest persons among a vast and prejudiced community begin of themselves to reason on the state in which they find their social and religious life, the day of their conversion to Christian principles is not far distant. It was a good deed to lay these singular papers in the full blaze of European light, although they record many things that are abhorrent, yet they are calculated to promote the grand work of Christian civilization.

Many of the tales and fictions are excellent, most of them entertaining. The last volume is chiefly devoted to biography, and is not the least in merit and utility.

There is also a capital ghost story, occupying nearly twenty pages, but, owing to the length of it we are compelled merely to allude to it cursorily. The general reader will find ample satisfaction in the perusal of these well got-up and highly interesting volumes.

*The Vicar of Wrexhill.* By MRS. TROLLOPE.

MRS. TROLLOPE's lately published volumes have attracted more attention from the public than they are entitled to from their literary merits. They are eagerly snatched up, nay almost devoured, yet at the same time exclaimed against and detested. All classes read it, excepting those against whom their envenomed shafts are aimed; for the romance of the Vicar of Wrexhill is an attack on the Calvinistic division of our church usually called evangelical. The publisher and readers, in all probability, call the work a novel; we must term it a romance, for a novel, according to modern acceptation, implies an attempt to delineate human life and natural character; but Mrs. Trollope has boldly rushed into the free regions of imagination, to furnish herself with a selection of hypocritical monsters. Judas, himself, possesses redeeming points of character in comparison with our evangelical vicar and his companions in iniquity. It is almost as rare a circumstance to find a human being without touches of occasional goodness, as it is to find a character that ap-

proaches perfection. The greatest authors have been aware of this truth, which strikes on every chord of the human heart in so irresistible a manner, that Milton, by yielding to it for an instant, has interested us all in Satan. Shakspeare constantly worked with this spell, with the single exception of the character of Iago; but let us imagine a work containing half a dozen Iagos, and consider how much the truth of nature is outraged. If the religionists against whom the Vicar of Wrexhill is aimed ever read tales of a coarser character, there is no doubt that the caricatures drawn by this lively sketcher would cause them to reform many errors which partake of follies, which may be construed into crimes by uncharitable observers; among these the abuse of prayer is pre-eminent, an abuse against which they are so awfully warned by the highest authority, that it seems strange they should need a mirror so odious and distorting to be held up to them. Yet it is hard that want of judgment in the selection of orientalisms should be supposed to convey the most detestable feelings; nothing can be more hideous than the picture of the Vicar making insidious love to Fanny Mowbray, under the cover of enthusiastic prayer, unless it is that of the girl who comprehending the purport of such addresses (borrowed from the coarse yet covert writings of a certain Italian writer of the old school), is represented by Mrs. Trollope as an *innocent* and interesting *victim* falling in love with her loathsome wooer, who finds it after all more convenient to marry her rich mother.

Hypocrites and robbers seem to be the only characters Mrs. Trollope has seen in the world; they are rather more plentiful, it is true, than is convenient for honest persons, but, like birds of rapine, they are not gregarious creatures. If the profession of religion converted all its votaries into Jacob Cartwrights and Stephen Corbolds, we should think it would be somewhat difficult for them to find dupes among their associates; we do not deny that there are such characters, but they would be the same in any clime and under any creed.

For such of our readers who wish to know what the Vicar of Wrexhill is about, without encountering much that is disgusting in its pages, we will, in a few words, sketch the story.

Mr. Mowbray dies, and leaves a widow,

with a large property, wholly in her own hands, and a young grown-up family. The Rev. Jacob Cartwright, a Tartuffe, pertaining to the Calvinistic part of our Establishment, takes possession of Wrex-hill vicarage at the same time. In the period of a few weeks he obtains the love of the widow, and half seduces the affections of her young daughter. Mrs. Mowbray marries this villain, who introduces her into the society of a numerous collection of monsters and monstresses as bad as himself, all reduced to the lowest state of moral and sensual depravity by the *malpractices* of the *evangelical* church ! The vicar prevails on his wife to disinherit her unoffending children ; but she privately makes a just will, and all ends better than may be expected.

These venomous attacks on a community which has produced many bright examples of pure virtue, can do it no harm, and may be some good, and are as applicable to the members of any other. They remind us strongly of a fact that happened in a certain village, with which we conclude, by way of parable. A man had a vast fancy to poison his neighbour, and for that righteous purpose gave him an over-dose of arsenic : the patient not only recovered, but was cured of an ague which had long afflicted him. We will allow Mrs. Trollope to use arsenic sufficient to poison all the bad passions of mankind.

*Sudden Thoughts: an original Farce.* By T. E. WILKS, Esq. From the acting copy. W. Strange.

WE have our friend Wilks here in all his glory, as a comic delineator of modern life and follies, full of fun and wit, calling himself a farce writer, but with no slight claims to be considered as a true son of regular comedy. Colman and Sheridan's afterpieces are as much comedies as their more elaborate compositions. The distinction drawn between farce writers and comic authors is as capricious as it would be to place the makers of china basins and tea-cups in a different grade of art. In fact, what constitutes excellence in farce does so in comedy. If a farce is unnatural in character, forced in expression, and wholly impossible in incident, it gives no pleasure, notwithstanding the supposed latitude allowed to such productions, and comedy is governed precisely by the same laws ; therefore he who writes a clever witty afterpiece could,

if he pleased, be successful in a drama of larger dimensions.

*Waldenberg: a Poem, in Six Cantos.*

By M. E. M. J. Geeves.

THIS poem claims public attention, as the production of a little girl not fourteen years of age. Some passages will excite surprise in the reader, as possessing much originality. The preface and dedication are also singular compositions. To dissect with professional criticism the work of a child would be an ill-natured task, for neither childhood nor early youth is often the season for the development of poetic talent, even where it is of the most commanding order. Chatterton, if indeed that martyred boy was the author of those glorious poems, is the only boy-poet whose works survive in the classics of a country ; and as if one instance was to be produced, in each sex, Miss Landon's poems, written at fourteen and fifteen, are worthy of her present popularity. One copy of verses, written when Pope was thirteen, survives him—the translation of Horace, "Happy the man ;" but had his merits not rapidly progressed, his juvenile effort would not have won for him distinction. We only recollect one continental poem by a child that has become popular, and that is the celebrated sonnet written by Torquato Tasso at eleven years old, when, accompanying his father as a fugitive from civil strife in Italy, he compares himself to Ascanius following the footsteps of Æneas. This interesting sonnet is not in English editions of his works. To return to Waldenberg and its juvenile authoress. Thus rare poetical talent is in childhood. Our readers will be indulgent to the faults, and approbative of the beauties, in this book, which has been fortunate enough to find a large body of titled and other respectable subscribers. We will leave the damsel to introduce the story in her own peculiar way, by an extract from the preface :—

"It has been my pleasure that the hero of this poem should figure (I suppose I must not say flourish) about the eleventh century, and having joined his intended father-in-law in an expedition against the Saracens : as it is not likely I should suffer him long to hold a subordinate rank, I have been under the necessity, with the assistance of the redoubtable Hassan, to dispose of Lord Brandenburg, in order that Waldenberg might have the sole command, who

doubtless imagined himself deeply in love with the fair Ildagonda, till he beheld among his captives the more exquisitely beautiful Hebrew maiden, which caused an excessive evaporation of his affection for his betrothed one. But as the holy wars have been treated on so often, and by such able hands, I have only suffered my hero to remain a sufficient time in Palestine to revenge the death of Brandenburg, and twice to rescue Sapphira from the faithless Hassan, whom he ultimately vanquishes."

"The castle of Waldenberg stood on a steep,  
Its dark frowning turrets o'erhung the blue deep,  
For ages it brav'd the fierce hurricane's shock,  
The queen of the Danube, enthron'd on a rock.  
And ere any lord of that castle expires,  
Whom death calls away from the home of his sires,  
A form, not of earth, in the midnight is seen,  
To walk all in white upon Waldenberg Green :  
On the lord of the castle three times she doth call,  
Saying, ' Wolsden of Waldenberg—Waldenberg Hall  
Must have a new master, and thou have a pall ! ' "

Our next extract is from the last page, which will show that the fair writer has some powers, and we hope she will continue to improve.

And what was her fate? she, the widowed,  
The lone,  
Forsaken and desolate, spared her but one,  
One gem, that was saved from the wreck of the bark,  
One flower, in the wilderness cheerless and dark,  
One star that illumined the gloom of the night,  
One bud, that the withering storm did not blight :  
O! such was her babe, and she felt not bereft  
Of every joy, while her infant was left ;  
But deep as her grief was, yet patient and mild,  
She found consolation in Heaven, and her child."

There are many persons who would read this book with surprise as well as pleasure.

*Hudson's Directions for Making Wills.*  
Longman and Co.

THE preface to this little work is one of the most sensible essays on the duty of making a will which we ever met with. As to the body of the work we need only

say that it is scarcely possible for any person to make a safe will under the present alteration of the testamentary laws without some such guide. Whether it be wise in our legislature to throw additional difficulties in the way of a dying person's disposition of his property Mr. Hudson seems to doubt, and his department in the Legacy-office renders him, we should think, an excellent judge of the dilemmas likely to arise therefrom. We must add, that there appears to us in this, as in every other instance, a strong bias in our present government to make work for legal professors. And frankly to speak, we dare not take upon ourselves to recommend any person, under the present laws, to be his own will-maker, even when assisted by this clever, perspicuous, and sensible guide. Till the new laws have somewhat familiarized themselves by their working, we should be sorry to see any father trust the provision for his family and his dear children to a testament of his own devising. But we should rather say, purchase this cheap little treatise, read its forcible arguments, and ponder on the cases of extreme hardship and reverse of fortune which innocent families have experienced from neglect of this duty, even under the old law, and consider how much more imperative a duty it is to attend to settling affairs, now testamentary dispositions are fettered by so many new injunctions, under the new act of 1st Victoria. A will ought to be made while a person is in health ; for if done, that act, instead of being the usual avant courier of death, is the surest means of keeping a testator alive. Suppose a person to be seized with spasms in the heart, or some of those sharp, but transient attacks which so often visit the springs of life, and require the mind to be kept *perfectly tranquil*, in order to give the body the best chance for making a successful rally. Let all our readers answer in their own hearts the question, which situation is the best for the recovery of a man, that wherein he has calmly settled his worldly affairs, or of the man who has then to make up his account both *temporal* and *spiritual*. The very sight of a pale and weeping wife and infants, about to be beggared by a father's cruel neglect, would go nigh to kill a man whose constitution would otherwise have bravely battled the in-



vading disease! Our readers may be convinced, from the perusal of this work, that a good death-bed Will, with all its array of legal assistants and witnesses, is almost an impossibility, through the prudent precautions of our present legislators; when also, perhaps, the physical powers are so weakened that even the hand can scarcely fulfil its office—then mark the mental exertion which is necessary for such an act: a man must first *know* what he possesses—next he must call to mind all his obligations and pass in review before him all the parties *entitled*—the wording of the will is then to be duly considered—so that that most important of all documents is left to the legal agent of the individual or family, and whether right or wrong, agreeing with the instructions or not, it is *signed*, and the *fate* of not merely one family, but of all its branches, is sealed for ever on this side the grave.

*Curtis on Health.* Second Edition.  
Renshaw.

WE have before reviewed with pleasure the outpourings of this diligent author. The present volume is embellished with an engraving copied from the celebrated picture in the possession of the late John Curtis, M. D., representing Mr. West and family, which is most beautifully executed, and of itself worth the whole cost of the book. This has, however, reference to the main subject, health. Therein are shown *four* generations. We have examined this work, and do not hesitate to place it very high in the scale of publications most beneficial to the best interests of the public, their health and their happiness; and we are by no means surprised that the book has reached a second edition. We confess that we know the author, but aver at the same time that we never really knew his capabilities and his worth as a moralist, until we had looked into, and delighted in, his very excellent book on the preservation of health. It is most admirably adapted for the general reader.

*A New and Derivative Etymological Dictionary.* By J. ROWBOTHAM, F.R.A.S. Longman, 1838.

THIS is a valuable book; suitable as an ordinary dictionary, and yet possessing all the requisites for the classical referee. First we have the English word, accen-

tuated in a manner (as far as our eye has traced) *most accurately*; we have next the Greek derivation, or the Latin, whichever it may be; then an explanation of the word, with a brief explanation: if of words, what they mean; if of places, for what they are remarkable: thus—

Ethics, s. *ἠθός* (*ethos*), morals, or manners.

Etna, s. *ἄθω* (*aitho*), I burn.

“A celebrated volcano, or burning mountain in Sicily.”

We can only say of this plan that it is just that in which we were disciplined, and had it not been very excellent, we should not have been one-half as clever as we are.

The book is very nicely finished, and deserves an extensive circulation.

*Gibson's Racy Sketches or Expeditions from the Pickwick Club.* Sherwood. 1838.

THIS first number is excellent. The delineations from the pencil of Mr. Gibson, are very superior works of art, and in every respect delicate and chaste. It is a *very* superior *effort* of genius.

*Minstrel Musings.* By J. E. CARPENTER. One vol. Thomas, 1838.

Mr. Carpenter, the inspirations of whose muse, a short time back, appeared in our pages, has just published a little volume, which he has dedicated to the Ethical Society, which will, doubtless, be also acceptable to many of our readers. Several of the pieces have already appeared in our own pages, and in the pages of, we believe, other periodicals, and as we have no exact means of telling which in the collection are already known to the public, we will not hazard giving an extract with which perhaps our readers *may* be already familiar.

*Le Kreux's Memorials of Cambridge.*  
No. 3. Tilt.

THIS number represents the new Court, —Interior of the Hall,—The Cloisters, —and the Bishop's House (wood-cuts). We hope this work will not in the least depart from the admirable spirit with which it is commenced.

*History of British Birds.* Part 4.  
J. Von Voorst.

THIS number continues the article on owls—Then embraces the Grey and

Woodchat Shirke — The Pied Flycatcher—While's Thrush and the Fieldfare, which are delineated with great accuracy and delicacy.

*The Illustrated Family Bible.* 1838.

Part 1. Large paper, fine edition, with the Notes explanatory of the late John Brown, Minister at Haddington. THIS is a beautiful edition of the Bible. — When, however, we look upon it, as the word of God, we gaze at its contents, not for the beauty of its embellishments, but for its intrinsic value: we therefore set no value upon the ornamental portion, far otherwise: we think, that the less ornamented the better.—There may however be others, who attracted by the gew-gaw, may meet on a sudden with striking passages, and have their attention riveted. But the publishers should work for the many, not the few, and if they followed our honest advice, we doubt not they would command a larger sale, by publishing a Bible, such as this is, without the ornament, then with all the attractions of pictures and coloured ink which their greatest art could devise, —as this is a serious matter, we would earnestly beg the publishers to consider our suggestion.

*The Novel Adventures of Tom Thumb the Great.* By MRS. BARWELL.—With Illustrations. Chapman and Hall.

MANY of our nursery fairy fables, though very fascinating in their construction, are by no means of a nice morality. This is

*The Heiress and the French Count.*—The following has been circulated as something very like the original correspondence which lately took place between one of the most exclusive of Paris dandies and a French nobleman, his friend, for some time past resident in London:—

"My dear D——,

"The charming A—— B—— has become, I am told, a great heiress. You know how much I have admired her; therefore wish to give you a little commission, which I have no doubt you will execute for an old friend. As your happy married state prevents your taking advantage of so favourable an opportunity of establishing yourself, do, my dear fellow, offer my hand and my heart to the sweet

accounted for by their extreme antiquity; in truth, there still hangs about most of them the grossness of manners and carelessness in regard to moral justice, which were among the traits of the barbarous ages in which they were composed. The nursery tale of "Tom Thumb" is a case in point. "Tom," who has been proved by antiquarians to be the venerable representative of the dwarfs of the Scalds, is not altogether fit, in his ancient state, to be introduced to the inhabitants of the nurseries of the nineteenth century. Yet "Tom" is a most fascinating person to children, and we are altogether loath to deprive them of his company; for the interest they take in him arises from his minute size, brought in contrast with the objects they see around them. They have, as well, a sympathetic feeling in regard to this diminutive stature of "Tom," and they rejoice in their own superiority of dimensions. Mrs. Barwell has seized on these points with admirable tact, and has given to the nursery a tale, told with all the *naïveté* of the olden time, and has, with great ingenuity, converted the objectionable adventures of the antique "Tom" into instructive food for the minds of children. The little book possesses elegance as well as sprightliness, and much of the beauty of "The Story Without End," unmix'd with its dreamy mysticism. The cuts of this pretty volume are truly charming. A more delightful present for the smaller bands of infancy we have not lately seen.

girl. I am certain she will do us all honour.

"I am, my dear D——, your obliged,  
"De M——."

The answer:—

"My dear De M——,

"I am very sorry to say the fair A—— B—— has contracted an engagement with a distinguished Englishman, which prevents her doing justice to your merits. I hope you will not be cast down on this occasion; and I recommend you, above all things, to come at once to London, as there is another person of elevated rank on whom your appearance and manners must make an impression. She is rich, young, and beautiful, and, moreover, her own mistress—I allude to the Queen Victoria the First. Pray come on, my dear fellow. I am yours, "M. J."



## QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

## VIVAT REGINA.

Windsor, December 29, 1837.—Her Majesty took a drive in the Park, in a pony-chaise, with the Duchess of Sutherland, attended by Her Majesty's Chief Equerry on horseback; Her Majesty's suite followed in two open carriages. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, arrived at six o'clock at the castle, and joined the royal dinner party, attended by Miss Kerr, Col. Cornwall. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland and the Lord Steward also arrived at the castle.

30.—Her Majesty rode out on horseback in the Park. The Duke and Duchess, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, left the castle for town.

31.—Her Majesty did not leave the castle. Her Majesty had a select dinner party in the evening; the Earl and Countess of Albemarle, the Hon. Mr. Murray, and Lord Charles Fitzroy.

The Duchess and Princess Augusta of Cambridge attended divine service in Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley-street.

January 1, 1838.—The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge visited the Princess Sophia at Kensington. The Duchess of Gloucester dined with the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, at Cambridge House. In the evening, the royal party honoured Covent Garden Theatre with their presence.

2.—Her Majesty rode out on horseback in the Great Park, attended by most of the royal suite, including Viscount Torrington, Hon. W. Cowper, Hon. Col. Cavendish, and the Hon. Col. Grey. Her Majesty had a select dinner party.

The Lord Steward and Duke and Duchess of Sutherland departed. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, and the Princesses Augusta and Mary of Cambridge, and Miss Kerr and suite, left Cambridge House, Piccadilly,

at half-past nine o'clock, in three carriages and four, for St. Leonards-on-Sea.

3.—Her Majesty, accompanied by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, Viscount Torrington, Hon. Cols. Cavendish and Grey, and Mrs. Grey, Lady M. Stopford, and the Hon. W. Cowper, rode in the Park on horseback for nearly two hours. The Earl and Countess of Albemarle left the castle. The royal dinner party included H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, Visc. Torrington, Hon. Misses Davys and Lister, Hon. Mrs. Campbell, Hon. Col. and Mrs. Grey, Hon. W. Cowper, Hon. Col. Cavendish, Baroness Lehzen, Lady M. Stopford, Lady Mulgrave, and Baron Stockmar.

4.—Her Majesty took her usual ride in the Park, accompanied by the Lord Groom in waiting, Cols. Cavendish and Grey, and H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Mary Stopford. Her Majesty had a select dinner party in the evening. Lord Melbourne arrived at the castle.

5.—Her Majesty was engaged during the whole of the morning in state affairs, and did not leave the castle. Her Majesty had a small dinner party in the evening.

6.—Her Majesty, owing to the inclemency of the weather, did not leave the castle. Lord Melbourne arrived, and joined the royal dinner party.

Sunday, January 7.—Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, and attended by her suite, attended divine service at St. George's Chapel; after service Her Majesty walked on the East Terrace for nearly an hour. In the evening, Her Majesty entertained at dinner a party of distinguished guests.

8.—Her Majesty rode in the Park on horseback. Lord and Lady John Russell, Lord Duncannon, and Miss Ponsonby, arrived at the castle. The royal dinner party consisted of H.R.H. the Duchess

of Kent, Lady Mulgrave, Lord Duncannon, Hon. Miss Ponsonby, Lord Melbourne, Lady Mary Stopford, Lord Torrington, Hon. Misses Leycester, Davys, Murray, and Cavendish, Lord and Lady John Russell, Baroness Lehzen, Hon. W. Cowper, Hon. Mrs. Murray, Hon. Col. Grey, and the Hon. Col. Cavendish. Her Majesty's chamber musicians were in attendance in the evening.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, the Princesses Augusta and Mary of Cambridge, and Miss Kerr, returned to Cambridge House at half-past four from Hastings. Lord and Lady John Russell left Wilton Crescent for Windsor, and also Lord Duncannon, on a visit to Her Majesty.

9.—The unsettled state of the weather prevented Her Majesty from taking her usual airings. Lord and Lady John Russell arrived at the castle. Lord Melbourne, Hon. W. Cowper, and the Countess of Mulgrave, left the castle. Her Majesty had a select dinner party in the evening. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge visited the Duchess of Gloucester at Gloucester House, and also the Princess Sophia at Kensington Palace.

10.—The inclemency of the weather still confined Her Majesty to the castle. Lord Melbourne arrived and joined the royal dinner party in the evening.

11.—The severity of the weather confined Her Majesty to the castle. The royal dinner party included H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, Lord Torrington, Lord and Lady John Russell, Baroness Lehzen, Baron Stockmar, Lord Duncannon, Miss Ponsonby, Mr. and Lady C. Digby, Lady Portman, Lords Melbourne and Palmerston, Hon. Misses Murray and Lister, Hon. Cols. Grey and Cavendish, Miss Davys, and Sir F. Stovin.

Mr. A. Schloss submitted to Her Majesty the Queen Dowager the English Bijou Almanack and the Album Tablets, which had met with the approval of Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent.

The Duchess of Cambridge visited the Duchess of Gloucester at Gloucester House.

12.—The inclemency of the weather still prevented Her Majesty from taking her accustomed ride. The Queen, attended by her royal visitors and suite, walked through the slopes and visited Adelaide Lodge. The Hon. Col. and Mrs. Grey

arrived this evening, and joined the royal dinner party. Her Majesty has given her fifth and last sitting to Mr. Steel, the sculptor.

The Countess of Mulgrave was succeeded as Lady in waiting by Lady Portman, and the Hon. Mrs. George Campbell by Lady Caroline Digby, as Bedchamber-woman.

12.—Lord Liverpool and the Ladies Jenkinson, and the Earl of Albemarle, arrived at the castle, and joined the royal dinner party. Lords Palmerston and Melbourne left in the morning.

13.—Her Majesty did not leave the castle. Her Majesty had a select dinner party in the evening. Lords Melbourne and Palmerston took their departure for London.

The Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess and Prince George, attended by Miss Kerr, Baron Knusbach, and Col. Cornwall, honoured the Opera Buffa with their presence.

Sunday, January 14.—Her Majesty did not attend divine service in St. George's Chapel this morning; but the Rev. Mr. Gosset officiated before Her Majesty and the royal household, in the private chapel of the castle. Her Majesty, attended by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, and several members of the household, walked through the slopes to Adelaide Lodge. Her Majesty entertained a select party in the evening.

The Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Augusta of Cambridge attended divine service in Grosvenor Chapel.

15.—The extreme coldness of the weather prevented Her Majesty from leaving the castle. Lords Liverpool and Albemarle took their departure.

16.—Her Majesty and her august mother, attended by Lady Portman, arrived at the palace in St. James's Park, in a carriage and four, escorted by a party of Lancers, at half-past two, from Windsor Castle. The royal suite, including Lady Lady M. Stopford, the Hon. Miss Murray, Miss Lister, Lady C. Digby, and the Hon. Col. Grey, followed in two carriages and four. Her Majesty was received at the palace by the Master of the Horse, Lord Torrington, and Sir F. Stovin. Her Majesty gave audiences to Lords Melbourne and Conyngham. The royal dinner party included the Lord Chamberlain, the Vice-Chamberlain, and Lord Melbourne.

The Duke of Cambridge arrived in town at half-past five o'clock, from a visit to the Earl and Countess of Jersey at Middleton Park, Oxford.

17.—The royal dinner party included, in addition to the ladies and gentlemen of the household, Lord Melbourne and Lord Glenelg. The band of the Coldstream regiment of Foot Guards attended.

The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and Prince George, honoured the Olympic Theatre with their presence.

18.—Her Majesty gave audiences to the Marquis of Conyngham, Lord Albemarle, and Lord Melbourne. Her Majesty had a small dinner party, including H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, the Lord Chamberlain, Marquis of Headfort, Lady Portman, Lady M. Stopford, Hon. Miss Murray, Miss Lister, Baroness Lehzen, Lady Therese Digby, Miss Davys, Viscount Torrington, Sir F. Stovin, and the Hon. Cols. Grey and Cavendish.

19.—Her Majesty gave audience to the Duke of Argyll and Lord Melbourne. Her Majesty's dinner party included Lords Melbourne and Palmerston, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Miss Spring Rice, Sir John Hobhouse, and the Right Hon. C. Poulett Thomson.

The Duke of Cambridge visited the Princess Sophia at Kensington Palace. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge entertained a small party, including H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, Sir Henry Wheatley, Mr. Hugh Halkett, and Col. Jones, at dinner, at Cambridge House.

22.—Her Majesty walked in the gardens of the palace this afternoon. The royal dinner party included H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, Earl and Countess of Durham, Lady Mary Lambton, Lord Duncannon, Hon. Miss Ponsonby, Lord Melbourne, the Lord Steward, Lady Portman, Lady M. Stopford, the Hon. Miss Murray, Miss Lister, Baroness Lehzen, Lady T. Digby, Miss Davys, Lord Torrington, Sir F. Stovin, and the Hon. Col. and Mrs. Grey. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, accompanied by Prince George, left town at one o'clock, on a visit to the Duke of Wellington, at Strathfieldsay, Hants.

23.—Her Majesty held a privy council. Her Majesty gave audience to the Marquis of Lansdowne, Marquis of Conyngham, Lords Melbourne, Glenelg, John Russell, and Lord Hill. Her Ma-

jesty honoured the performance of the opera of "Betty" at the Lyceum Theatre, with her presence. Her Majesty was attended by Lady Portman, the Duchess of Sutherland, Hon. Miss Murray, the Lord Chamberlain, Marquis of Headfort, and the Hon. Col. Grey.

24.—Her Majesty held a court at the new palace, to receive some of the foreign ministers. Her Majesty gave audiences to Lords Hill, Melbourne, Palmerston, and Glenelg.

The royal dinner party included H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, Lord and Lady Faulkland, Lord Melbourne, Sir H. Wheatley, Lady Portman, Lady M. Stopford, Hon. Miss Murray, Miss Lister, Mr and Lady Therese Digby, Baroness Lehzen, Miss Davys, the Marquis of Headfort, Hon. C. A. Murray, Hon. Col. Cavendish, Col. Buckley, Sir W. Lumley, and the Hon. Col. Grey.

Mr. A. E. Chalon, by command of the Queen, was honoured with a sitting, to make a whole-length portrait of Her Majesty, as a pendant to the drawing of her royal highness, by the same artist; presented to Her Majesty by H.R.H., on the occasion of the 18th anniversary of the birth of Her Majesty.

25.—Her Majesty gave audience to Lord Melbourne. The royal dinner party included H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge, attended by Colonel Cornwall, the Lord Chancellor and Lady Cottenham, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Minto and Lady F. Elliott, the Earl and Countess of Burlington, the Earl of Albemarle, and the Hon. Colonel Cavendish.

The Duke and Duchess, and Prince George of Cambridge, attended by Baron Knusbach, arrived at Cambridge House, Piccadilly, at half-past three o'clock, from a visit to the Duke of Wellington at Strathfieldsay, Hants.

26.—Her Majesty gave audience to Lord Melbourne.

Her Majesty honoured the performance of Mr. Kean in Hamlet, at Drury Lane Theatre, with her presence. Her Majesty was attended by the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Portman, the Hon. Miss Pitt, the Lord Chamberlain, the Marquis of Headfort, and Colonel Buckley, and arrived at the theatre at half-past seven.

## Miscellany.

### *Origin of the Uniform of the Navy.*

—Some old admirals, at one of their clubs, resolved that a uniform dress was useful and necessary for commissioned officers, agreeable to the practice of other nations. A committee was accordingly appointed to wait on the Duke of Bedford, then First Lord of the Admiralty. Admiral Forbes, who was deputed to act on the occasion, was shown into a room surrounded with dresses. On being asked what he thought most appropriate, he said, "One with red and blue, or blue and red, as these were our national colours." "No," replied his Grace; "the king has settled it otherwise: he saw my duchess riding in the Park a few days since in a habit of blue faced with white, which took the fancy of his majesty, and he ordered it to be the uniform of the royal navy." In the year 1748 it was established accordingly. Red has now superseded the white, and thus his late Majesty William the Fourth has restored to us our national colours.

*Anecdote of the Sea.*—When the Duke of York (the brother of George III.) was sent to sea, Captain Howe equipped his young elve in the true Portsmouth fashion; the captains of the navy then present attended him in their boats on board, where they were severally introduced to the young midshipman. An anecdote is told which, being highly characteristic of the true simplicity of seamen, is not unlikely to have occurred. A sailor standing with some others on the fore-castle, and observing what was going on, whispered his messmate—"The young gentleman an't over civil, as I thinks; look, if he don't keep his hat on before all the captains." "Why you stupid lubber," replied the other, "where should he larn manners, seeing as how he never was at sea before."

*Suffocation.*—The *Glasgow Chronicle* states that a father and two daughters lived in a new house at Hilltown, Dundee, and, as it was cold and damp, they injudiciously closed up the vent, and put a quantity of live cinders into an empty grate, and placed it upon the hearth before retiring to rest. Early in the morning the neighbours were alarmed by repeated moanings: when they knocked at the door the inmates were too weak to

open it, and entrance was made by the window. The father and one daughter were with difficulty restored; the other, Margaret (Wood), of a sickly constitution, aged fourteen years, died the next day, although Dr. Cook and Mr. H. Nimmed used their utmost endeavours to save her. [Had a pane of glass been broken at the instant, this life might perhaps have been saved.]

### *The approaching London Season.*

The ensuing London season is expected to be more brilliant in high life than it has been for many years. Her Majesty purposes to hold regular drawing-rooms, and, by her protection and countenance of all the useful and ornamental arts and manufactures, set an example to the fashionable world, *by which all trades and professions will derive the greatest advantage.*

*Victoria Regina.*—This magnificent aquatic plant, found in Guiana, which has received its name in honour of our youthful sovereign, is of the genus *nymphaea*. The leaves attain to the length of eighteen feet, and the flower is no less than four feet in circumference. The fruit it bears, of the size of a large orange, is full of seed, and serves the natives for food. A very fine drawing of this plant was shown at the last meeting of the French Academy.

*Paris Gaieties.*—The English resident in Paris, have not shown themselves behind their Gallic neighbours in hospitality and revelry, during the past month. One of the most brilliant balls was given by—of all persons under the sun—Dr. Morison, of Hygeian notoriety. The *distingué*, however, it appears, did not disdain his invitation, and not a few witticisms at his expense, made the circuit of his splendid *salons* in the course of the evening. A Parisian beau of the first water was heard accidentally to whisper in the ear of a fair and noble *Anglaise*—"*Il paraît qu'on lui a bien doré ses pilules.*"

*The Archduchess Maria Louise, of Parma,* we regret to perceive by the Paris Journals, is lying dangerously ill.

*The Gresham Lectures,* which used to be in the Royal Exchange, were resumed by Dr. Birch, in the theatre of the City of London, on Divinity.

*Total Destruction of the Royal Exchange.*—The whole of the interior of this building and its adjuncts was totally destroyed on Wednesday night, the 10th ult., with the exception of the beautiful external boundary; the fire began at 10 o'clock, P.M.: we suppose that few persons are unaware of so great a calamity, we shall, therefore, merely record the event. The sum of 500*l.* has been already expended in propping up the walls, which present as interesting a spectacle as we have lately seen: we hope never again to see the site disfigured as it has been by shops connected with the building.

*The Liverpool Mail dug out of the Snow.*—A passenger states in a letter, dated Glasgow, Monday evening, six o'clock, Jan. 22, that he was detained at Preston for the Liverpool mail to be dug out of the snow. "When near Lancaster, the guard was missing, he was with us at Garstang, and the coachman saw him once, when about half a mile from Lancaster, when he called out to him to blow his horn; there was only another passenger. We went back for half a mile, and called as loud as we could, but got no reply; we then hastened on to Lancaster, and dispatched a gig with two men, and lights, in search of him. The result is at present unknown."

A report is daily gaining ground, that a nobleman has been recalled at the pleasure of a royal person. The *Times* of the 29th ult. speaks openly upon the subject, declaring that the exalted personage never spoke with that nobleman, and had only seen him in public; it further ridicules the notion that a young lady of eighteen could be susceptible, under such circumstances. We certainly heard the rumour long ago, that an appointment abroad had been conferred to secure the absence of the party from Court, and gently hinted at parallel circumstances in the "Life of Queen Anne," published January 1st. Now, all that we can say is, that if the times are not very much changed, we can neither see any thing very improbable, or very improper, in an agreeable young nobleman being recalled to Court; and whatever the result, we pray God it may be for the happiness of all concerned.

*Frost and Railroads.*—The effect of the frost this winter has been such, upon the Brussels railway, near Antwerp, as to break many wheels and other portions of

iron-work, to the great delay of the trains; the tunnels of communication, likewise, between the towing path and the *tendeur* have been repeatedly blocked up by ice.

*Auber's* new opera of *Le Domino Noir*, recently brought out at Paris, is in preparation at three theatres. Covent Garden, St. James's, and one of the minors, the Olympic, has already produced its version with portions of the music. It is announced at the two latter houses under the designation of a musical burletta. The French journals speak in high terms both of the brilliant character of the music, and the interesting nature of the *libretto*, one of the best, say they, which has emanated from the inexhaustible *Scribe*. Carnival time will, therefore, usher in *four black dominos*.

*The Queen Dowager* continues in good health, and now enjoys her walks and drives at Hastings, where she intends to stay till March.

*Coronation Ceremonies.*—The coming spring, remarks a foreign journal, will most probably be dignified by extraordinary regal ceremonies. The coronation of the Queen of England is announced for that epoch, and about the same period that of the Emperor Ferdinand as King of Italy. But as the Archduke John of Austria purposes to be present at the coronation of Queen Victoria, it seems reasonable to conclude that between the two ceremonies there will be a sufficient interval of time in order that the lovers of this species of spectacle may transport themselves from one to the other.

*A Series of Morning Concerts* will commence on Monday the 4th inst., and continue daily at three o'clock, at the Argyle Rooms, Regent-street. The principal performers are the Distin family (a father and four sons), and the Rainer family (four brothers and a sister). Unlike other amusements, which pall upon the senses by frequent repetition, an agreeable musical society is likely to spring up from the opportunities thus so constantly afforded to the lovers of song and harmony.

*Countless Flocks of Birds*, having the appearance of fieldfares in the distance, passed over the north-eastern parts of the metropolis in a southerly direction at the end of the second week in January. So numerous were these winged fugitives from the bleak north, that they darkened the air like a cloud, and their transit occupied several minutes.

# DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES WHICH ACCOMPANY THE PRESENT NUMBER OF THE COURT AND LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.

## Plate, No. 3.

1st Bust. Dress of white satin, corsage *à pointe*, the front in three pieces. Short sleeves, plain at the shoulder, and in two short puffs, which fall as low as the elbow; the gathers of the sleeves are retained in two places by bands of coloured satin. Hair much parted on the brow, and falling in ringlets at the sides of the face, where it is intermingled with small bows of coloured ribbon. The long hair is dressed very far back on the head, in a thick braid, a little raised. A rosette bow of coloured ribbon with streaming ends is placed in the centre of the braid. Round the neck a gold cross is suspended from a firmly wrought hair chain. Long white kid gloves, tied at top.

2nd Bust. Dress of white cashmere; corsage *drapé croisé*, crossed in front, in folds which reach from the shoulder; the dress is retained in centre of the front by a cameo. Sleeves long, and full all the way down, with small bows at the shoulder. A third bow is placed in centre of the waist at front. Hair in long ringlets, *à l'Anglaise*, with a bunch of full-blown roses placed at the right side.

3rd Bust, gives the back hair of the foregoing figure. The hair is in small braids rolled at the back of the head, and a long braid reaches as far as the front hair on the left side, the opposite to where the flowers are placed. Short mantelet of satin, wadded and quilted, and trimmed all round with swansdown.

4th Bust. Dress of watered gros de Naples. Corsage plain, and half high, with a *revers* of embroidered blonde tulle. *Cap à la paysanne*, with a high plain caul, and a wreath of roses placed either round the crown, or beneath the border in front. Mantelet, the same as the one just described, except that the outside is in dark velvet.

Bonnet of quilted satin lined and wadded, the shape like a child's bonnet, with a small round crown, *no calotte*. Round the front, as well as round the crown, is a quilting of satin ribbon. A rosette bow is placed at one side.

Frill.—A bullion of tulle, in which a coloured ribbon is inserted.

Cap.—The same as that already described. This gives the back.

Ruff.—Consisting of a deep satin ribbon, to the edge of which a narrow blonde is sewed: this ribbon is quilled on to a band, the breadth of the throat, taking care that the quilled ribbon is deep at back, and as narrow as possible toward the front; at top is a double quilling of blonde tulle.

Revers and tucker for a low dress.—This revers is made of a bullion of plain blonde, gathered at each side to a satin piping. A deep fall of rich blonde is attached to the lower part of the bullion, and sits quite plain over the corsage; a bow of ribbon, with long ends, is placed in centre of the front.

Cuffs.—The first pair are made of satin, lined and wadded, with a deep quilling of ribbon, to the edge of which a narrow blonde is attached. The second pair is of tulle, with a ribbon inserted at the wrist.

Plate, No. 4. Fancy Costume — *Fée des Salons*.—This very splendid fancy costume, which is composed of spangled gauze, checked with gold stripes, is worn over a satin under-dress. It is beautifully ornamented with gold and silver embroidery, and a rich flounce, embroidered in gold, and set on in festoons. At each festoon is a bunch of coloured feathers, retained by bows of mixed coloured ribbons. The corsage is *à pointe*, with a frill of its own material (satin) at the waist. Short plain sleeves, with deep ruffles falling over the backs of the arms. The *nœuds de page* on the shoulders are to match the other bows. Gauze turban, ornamented with long ostrich feathers. Hair in ringlets. Gold and enamelled bracelets. Gauze veil, with a silver border, and tassels at the corners. Pink silk stockings. Green satin shoes.

This very splendid costume, with a trifling alteration, would make a very elegant ball dress.

Second Figure.—Page of the reign of King Charles the Seventh.

The present is a short month, and few persons will be disposed to make a sudden transition from rigid winter dress, although the weather is mild again, but next month we shall give a Paris letter, with full particulars for the season.



**Ferdinand Ries**, the composer and *maestro-di-capella*, the favourite pupil of the immortal Beethoven, died last month. The musical world will deplore his loss, which will not only be sensibly felt in Germany, but by foreign nations, which, equally with the native country of Ries, have duly appreciated his learned compositions.

**Death by the Fumes of Charcoal.**—The *Brighton Guardian* mentions that on Saturday, the 20th ultimo, five male servants at Sladeland, the seat of General Wyndham, went to bed in the same room,

leaving a quantity of charcoal burning. The gardener, in the morning, going there, and not receiving an answer, entered, and found them all dead in their beds. The cook, alone, appears to have slightly struggled. All persons will, it is hoped, take warning never to sleep in a room whilst charcoal is burning. By the Paris papers, it also appears, that a woman and her child were suffocated a few days back, from the fumes of lighted braise, which has not hitherto been considered to be of so dangerous a quality as charcoal.

## Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

### BIRTHS.

On the 16th, in Duchess-street, Portland-place, the lady of Robert Walter Carden, of a daughter.

On the 21st, at Llandough Castle, Glamorganshire, the lady of Philip Sheppard, Esq., of a son.

On the 20th, Lady Louisa Whitmore, of twin daughters.

Dec. 30th, at Walton, Lady Mordaunt, of a son.

On the 31st, in Portland-place, the lady of S. G. Smith, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 2d, the lady of T. M. Alsager, Esq., of Queen-square, Bloomsbury, of a daughter, still-born.

On the 7th, in Portland-place, the lady of P. Borthwick, Esq., M.P., of a daughter.

On the 7th, in Guildford-street, Lady Pollock, of a daughter.

On the 5th, at Heanton Satchville, Devon, the Right Hon. Lady Clinton, of a son.

At the residence of his Excellency the Commander in Chief, Madras, Sarah, wife of Captain Bowes Forster, of a son.

### MARRIAGES.

On the 1st, at Southwick, George Orred, Esq., of Pramene, in the county of Chester, to Matilda Thistlethwayte, daughter of Thomas Thistlethwayte, Esq., of Southwick Park, Hants.

On the 22d, at St. Luke's, Chelsea, Mr. Catchpole, of Regent-street, to Mrs. Tarrant, of King's-road, Chelsea.

On the 18th, at Hambledon Church, by the Rev. S. Butler, Captain Fitzgerald Gambier, R.N., second son of Sir James Gambier, to Hester, only daughter of Thomas Butler, Esq., of Bury Lodge, Hants.

### DEATHS.

On the 11th, at Scarborough, Yorkshire, Thomas Dowker Woodall, Esq., aged 32, deeply lamented by all who knew him.

On the 5th, at his seat, Melborne Hall, Yorkshire, Major-General Sir Henry Vavasour, Bart.

On the 10th, at Datchet, in her 18th year, Caroline Ellen, youngest daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Sir John Gore, K.C.B.

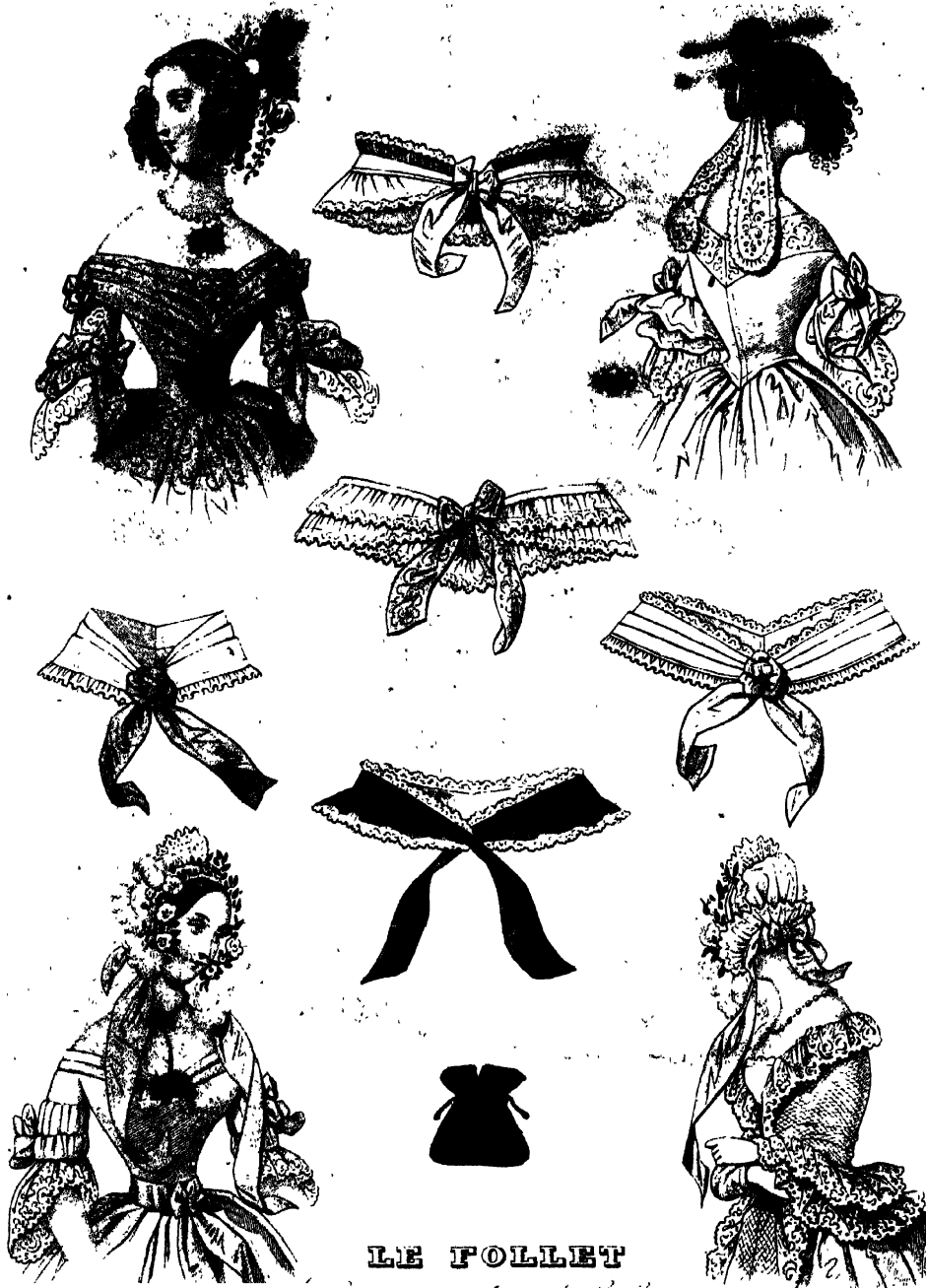
Colonel Moodie, whose untimely death by the hands of the rebels of Toronto, was a native of Dunfermline, Fifeshire; very early in life he joined the army; having seen much of the severest services of the late war, rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, having served all through Canada the short war of 1814. He acted with much bravery at the battle of Queenston, 1822; he resided at St. Andrews for the education of his family, 1835, took possession of a valuable and extensive tract of land he had just acquired near Toronto, leaving behind him his widow, two sons and three daughters.

Lord Gosford has issued a proclamation offering 2,000*l.* for the apprehension of the murderers of Lieutenant Weir, 32d regt. His remains were interred with military honours; all the ward and volunteer associations joined in the procession four deep, the most numerous ever seen in that country. The main street of the Quebec suburb was lined by the West Ward Volunteers, leaning on their arms, reversed. The bands of the 32d and Royal Regiments headed the procession, playing the appropriate dead march. The pall was borne by officers of the 32d regiment, behind whom were Sir John Colborne and every officer in the city who was not, at the time, on duty. Lieut. Weir was in his 29th year. 7,000 or 8,000 individuals attended the funeral. All the shops and counting-houses in the city were closed from one to three o'clock. The windows were crowded with females. The Rev. Mr. Esson officiated at the burying ground, and in beautiful language, which found a response in every breast, alluded to the untimely fate of this gallant young officer. The interment took place in the military portion of the Scotch burying ground in Queen Square. — Montreal, Dec. 9.

On the 5th, at his residence in Dorset square, José Augustin de Zigaur, Esq., of apoplexy, aged 54, universally regretted by all who knew him.

On the 18th, at his father's house in Grosvenor-place, in his 19th year, William, second son of Major-General Sir William C. Eustace, R.C.H.





**LE FOLLET**

*Courrier des Modes*

Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

*Coiffures inédites par M. Lacombe, Breveté des Cours de France et d'Angleterre, r. Eutimont, 32.*

*Peignes à papillottes de M. Cauvart, rue St. Denis, 28.*

*Bonnets garnis de Marabouts, Fichus, Cols, Mantelots et Sac, de M<sup>me</sup> Pottel, rue Richelieu, 95.*

*Heurs et Marabouts de Chagot, frères.*



LE FOLLET

*Journal des Salons.*

(8)

Modas de Long-champs.

*Chapeau en Pou de soie garni de dentelle des M<sup>mes</sup> d'Alvaradine.  
Capote en gros de Naples-Mantilet-Pale, en Organdi bordé de laine. Echurpe en tulle application  
des M<sup>mes</sup> de M<sup>me</sup> Follet, s. Richelieu, 95 - Fleurs et ligettes de Chagot frères*

1861, Boulevard S<sup>t</sup> Martin, 61.

*The Court and Lady's Magazine and Museum united, Dobbs & Co Publishers, 10 1/2, Carey street, Lincoln's Inn London.*



## DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ANNE,

(Copied from the Original Picture—scale, inch to a foot—in the Hall of the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, Knt.)

WHICH WAS PUBLISHED IN THIS WORK, JAN. 1, 1838.

*To be transposed here, when the volume is bound, in lieu of the Portrait of Queen Mary, which accompanies this Number.*

THE Majesty of England is here represented in regal robes. Her chesnut hair, of which, at the age of thirty-eight, she still had a luxuriant quantity, is disposed in natural tresses on her shoulders and bosom, in the style of the beauties of the reign of Louis XIV. ; it is surmounted with a light ornamental diadem, such as she wore at the banquet after the coronation, and not with the regal crown of England, which was too heavy to be long retained. The robe and boddice is of orange velvet, embroidered with gold ; the stomacher is formed of bands of black velvet studded with brilliants, over a facing of ermine which borders the boddice ; the train is festooned in front round the waist, and is of orange velvet, worked with gold, and bordered with ermine. The petticoat is of yellow satin, brocaded with silver, in horizontal bars. This style will remind our readers of the costumes of the Dauphiness-Duchess of Burgundy,\* and of the Duchess of Maine,\* who were contemporaries of Queen Anne.

The royal mantle is green velvet lined with ermine, and bordered with orange and gold. The sleeves of the boddice are remarkably elegant, and in the highest fashion of the present day ; tight on the shoulder, and finished with Brussel's lace ruffles. She wears the collar and jewel of the Garter, supported by loops of gold cord on the shoulders. She wears the Garter on her left arm, it is concealed by her ruffles, but a knot of blue ribbon notes where it is tied. Her necklace is a row of throat pearls. She holds the regal sceptre in one hand, and the ball in the other. The cordeliere worn round her waist, is a gold rope knotted with small tassels.

The choice of colours seems singular, orange and yellow being a very curious mixture : but taste in dress had nothing to do with the matter, every shred of the regal garments being a symbolical defiance to the Jacobite party. Orange was worn out of respect to the memory of William III. Yellow was the party colour of the Elector of Hanover, appointed the queen's successor, and green was the national colour of Holland. These colours were a pledge to the revolutionary party of 1688, that the queen was prepared to follow the steps of her immediate predecessors.

"The good Queen Anne" is an appellation not yet obsolete among the great mass of the English people, while her court was torn with the factions of a contending aristocracy, Anne Stuart was the monarch of the hearts of the populace, who have handed down to their descendants an affectionate traditional remembrance of their last Queen Regnant.

And yet with the exception of her sister, Queen Mary the 2d, there never existed a sovereign whose personal history was so little known to the world.

On the well known saying that the grandmother of Queen Anne was a washerwoman, perhaps a great part of her posthumous popularity with the lower classes is founded. We have already detailed in the memoir of her elder sister, Queen Mary, some particulars respecting the unequal marriage of her father, James Duke of York, with Miss Anne Hyde, the mother of Queen Anne ; but as popular tradition has connected the name of the last Queen peculiarly with this supposed grandmother, we have reserved for her memoir the anecdote on which the tradition seems founded.

The Cardinal Gonsalvi communicated

\* See their Portraits and Memoirs.  
F—VOL. XII.—MAY, 1838.

our edition of this story to the Marchese de Solari,\* as he heard it from the late Cardinal York ; there is, besides, an outline of it printed in a note of the Macpherson Stewart papers. That it is a genuine English story is certain, by the obsolete term " tub girl," for a brewer's female servant, now disused in England, and impossible to be known to either of the Cardinals or the Marchese.

During the first years of the civil wars between the Parliament and Charles the I., while Cromwell was yet a colonel of horse, he and his troopers fired the seat of Sir Thomas Aylsbury, a gentleman noted for his active loyalty ; and not contented with this destruction, they burnt the adjacent village, and massacred every person in it. Frances, the young and beautiful daughter of Sir Thomas, had fainted with the horror of seeing her family butchered, and in the tumult of the slaughter and plunder being supposed to be dead, was left among the bleeding bodies of her kindred and neighbours, and thus providentially saved from even perhaps a more dreadful fate. The poor young lady revived in the night, and finding herself surrounded by horror, fled from her ruined home, and the corpses of her friends ; and after some perilous wanderings on foot, arrived, exhausted and miserable, at the door of a public house in the suburbs of the metropolis. The publican and his wife having no children, and compassionating her forlorn state, took her in, and the beautiful and well born Frances Aylsbury was glad to accept the place of " tub girl" at this public house : the office of this functionary was to superintend the brewing vats, and to carry out the beer to the customers. Being of an energetic character, she accommodated herself so well to her change of fate, and took so lively an interest in the affairs of her protectors, that they began to grow rich, and their retail trade grew into an extensive brewery. At this time the wife of the publican died, and on her death bed strongly advised her husband to

marry Frances. He did so, and dying soon after, left the cavalier's daughter, a young and beautiful widow, immensely rich. When she was settling her affairs, she had occasion to obtain legal advice, and for that purpose went to the chambers of Edward Hyde, then practising as a barrister. Hyde fell in love with the fair widow, and being himself a widower, married her ; and their daughter, Anne Hyde, became Duchess of York, and mother to Mary the 2d, and Anne, Queens Regnant of Great Britain.

It is a great pity there are such stubborn things as dates to cast invalidity on so pretty a story ; but the age of Anne Hyde does not agree with this traditional anecdote ; but as it certainly had its source from the royal family of exiles, we give it as bearing a curious coincidence with the common English saying ; observing that there is a great mystery regarding the mother of Anne Hyde, which has never been properly elucidated.

Queen Anne was then the second daughter and fourth child of James Duke of York, and Anne Hyde, his first wife. She was born in St. James Palace, February 6th, 1665. She was soon after baptised according to the ritual of the Church of England, in the principal state room of that palace ; her elder sister, the Princess Mary, then a beautiful little girl of three years old, standing principal godmother for her baby-sister ; the other godmother was Anne Scott, the celebrated heiress of Buccleugh, lately married to the Duke of Monmouth. Dr. Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, was godfather for this favourite daughter of the church. If any inclination had been cherished to bias the infant mind of the Princess Anne to Catholicism, an apt opportunity presented itself in the year 1669, at which period, on account of her delicate health, the Lady Anne Stuart was sent to be resident on the coast of France for nearly two years. When her health amended, she returned to her father at St. James's. As her mother had professed herself a catholic convert just at the time the little Princess left her ; it is probable that the foresight of King Charles made him remove the infant Protestant from under the mother's in-

\* This lady, who was personally engaged in many of the scenes of the French revolution, and has been a great sufferer by it, has written some memoirs of singular interest.

fluence at that critical time. We cannot give, however, Charles the 2d, the least credit for a regard to the spiritual welfare of his nieces in thus guarding their religious principles, he evidently did so merely to preserve their right of succession to his crown.

The Princess Anne was confirmed by her tutor, Bishop Compton, at Whitehall Chapel,\* January 1676.

The Princess Anne lost her mother when she was about seven years old. Her uncle, Charles the Second, commanded that she should be brought up a Protestant, on account of political expediency; and her father, who was a zealous Catholic, declared that he permitted the same with great regret, and against his own conviction, but that he knew his dear children would be torn from him if he did not consent. The education of Anne was given to Henry Compton, Bishop of London, who had recently been a soldier; he was exceedingly zealous for the Church, and remarkable for his activity in converting Roman Catholics, but was a person of no learning; we must not, therefore, expect from such a preceptor the profound knowledge that distinguished the princesses of the royal family of the Tudors and Stuarts in the former century. The mind of Anne had not received the benefits of cultivation, and her natural capacity was very limited.

On the 28th of February, 1678, the King sent his brother an affectionate letter, recommending him to withdraw, and his Royal Highness, with his Duchess and young children, of whom the Princess Anne was the eldest, sailed for Holland, where he arrived March 12. The Prince and Princess of Orange, (Mary, who the year before had been married to her first cousin,) met James at the Hague, and a tender welcome passed between Anne and her eldest sister. The intercourse between James and his best beloved and most beautiful daughter Mary, was affectionate in the extreme: but one twelvemonth had elapsed since her separation from the paternal hearth, and her heart had not assumed the cold crust by which it was

afterwards steeled by ambition, against father, sister, and ties of blood.

James after this visit fixed his abode at Brussels, with the Princess Anne and his family, where the Princess had her own Protestant chaplains, and a place assigned for worship according to the practice of the Church of England; nor was she ever importuned to go, or ever went to mass with her father, as says the chronicler 'I have been assured by her Protestant servants,' but the whole family lived in the most perfect domestic harmony, as if there had been no difference between them in point of religion. We follow as to dates and chronological arrangement, the life of Anne by Somerville, occasionally illustrating his mere outline with extracts from the records of other authentic witnesses.

Somerville earnestly acquits James of the endeavour "to force the consciences of his daughters;" for where, he asks, if any undue authority had been exercised, could it have been better displayed than in Brussels, at Anne's tender age, and in a Catholic country?

In August 1670, the sudden illness of King Charles caused the return of his brother and niece; still it was considered advisable that James should remain at a distance from the Court: he took up his abode in Scotland; it did not please the people that this time he should have his daughter's society; but so vehement was her affection at that time for her indulgent parent, that she set off by sea to join him in the depth of winter, although her life had been in peril by storm at her return from Brussels the preceding year.

At the latter end of January, King Charles finding that absence did no good, sent for his brother and his family home, and the Princess returned with her father to their abode in St. James's, where she was residing with him when George the 1st came to England to woo her for his wife.

One of the first suitors of the Princess Anne was her successor George the First, then Prince of Hanover. He relinquished his suit to marry his unhappy cousin, Sophia of Zell. Lady Russell says, 1680:—"The Prince of Hanover is coming over to take our Lady Anne away. They say this young

\* Not the present chapel, which was then the banquetting house, but one pertaining to the palace, which was destroyed by fire.



Hanoverian is one of the handsomest and best bred men of the age, and spends at the academy (or college,) twenty thousand a year." This Prince must have greatly depreciated in person with age, since he is certainly an ill-favoured little man in his portraits taken when King of England.

The Princess Anne had, with her sister Mary, taken a part in Crowne's Masque of Calista, before her sister's marriage: about this time she performed before the Court the part of Semandra, in the tragedy of Mithridates; and one Mrs. Barry, an actress of infamous character, was her instructress in the part. After she was Queen, she settled a pension on the actress, whose improvidence had reduced her to distress.

Sarah Jennings, afterwards so celebrated as Duchess of Marlborough, had been placed in her twelfth year in the family of the Duchess of York, and had become the favourite friend and companion of the Princess Anne. At the age of eighteen she married Colonel Churchill, the favourite of the Duke of York. At the time of their marriage there were ten years difference in their ages.

It was the fashion in the 17th century, as it is in the 19th, for the nobility of England to seek literary distinction. Lord Sheffield, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, was a star among the literary nobles of that day. He had, with the assistance of Dryden, got a knack of rhyming, and by way of turning this talent to some account, made love in verse to the Princess Anne, who was pleased to smile very graciously upon him. Her favourite lady, Mrs. Churchill, jealously took the alarm, at the influence of a lover, who she naturally thought would limit her own boundless sway over the narrow capacity of the Princess. Actuated by these motives, she stole one of Lord Sheffield's sonnets, and put it into the hands of her husband, the favourite gentleman of the bedchamber to the Duke of York. Col. Churchill knew his master's weakness in regard to indulging his daughter in affairs of the heart; instead, therefore, of carrying this contraband article to the father of the Princess, he took it to her uncle, King Charles. The politic Prince took no notice to his

niece, but forbade Lord Sheffield the Court: and the enamoured Lady Anne was forthwith betrothed to Prince George of Denmark, who had previously been a visitor at her uncle's Court. The young Princess was in despair, and made a confidante of the very lady who had betrayed her love. Sarah artfully diverted the mind of the young Princess to the comely suitor provided for her by her affectionate uncle, and on the arrival of the royal Dane, the obedient Lady Anne transferred her love to her betrothed, and never for a moment swerved in her conjugal affection.

On her marriage, the favourite Mrs. Churchill was appointed her lady of the bedchamber in her new establishment; the Princess never discovered how she had traversed her first love, and the power of Sarah was from that time supreme over her royal mistress, until a late period of her life.

Sheffield nevertheless always affected to consider himself as the favoured lover of the young Princess, from whom he was torn by the violence of royal power. He married the half sister of Anne, who was a noted character in her day, as Catherine Duchess of Buckingham. He never forgave King Charles the part he took in this business, and it is to his pen we owe the most virulent character of this Prince, whose faults had little need of aggravation. Still it is a proper task for a biographer to trace the motives of historians.

George of Denmark, was the son of Frederic the Third, King of Denmark, by Sophia Amelia of Lunenburg; he was born on the 21st of April, 1653. He had paid a visit to Charles the 2d, in 1669, and obtained the good will of that monarch; in 1677, Prince George distinguished himself by an action of heroic bravery at the battle of Lunden, where his King and brother, Christian the 5th, was totally defeated and taken prisoner by the Swedes. George, by a desperate charge, cut his way through the victorious troops, and rescued the captive monarch, at the imminent peril of his own life. This brave action recommended him to the English, although he was totally destitute of fortune. Bravery, protestantism, and good temper, were all he had to recommend

him to the Princess Anne. Totally destitute of wordly goods, he was maintained by the British government.

The death of the uncle of the Princess Anne, and the accession of her father in 1685, brought her a step nearer to that throne which began to be considered as a possible attainment by Anne, and her two ambitious favourites Churchill and his wife. James the 2d, who had advanced Churchill from obscurity and poverty, had an entire reliance on his gratitude and affection, and saw, therefore, his influence, through his wife, over the feeble mind of Anne, not only without distrust, but with positive pleasure.

Had this man, who is the same with the over-praised Duke of Marlborough, possessed a particle of manly feeling or moral worth, he would have shown the deepest resentment at the infamous preferment of his sister Arabella, the avowed mistress of James, instead of building his advancement on her infamy. His marriage with the cleverest and most beautiful woman of the age, Sarah Jennings, opened to him a new source of ambition, in her boundless influence over her royal mistress, only to be compared to that of Leonora Galligai\* over the feeble ancestress of the Princess Anne, the Queen Regent of France, Marie de Medici.\* But the English pair of favourites had the advantage of surpassing personal beauty, and were natives of the country they had to act in. Churchill was the son of a gallant old cavalier, of excellent family, impoverished by his loyalty. James's ungrateful dishonour of his daughter, (for seduction it cannot be called,) and the infamous compliance of her brother, broke the brave old gentleman's heart. During the sincere and passionate penitence of James for these sins of his youth, he acknowledged that his punishment, by the means of Churchill, was a just retribution. Churchill at the time of his preferment could scarcely read, and he never could spell, and his knowledge of English history, as he most naively avowed, was entirely drawn from seeing Shakspeare's plays. Nevertheless, he abounded in native talent for diplomacy, as well as being

naturally a surpassing military genius, without any very great personal intrepidity.

His wife was an extraordinary genius: if questioned as to the magic by which she held her influence over Anne, she could have answered like Leonora, "by the power of a strong mind over a weak one." Sarah, however, had the advantage of a most lovely person, while Leonora was ugly. Sarah's affections were exclusively devoted to her very handsome husband, and his to her; their views were one and the same,—alike ambition and avarice were the springs that moved those linked souls in the most perfect unanimity of self-interest. Leonora and her partner, on the contrary, were for ever quarrelling when they were not united in the performance of mischief; and hence their downfall. It is impossible to give the reader any notion of the personal history of Queen Anne, without displaying the springs by which she was moved in her conduct. For Sarah and her partner governed her afterwards in this country with an absolute dictatorship that lasted with great success and public satisfaction, till England was utterly exhausted by paying for Marlborough's continental victories.

The Princess Anne led a happy married life with her consort, who was so well suited to her, and she appears to have been on excellent terms with her mother-in-law, Queen Marie of Modena, till there was reason to suppose that this Queen would add to the numerous family she had already borne; every one of these children had died in their infancy, leaving the two daughters of James the 2d heiresses to the English throne. The Princess Anne went to Bath for her health, during the spring of the year 1688, and without any quarrel, assumed distant terms with her mother-in-law. She appeared ready to believe and listen to every one around her, who insinuated that the bigotry of her father meditated disinheriting his daughters, by imposing on the country a supposititious infant as the male heir of the British throne. The letters of the Princess Anne to her sister designate her father as Mansell, and his wife by another name: this correspondence is discreditable to both princesses.

We have the testimony of a person who ought to be considered an impartial witness, in regard to the unbecoming conduct of the Princess Anne as a woman and a daughter after the birth of her unfortunate young brother. This was none other than her own uncle, the son of the great Lord Clarendon. It was not natural that this nobleman should be so insensible to the aggrandizement of his sister's children, without the most apparent truth had dictated his pen. Clarendon was an ardent protestant of the old true Church of England caste : he had just been superseded by his bigoted brother-in-law King James, from the vice-regal office in Ireland, where he was governing with great humanity and wisdom. He had, moreover, no reason to take the part of the King and Queen against his sister's children, and yet on the whole, his love of justice seems to have been less outraged by the conduct of his brother-in-law than of his nieces. We make our extracts from his journal just at the time when public feeling was in a great state of effervescence regarding the birth of the unhappy Prince, who seemed destined to disinherit the children of Anne Hyde.

"In the morning I waited on the Princess Anne of Denmark ; she presently fell to talk of her examinations concerning the birth of the Prince of Wales, and told me "I had heard a deal of fine discourse at council," and made herself very merry with the whole affair. She was dressing, and all her women about her, many of whom put in their jests. I was amazed at this behaviour, and thought fit not to say anything about it at present, but I whispered to her Royal Highness, whether she would give me leave to speak to her in private. She said 'it grew late, and she must make haste to be ready for prayers, but I might come at any time to her, except that afternoon ;' so I went home. In the evening my brother was with me. I told him all this concerning the Princess, and wished he would go and talk with her, but he said it would signify nothing.

"Oct. 27.—In the afternoon I waited on the Princess, but she had no mind to speak to me, making one excuse or other. I fancy she has no mind to talk to me.

I asked her if she had any letters from the Princess of Orange? She said, 'No, she had not for a good while, and that her sister never wrote on these matters.' At that time they were writing to each other almost hourly. In further passages we find that her uncle was determined she should hear what he thought of the behaviour of her servants in their ribald mockings of her father. In the afternoon I waited upon the Princess ; she was in her closet, but quickly came to me. She said that she was very sorry she had disappointed me so often, and asked me now what I had to say?

"I told her I was extremely troubled and surprised the other day to hear her Royal Highness speak so slightly of the Prince of Wales's affairs, and suffer her women to make their jests upon it."

"She replied, 'surely I could but hear the common rumours concerning him.'"

"I said, 'I did indeed hear very strange rumours, as every one who lived in the world did.'"

In another week the Prince of Orange lauded at Torbay.

At this crisis, the husband of the princess, George of Denmark, marched with King James and the royal army to oppose the Prince of Orange in the West, leaving the princess at her apartments at the Cockpit, St. James's Palace. The coup de grace of the king's misfortunes appears to be the desertion of Prince George of Denmark and the Princess Anne, and the trusted favourite, Lord Churchill, afterwards the Duke of Marlborough. This event is alluded to among the letters of Lady Rachel Russell.

"We have no news of the princess, but hope she is safe. It is said there was an order issued to have secured her. The Prince George of Denmark made his escape with the Duke of Ormonde much after the same manner. He supped with the king (James) on Saturday night, and went to bed, but soon rose again ; it is said that at table he made it his business to condemn those that were gone, saying how little such people were to be trusted."

Burnet says :—

"Then he (King James) lost both head and heart at once, when the Lord Churchill and the Duke of Grafton left him and went and joined the prince at

Exminster, twenty miles on that side of Exeter. After this he knew not on whom he could depend. Soon after, Prince George, the Duke of Ormonde, and the Lord Drumlanerick, the eldest son of the Duke of Queensberry, left King James, and came over to the Prince of Orange.

"When this news came to London, the Princess Anne was so struck with the apprehensions of her father's displeasure, and of the ill effects it might have, that she said to Lady Churchill, that 'she could not bear the thoughts of it, and would leap out of the window rather than bide it.'

"The Bishop of London was then lodged very secretly in Suffolk Street. So the Lady Churchill, who knew where he was, went to him, and concerted with him the method of the princess's withdrawing from court. The princess went to bed sooner than ordinary. And about midnight she went down a backstairs from her closet attended only by the Lady Churchill."

The Earl of Dorset, lately lord chamberlain, waited for them at the Bishop of London's lodgings, and escorted them to his house near Hyde Park. It was very wet and muddy, and at Hyde Park Corner the Princess Anne lost her shoe, which stuck in the mud, and in the dark Lord Dorset could not find it. In this dilemma he drew off his white leather fringed glove, which had a high cuff and was a much more solid affair than gloves, even of lord chamberlains, usually are, in these days; this glove Lord Dorset contrived to fasten on the princess's foot as a substitute for her lost shoe; and, after much laughing and leaning on him, she arrived, hopping, at his house, where his lady furnished her with all things necessary; as, in the hurry of their flight, Lady Churchill had not brought away the least thing, either for herself or the princess.

The Earl of Dorset conducted the princess to Northampton, where a small army gathered round her; this force chose to be commanded by the Bishop of London, whereat Burnet seems to be not a little scandalized. The Bishop of Sarum does not mention the particulars, however: we are, however, able

to give the description of this curious scene from a less public source:—

*Letter from Dr. Smith, of Oxford, to Sir W. Hayward.*

"December 16, 1688.

"The news we have received last week has been astonishing; but, in the midst of all these great revolutions, we look upon it as very providential that the king (James) is returned to Whitehall, which I hope will tend both for the benefit of the king and people; for now there will be a regular and well constituted parliament, and laws framed and enacted according to due and ancient form.

"Yesterday the Princess Anne came hither, and was received by the university and town with all imaginable joy, honour, and triumph. Sir J. Laniér's regiment of horse, here quartered, went out to meet her. The Earl of Northampton came in at the head of a great body of horse, both of gentlemen and militia men of two or three counties; but immediately before the coach of her highness, the Bishop of London (Henry Compton, brother to the Earl of Northampton) in a military habit, blue cloak, and pistols in his holsters; his naked sword in his hand—his colours purple, with motto in gold embroidered thereon,—*Nolimus Leges Angliæ Mutari*,—rode at the head of a troop of noblemen and gentlemen. The whole cavalcade consisted of about eleven or twelve hundred horse. At Christ Church the princess was received by the chancellor, vice-chancellor, and doctors in their scarlet; the vice complimenting her in an English speech."

Much in the right, for Anne would never have understood their Latin; her preceptor, Henry Compton, not being quite so learned a man as Elizabeth's pedagogue, Ascham, although his zeal for the church showed itself in most bellicose style. The best excuse for these unpastoral doings is, that Henry Compton had been bred a soldier, and had not been ordained till he was turned of thirty.

These things put King James into inexpressible confusion; he saw himself now forsaken, not only by those whom he had trusted, and forwarded most, but even by his own children.

We now take up Dalrymple's account.

"As for the Prince of Denmark, he had so very mean an opinion of his abilities and principles, that he declared, when he heard of his defection, that the loss of a good efficient corporal or serjeant, was much more injurious. Whenever his father-in-law mentioned any defection, which was a very common case, while the scale was dubious between him and the Prince of Orange, Prince George had a custom of saying, '*Est il possible!*' This exclamation was very usually on his lips, when the Earl of Feversham announced to King James, the desertion of the Prince of Denmark, the king merely repeated, contemptuously, '*Est il possible,* is gone after the rest;' but when he heard of the flight of his tenderly loved child, the Princess Anne, he smote his breast, and said, 'God help me, mine own child forsakes me, and arrays herself with mine enemies!'"

Further particulars of the proceedings of the Princess Anne's party, during her flight, are communicated by an eye-witness,—Colley Cibber, who, though a monstrous coward, was in arms for his country, in the revolution of 1688; he says:—

"We had not been many days at Nottingham before we heard that the prince of Denmark, with some other great men, were gone off from the king, to the prince of Orange, and that the princess Anne, fearing the king her father's resentment might fall for her consort's revolt, had withdrawn herself in the night from London, and was then within half a day's journey of Nottingham, on which very morning we were suddenly alarmed with the news, that two thousand of the king's dragoons were in close pursuit to bring her back to London. But this alarm, it seems, was all stratagem, and was but a part of that general terror which was thrown into many other places about the kingdom, at the same time to animate and unite the people in their common defence; it being given out that the Irish were every where at out heels, to cut off all the protestants within the reach of their fury. In this alarm our troops scrambled to arms, in as much order as our consternation would admit of, when, having advanced

some few miles on the London road, they met the princess in a coach, attended only by the lady Churchill, (afterwards Duchess Dowager of Marlborough,) and Lady Fitzharding, whom they conducted to Nottingham, through the acclamations of the people. The same night all the noblemen, and other persons of distinction, supped with the Princess Anne, at her Royal Highness's table, all expenses being furnished by the Earl of Devonshire. The noble guests being more in number than attendants out of livery could be found for, I being well known in Lord Devonshire's family, was desired by his lordship's maitre d'hotel to assist at it, (viz. wait as footman.) The post assigned me was, to see what the lady Churchill called for. Being so near the table, you may naturally ask me what I might have heard to have passed in conversation at it, had I attended to above two words that were uttered there, and those were, "some wine and water." These, I remember, came distinguished to my ear, because they were uttered by the first guest whom I took such pleasure to wait on. Except that single sound, all my senses were collected into my eyes, which during the whole entertainment wanted no better amusement than the delight of gazing on the fair object near me. Now to give you, sir, a further proof of the good taste my first hopeful entrance to manhood set out with, I remember above twenty years after, when the same lady had given to the world four of the loveliest daughters that were ever gazed upon, and even after they were all nobly married, and were become the reigning toasts of every party of pleasure, their still lovely mother had, at the same time, her votaries."

Notwithstanding the contempt in which the fulsome writer is justly held, this was a true picture of the mover of all the Princess Anne's actions. We form always the notion of the Duchess of Marlborough from the tory histories of Queen Anne, as a masculine intriguer, with as few feminine charms of person as of mind.

Jan. 17, 1689.—"In the afternoon I was with the princess of Denmark. I told her of the discourses of the town, that the prince of Orange and her sister

were to be crowned king and queen, and that it was said she had consented to it, that it should be so. To which she said, 'she was sure she had given no consent to have it said that she had consented to any thing, and she never would consent to any thing that would be for the prejudice of herself and children;' she added, 'that she knew very well the commonwealth party was very busy, but she hoped the honest party would be most prevalent in the convention, and would not suffer wrong to be done to her.' I asked her, 'if she thought her father unjustly deposed?' to which she replied:—

"Those were too great points for her to meddle with, that she was sorry the king had brought things to the pass they were at, but she was afraid it would not be safe for him ever to return again.' I asked, 'what she meant by that?' to which she replied—'nothing.'

"I then told her, 'I hoped her Royal Highness would not be offended with me if I took the liberty to tell her, that many good people were extremely troubled to find that she seemed no more concerned for her father's misfortunes: that people who were with her in her late progress took notice, that when news came of the king her father being gone, she seemed not at all moved, but called for cards, and was as merry as she used to be.

"To which she said, 'they did her wrong to make such reflections on her actions; but it was true she called for cards, because she had been used to play, and she never loved to do any thing that looked like an affected constraint.' I answered, 'that I was very sorry that her Royal Highness should think, that showing a trouble for the king her father's misfortunes, should be interpreted an *affected constraint*; that I was afraid such behaviour injured her much less in the opinion of the world, even with her father's enemies.' She was not one jot moved.

"After the second departure of James, forced from his palace by the Dutch guards, Bevil Higgins gives a pathetic contrast between his fortunes and the behaviour of the Princess Anne. The old king was carried down the river on a most tempestuous day, not without

some danger; and while he was thus exposed to the mercy of the elements and an actual prisoner under a guard of Dutchmen, that very moment his daughter the Princess of Denmark, with her great favorite Lady Churchill, (afterwards Duchess of Marlborough,) both covered with orange ribbons, got into her father's coaches, and escorted by his guards, went in triumph to the play-house."—*Journal of Lord Clarendon.*

The next historical anecdote relates to the conversation the Princess Anne had with Mrs. Dawson, who was present at the birth of her infant brother. The princess, while dressing for her brother-in-law and sister's coronation, seems to have had compunctious visitings of conscience, further increased by the news that her father had just landed in Ireland with some chance of success. She asked Mrs. Dawson, 'whether the child that was called her brother, was really the queen's son.' To which Mrs. Dawson answered, 'as much as you are the late duchess's daughter, for I was present at the birth of both of you.'

At the coronation of William and Mary, Prince George of Denmark was created Duke of Cumberland, and given precedence before all other peers; he was likewise naturalized as an English denizen, a step that had never before been taken.

The July after the coronation, the Princess Anne gave birth to a healthful and promising son, who, unlike his numerous brothers and sisters, seemed as if he would live to inherit the crown the English Legislature had entailed upon him.

The young prince was born July 24th, 1689; he was baptized on the 27th, by the names of William Henry, and his uncle gave him the title of Duke of Gloucester. This infant, who was the hope of England, was tenderly beloved by his uncle; whose kindest trait of character, was a doting love for little children, to whom his severity would unbend in the most pleasing manner. Lady Fitzharding was his governess, whom we have seen accompanying his mother on her retreat to Nottingham.

The birth of this child, made Anne a person of great consequence in the

kingdom, and without the knowledge of King William, and her sister, she applied to Parliament for a pecuniary settlement; without a dissentient voice she was granted 50,000*l.* per annum. This measure enraged her brother-in-law, and filled the breast of her sister, Queen Mary, with such irreconcilable enmity, that she never forgave the Princess Anne.

The contumacity of this bold stroke at independence, was rightly judged on the Princess Anne's two directors, Lord and Lady Churchill, who were then advanced to the earldom of Marlborough, and invested with loads of honours and places as rewards for their share in the revolution. King William sent for all the earl's insignia of office. Queen Mary gave Lady Marlborough an ignominious denial of the court, and both joined in commanding the removal of the pair from the confidence and person of the Princess Anne, who was firm in retaining them. An anecdote is told at this juncture, of the degrading state of dependence in which the Princess Anne was placed, with regard to her domestication with her brother and sister-in-law. She had no separate, and in fact, no supply at all, of food, but what she took at their table, and in their company. The April before the birth of the Duke of Gloucester, the Princess had a most craving desire to eat some green peas; with great care and trouble, a very small dish was procured, and placed before the Princess Anne, but the moment they were uncovered, William with true Dutch manners, seized the dish, drew it before him, and without the ceremony of transference of the contents on his plate, took a table spoon, and devoured the whole of the green peas before the eyes of the young mother, whose disappointment was severe enough to occasion her being removed from table in fainting fits. In the true spirit of the times, this piece of boorishness was attributed to a pre-imagined plot against the health of the princess, when it was most likely only the result of absence, and piggish disregard of the decencies of the table.

This story, and many others, would tend to show that William III. was no sacrificer to the Graces, widened the breach between Anne and Mary, and

made their separation as complete as if the Princess Anne had followed her father to St. Germain's. Certainly, if Anne gave no other offence than begging a sustenance from Parliament, the hatred of Mary does not appear very Christian-like. We follow Burnet, the queen's spiritual adviser, who declares there was none other cause.

We subjoin the following from the notes to Swift's *Four Last years of Queen Anne*.—

"In 1692, on the difference which the Princess Anne had with King William and his queen, occasioned by her warm attachment to the Duchess of Marlborough, she quitted the Cockpit, St. James's, and accepted the Duke of Somerset's offer of Sion House, for a temporary residence. The Duke of Marlborough, then earl, was soon after committed to the Tower, on suspicion of being concerned in a plot.

"The princess falling in labour at Sion House, was visited in her illness, by the queen; a remarkable account of this visit is related by the Duchess.

"Queen Mary not deigning to inquire after her sister's health, saluted her thus: 'I have made the first step by coming to you, and I now expect you should make the next, by removing my Lady Marlborough.'

"The Princess Anne answered that, 'She had never in her life disobeyed her, except in that one particular, which she hoped, would some time or other, appear as unreasonable to her majesty, as it did to her.'

"Queen Mary went away, without even having once taken her sister by the hand."

From the time of this division, Anne and her two advisers opened a correspondence with the royal exile, her father. This was commenced by Marlborough sending a penitential letter to James, betraying Admiral Russell's plans at La Hogue. This was denied by the historians of the last century; but time, which brings all things to light, has displayed the autograph correspondence of Marlborough with his old master. Those who wish to see the proofs of the villany of this threefold traitor, may consult Dr. Clarke's work, so often alluded to. Marlborough's letter was followed by a very penitent

one from the princess; King James required, as a proof of her sincerity, that the princess should restore to her brother, if ever it came in her power, the birthright of which she had deprived him. This mistaken idea of considering a monarchy as a private estate, solely to conduce to the grandeur and enjoyment of one person, was indeed a trifling request.

But the death of Queen Mary, healed the feud between Anne and William. The princess returned to court, was treated in a brotherly manner by the king, who gave her the jewels of the late queen, and appointed the Earl of Marlborough governor to the young heir of England, and Bishop Burnet his preceptor.

The duke of Gloucester was a sickly child, much lauded by his instructors; he commanded a little regiment of boys, and showed like his uncle, an exclusive preference for military affairs, and like him, disliked the fine arts. Painting, music, and dancing, were his aversion, which traits were considered by the Dutch court of his uncle, exceedingly promising. This promise was cut off in early blossom, five days after his eleventh birthday, July, 1700; he died of a sore throat, and rash fever, occasioned by an imprudent participation in the festivities of his birthday. The famous humourist, Dr. Radcliffe, the Abernethy of his day, who was malcontent with the government, was called in too late, he declared, to save his royal patient.

In all accounts of the death of this young prince, the writers of the day cast the greatest blame on the eccentric Dr. Radcliffe, whose only fault, was, however, not going till the Princess Anne sent for him, which was, he declared, too late for any beneficial purpose.

The quarrel of the Princess with this celebrated man, originated in the following circumstance. Radcliffe had a peculiar dislike to wasting his time on ladies' fancies, and whether the valetudinarian was a common councilman's lady, or a princess, it mattered not to him, he always spoke his mind. One day the Princess Anne sent for him, when he was either more usefully, or

more pleasantly engaged, and he sent back her messenger saying,

"Nonsense, I saw the princess yesterday, and by him that made me, nothing ails her, excepting a slight fit of the vapours."

Nor would he go to the princess, or send her any physic, which so much incensed her, that she would never see him again, till the Duke of Gloucester was seized with his fatal illness, and then Radcliffe told her the prince had been improperly treated, and that he came too late. It was the fashion of that court to employ medical men who wrote poems and political squibs, such as Sir Richard Blackmore, and Sir Samuel Garth.

Burnet declares, that the Princess Anne saw the death of her only son with singular composure. In little more than a year after, King James II. was released from existence; he left his blessing to the princess, on the before-mentioned condition. There was a great perplexity among the household of the royal family, as there was no court mourning ordered for King James, how to act on this occasion. King William went in mourning for his uncle, and then the Princess Anne followed his example, but her tardiness is reflected on, by her uncles, Lords Clarendon and Rochester.

The false step of William the Third's sorrel pony placed the Princess Anne on the throne of Great Britain, and her favorites the Earl and Countess of Marlborough in the plenitude of executive power.

There was the usual rush of courtiers to greet the rising sun; and at the crowded levee of the new sovereign, her former lover, the Marquis of Normanby, afterwards the Duke of Buckingham, made his appearance among the first of the arrivals. He assumed all the airs of a favourite; and when Queen Anne, by way of conversation, observed to him that it was a very fine day. He answered with a low bow and significant emphasis:—

"That it was the finest day he ever saw in his life!"

On the 23rd of March the queen went in regal state to open Parliament. The colours of her dress, worn on that



great occasion, were chosen as pledges of her inclination to preserve the same line of politics with her predecessor. Her green robe, lined with orange, showed the colours of Nassau and Orange, and her yellow brocaded petticoat displayed her attachment to the Hanover succession. This Parliament immediately settled a pension of 100,000*l.* per annum with the palace at Winchester in reversion, on Prince George of Denmark, in case he should survive his royal consort. The first act of the queen's regal authority was to appoint the prince High Admiral of England; an office which he undertook to his own sorrow and, as Burnet shows, the injury of the British fleet.

The coronation of the queen took place with peculiar splendour the succeeding month to her accession. Sovereigns, in those stormy times, did not wait tranquilly for a twelvemonth before the oaths of allegiance were tendered by the British nobles, spiritual and temporal. Prince George received no further honors, at the coronation of his regal partner, than those he possessed as the first peer of Great Britain: in that capacity he was the first to tender the queen the oath of homage and the kiss of peace; he had the privilege of kissing

the queen's cheek, when the other peers only kissed the queen regnant's hand.

At the coronation banquet Prince George was disposed to make a night of it, by drinking the new sovereign's health in potations, such as was customary in those times, royally deep. Her majesty, whose habits were very domestic, and who had been greatly fatigued with the arduous day, signified that it would be good for him to retire to rest, but Prince George grew still more jovial. The lord High Chamberlain signified to him that the queen was tired.

"I shall not go till she commands me," replied the prince; "we have changed stations now; she is my queen, and must always issue her command, before I obey."

"Well then, George," said the queen, laughing and rising from her throne in Westminster Hall; "I command you to retire."

The prince gave her his arm, and the loving pair withdrew from the scene of regal magnificence.

In completing these memoirs we shall give further anecdotes of these illustrious personages, and those curious times of romantic England.

*The Armenians have a singular custom of walking one after the other, seniority taking precedence; the mother going first, the daughters then following, according to age.*

*The Burial Ground of the Turks present one curious feature: on their tombstones something is engraved as a representation of some instrument or tool which indicates their trade or profession, such as a pair of scissors, meaning that the defunct was a tailor; a yard measure for a draper, and a pair of compasses for an architect.*

*The Cemetery to the West of Pera, called Le Petit Champ de Mort, is very extensive; the view from parts of it delightful. I could never pass by this commanding spot without stopping awhile to admire the beautiful prospect before me. The fine tall cypresses, which formed the foreground, the channel in which were riding majestic ships of the line; beyond, Constantinople, and in the extreme distance, the sea of Marmora, which is seen behind the great capital, looking almost like a bright cloud hanging over*

it; and one might be deceived in imagining it was so, were it not for the vessels which are seen skinning along its glassy-looking sheet of water.

In this cemetery are situated some of the handsomest houses of the merchants of Peru, and also are to be found the most rugged groups of Turkish cottages tumbling to decay: all that is desolate to live in, all that is desolate to sketch. Broad walks, narrow paths, running streams, hill and dale, all are to be found in this same cemetery; and several grotesque little sort of temples or chapels richly ornamented; marble fountains, an immense variety of tombstones of all the different descriptions that invention could devise; different sorts of trees are here, sometimes mingled with cypresses, amongst which some mouldering remains appear of mosques and minarets, bounded as it is by the turretted old Genoese walls of Galata, with the very picturesque slopes, &c. altogether combine to render this cemetery one of the most interesting spots I know.



*Continuation of the Joint Memoirs of KING, WILLIAM, and MARY, and QUEEN ANNE, commenced in January, whose portraits embellish three numbers of the present half-yearly volume.*

*The Portrait of QUEEN ANNE was published in January.*

"Then the Commons agreed that the prince and princess should be king and queen, but that the prince should have the sole administration in his hands; that the princess should be no subject, neither as Queen Catherine (of Braganza) or Queen Mary (of Modena) were, but a sovereign queen, and her name put in every thing; but still be in the management of affairs. This they agreed upon, and so did the Lords; then they went to grievances, (that is) the too great power of the crown. After they had agreed upon what power to give the king, and what to take away from him, (the particulars of which I cannot tell you,) my Lord Halifax, who is chairman, went to the Banqueting House, where the prince and princess were, and made them a short speech, desiring them in the name of all the Lords to accept the crown. The prince answered in a few words, and the princess made curtsies. They say when they named her father's faults, she looked down as if she were troubled; then Mr. Povle, the speaker of the House of Commons, showed the prince what they had agreed on, but made no speech. After this ceremony was ended, they proclaimed them King and Queen of England. Many of the churchmen would not have it done that day because it was Ash Wednesday. I was at the sight, as you may suppose, very much pleased to see *Ormanzor* and *Phenixana* proclaimed King and Queen of England, in the room of King James, my father's murderer. There were wonderful acclamations of joy, which though they were very pleasing to me, yet they frightened me too, for I could not but think what a dreadful thing it is to fall into the hands of the rabble—they are such a strange sort of people. At night I went to court with my Lady Devonshire, and kissed the queen's hand and the king's also. There was a world of bonfires and candles, in almost every house, which looked extremely pretty. The king applies himself mightily to business, and is wonderfully admired for his great wisdom and prudence

in ordering all things. He is a man of no presence, but looks very homely at first sight; but if one looks long at him he has something in his face both wise and good. But as for the queen, she is really altogether very handsome, her face is agreeable, and her shape and motions extremely graceful and fine. She is tall, but not so tall as the last queen. Her room was mighty full of company, as you may guess."

This epistle has the advantage of conveying to the mind of the reader a complete picture of the habits of the day.

On the day of the coronation of William and Mary, news arrived that King James had landed in Ireland. And, according to the following quotation from the letter of her father, Mary taunted her lord and master sharply that he had left the king in a situation to trouble them; 'although it is recorded in the authorities we have quoted that Mary had kept up a most affectionate correspondence with her father every post day, even to the hour when her husband (invited so to do) embarked to invade his dominions. The autographs are still in existence to confirm this dreadful anecdote. We give our authority in *King James's own words* :—

"The Prince of Orange was hugely surprised at this news: on which occasion the Princess of Orange (as the king *had from good authority*) seeing her husband in great trouble at the news, told him—'He might thank himself by letting the king go as he did.' When the king heard this, and perceived that his own children had lost the bowels not only of filial affection but of common compassion, and that they were as ready as the rest of the Jewish tribe to remove him from the face of the earth, it was the more grievous, because the hand from which he received it was the most dear to him. This news coming just before their coronation, it put a damp upon those joys which had left no room in her heart for the remembrance of a fond and loving father, but like another Tullia, under the notion of sacri-

ficing all to her country's liberty, she sacrificed her honour, duty, and conscience to drive out a peaceful Tullius."

Queen Mary was crowned by the hands of her tutor, Compton, Bishop of London, as queen regnant; a sceptre, globe, and crown were made for her of peculiar richness; these regalia are shown with the rest of the crown jewels. The coronation of Queen Mary took place on the 11th of April, 1689.

Of the seven bishops imprisoned by King James for refusing to read what Goldsmith's *School History* emphatically calls "King James's tyrannical proclamation for liberty of conscience," only two took the oaths to the new powers.

No sooner than Mary had arrived in England, she sent to ask the blessing of Sancroft, the apostolic Archbishop of Canterbury. Whether her adoration of the church ritual made her consider the blessing of the primate peculiarly efficacious, or whether it was a political feeler put out to ascertain the part he meant to act, we are in doubt. The answer was a stern one—

"Let her first ask her father's blessing, without that mine will not be heard in heaven."

The primate then refused to take the oaths to William and Mary. Ten days after the required blessing the queen sent him a legal instrument to repel him from Lambeth. Sancroft resisted this authority, as derived from usurped power, but was finally removed by force, to make way for the new archbishop of Mary's nomination.

On the deprivation of Archbishop Sancroft, Mary recollected the benefaction of money and plate which Dean Tillotson had brought to the inn at Canterbury, when William first tried the strength of his party by an application to the corporation of Canterbury for money. Notwithstanding Tillotson's former Presbyterian ministration, Mary made him primate of *our* church; and England, in that time of sudden transition, saw, without astonishment, a nephew and pupil of Oliver Cromwell on the archiepiscopal seat of *the established religion*. Tillotson was a man of good private character, well meaning, and skilled in the controversial arguments of the day, in polemic matters, but not of sufficient power of mind to meet the extreme difficulties of his violent eleva-

tion in such a tumultuous time; and this step upwards laid him prematurely in his grave, three years after his taking office. Literally speaking, he was tormented to death with striving to stem and calm the animosities of furious contending factions. He was buried with all the pomp of a primate, while the deprived Sancroft retired to a little patrimonial estate in Suffolk of fifty pounds per annum, where he calmly and piously passed his span of days, and when death laid a gentle and welcome hand upon his saintly life, at the ripe age of eighty-seven; he was humbly buried, at his own request, beneath the peaceful green turf of a Suffolk churchyard.\*

Let not our readers suppose that we are advocating the cause of some primate who cast a longing look of affection towards the corruptions of the Roman Catholic church, and therefore preferred deprivation, as if apparently for the sake of James II. Sancroft suffered imprisonment in the Tower, and a trial for high-treason, because he opposed King James's edict for Toleration and the repeal of the Test Act; and the same conscientiousness made him consider Mary's conduct to a father, who had ever loved and cherished her, in the light which the examination of facts forces her biographer to record and the reader to view it.

Sancroft was the exemplar of those self-denying prelates and divines who "undeprived their benefice forsook," and who were known in that age by the appellation of *nonjurors*.

We have given the above anecdote on the authority of Sir John Dalrymple.

And how came Sir John Dalrymple by his authorities, seeing that he only died in the year 1809? His volumes are now out of print and scarce, and it is a question that ought to be answered. We are travelling far and wide out of the beaten track of memoirs, to provide full illustration of the glorious revolution, and we will answer that question in Sir John's own words, without making apologies for introducing facts that will startle some readers, and, may be, offend others.

"The papers," says Sir John in this collection, "are so very interesting, that the public has a right to know from what sources they are drawn.

\* At Fressingfield, where he was born and baptised; the tomb is still to be seen.

"His majesty, George III., gave orders that I should have access to the cabinet of King William's private papers at Kensington, justly considering history to be the science of kings, and willing that the actions of other princes should be tried by that tribunal of public inquiry which he trusts will do honour to his own."

Sir John Dalrymple was a Whig, and a zealous supporter of the Revolution of 1688. "I am," says he, "a very unfortunate party-man, and this is a very unfortunate party-book: one side must permit me to assure them that when I found, in French dispatches, Lord Russell intriguing with the court of Versailles, and Algernon Sidney taking money from it, I felt nearly the same shock as if I had seen a son turn his back in the day of battle."

It is a delicate task to show popular idols as they really are, and by means of their own letters, to divest them of the false colours in which successful political partizans have dressed them up. The more we look into the conduct and personal characters of the movers of the Revolution of 1688, the more does every humane and candid feeling revolt from the actors therein; but as George III. and George IV. had the magnanimity to unlock the secret cabinets of their predecessors, and give to Sir John Dalrymple and the Rev. Stamar Clarke the means of ascertaining the truth, and judging of the estimate in which we ought to hold Queen Mary, Algernon Sidney, Russell, Marlborough, and Halifax, why should we go on estimating them beyond their deserts, when by their own testimony they are proved to be false jewels, over valued by the public, and made the catch-words of parties who are utterly ignorant of their real histories. "Time unveils truth," was the motto of one of our queens, who has had as undue a share of obloquy as the present subject has of panegyric.

King William III. was a martyr to constitutional ailment, he had a state of health that required constant exercise in the open air, and the sullen inactivity he had lived in at the palace of St. James's, was seriously injurious to his spirits and temper. We pursue Burnet's narrative, in his description of William, just after the settlement of the crown.

"And the face he forced himself to set upon his ill-health, that it might not appear too much, made an impression on his temper. He was apt to be very peevish, and to conceal his fretfulness, it put him in a necessity of being much in his closet, and of being silent and reserved, which made him seem different from what his friends had advised; he had promised them to set about being more visible, open, and communicative: the nation had been so much accustomed to this, in the two former reigns, that many persuaded him to be more accessible and free in discourse; he said that his ill-health made it impossible for him to do it, and so he went on in his former way, or rather he grew more retired, not easily to be come at or spoken to. And in a very few days after he was on the throne, he went off to Hampton Court, and from that palace he came only to town on council days; so that the face of a court, and the rendezvous usual on public days, was now quite broke. This gave an early and general disgust. The gaiety and diversions of a court disappeared. And though the queen set herself to make up what was wanting in the king, by a great vivacity and cheerfulness, yet when it appeared she meddled not in business, so that few found their account in making their court to her, though she gave great content to all that came to her, yet very few came.

"The king found the air of Hampton agreed so well with him, that he resolved to live the greatest part of the year there; but that palace was very old, and so irregularly built, that new buildings were made, and this raised the greatest discontent in London, which the removal of the court was like to do."

Such was the state of affairs when Queen Mary made some attempts to go among the people, in order to court the popularity her peevish partner refused; and in so doing, incurred not only public censure, but ultimately such rebukes from her ungracious master, as made her for the rest of her life as unsocial as himself.

We find the following curious anecdotes, from the collection of Sir John Dalrymple, preserved in a letter from one of the chief promoters of the Revolution:—"The sober Earl of Nottingham, from sober sire descended."

Autograph letter from Daniel Finch, Earl of Nottingham. June, 1689.

"The only day her majesty gave herself the diversion of a play, and that on which she designed to see another, has furnished the town with discourse for a month. The choice of the play was the 'Spanish Fryar,' (one particularly forbidden to be acted by James II.,) the only one forbid by the late king. Some unlucky expressions put her in disorder, and forced her to hold up her fan often, look behind her, and call for her palatine (pelerine), hood, and any thing she could think of; while those who were in the pit, turned their heads over their shoulders, and in general directed their looks to her, when any thing applicable was said. In one place, where the Queen of Arragon is going in procession, 'tis said, — 'Very good she usurps the throne, keeps the old king in prison, and at the same time is praying for a blessing on her army.' And when 'tis said, 'That 'tis observed at court, who weeps and who wears black for good King Sancho's death,' it came home, for there was a report about town of her father's decease. 'Can I seem pleased to see my royal master murdered, his crown usurped, a distaff on the throne! What will has this queen, but lawless force?' Twenty more things were said, which may be wrested to what they were not designed. But the observations then made, furnished the town with talk till something else happened, which gave as much occasion of discourse. For another play being ordered, the queen came not, being taken up with other diversion. She dined at Mrs. Graden's, the famous woman in the hall, (*suppose either Westminster Hall, or Exeter Change, the two bazaars of that time,*) that sells fine ribbons and head-dresses; from thence she went to Mrs. Ferguson's, De Vett's, and other Indian houses, but not to Mrs. Potter's, though in her way, which caused Mrs. Potter to say, that she might as well have hoped for that honour as others, considering that the whole design of bringing in Queen Mary and King William was hatched at her house; but it seems that since my Lord Devonshire has got Mrs. Potter to be laundress, she has not much countenance of the queen, her daughter still keeping the Indian house her mother had.

"The same day the queen went to one Mrs. Wise, a famous woman for telling fortunes, but could not prevail on her to tell her any thing, though to others she has been very true. The queen had heard that she foretold King James should come in again, and the Duke of Norfolk should lose his head; the last I suppose will be the natural consequence of the first. These things, however innocent in themselves, have incurred the censure of the town. Then there was not only a private reprimand given, but one in public; the king said to the queen, that he heard she had dined at a house of ill-repute, and desired the next time she went to one *he* might be of the party. She said, she had done nothing but what the late queen had done (Mary of Modena, her mother-in-law). He asked her, if she meant to make *her* an example. More was said on this occasion than ever was said before, but it was borne with all the submission of a good wife, who leaves all to the direction of the king; who amuses herself with walking six or seven miles a day, and looking after her buildings, (*which were, by the way, in the worst taste in the world,*) making of fringe, and such like innocent things, and does not meddle with government, though she has a better title to do it than some queens."

The first eighteen months of the residence of Mary and William in England, were full of events: among one of which, was a quarrel with the Princess Anne. These sisters had united for the purpose of expelling their father and brother from the throne, but their union did not last more than a few weeks after Mary gained the crown. Every one knows that William III. was the next heir, after his wife, to the Princess Anne; but in case of his wife's death, it would have been a perplexing circumstance for the nation to have seen him descend from the throne to give place to his sister-in-law and her children, nor would he accept the crown on such conditions. We find in Dalrymple, that the Princess Anne was requested by the friends of William and Mary, to waive her right of succession in favour of her cousin, in case Queen Mary should die before him, which was actually the case. Prompted by Lady Marlborough, she replied, she would do so, provided parliament was

induced to settle a liberal allowance on herself and her family. This promise was made, but not fulfilled.

We think the celebrated story of King William and the green peas, which was perhaps, however, too absurd a ground for a political dissension, was the real reason for this feud.

Soon after the coronation of William and Mary, the princess, by means of the Earl of Marlborough, got the application made for a provision for her life, unknown to her sister or her husband. Queen Mary got the first intelligence of it: she questioned her sister, who replied in her usual evasive style, “*She certainly had* heard that her friends in the House of Commons proposed to do somewhat for her!”

“‘Friends,’ replied the queen sharply—‘what friends have you but the king and me?’” Words which remained deep in the minds of both.

The king threw his whole power to oppose the bill, and when he could not succeed, after warm debates, he adjourned the house. The measure was subsequently carried, and never forgiven, even in death, by Queen Mary.

After Anne had (rather nobly) sold her birthright for a mess of pottage, it was hard not to let her eat it.

We now return to Burnet, who, as the partisan of Queen Mary, acknowledges—

“That the queen suffered no honours to be paid to the Princess Anne, besides many other lesser matters which I unwillingly reflect on.”

We shall, in another portion, relate many other anecdotes relative to Queen Anne.

In June, 1690, King William departed for the purpose of subduing Ireland by force. King William and Queen Mary had been proclaimed sovereigns of Great Britain at Edinburgh, and the oaths of the public functionaries were tendered to them, by deputy, simultaneously with the coronation, on the 11th of April, 1689, whilst the Highlands were in arms under the gallant Dundee for King James. As to Ireland it was altogether governed in the name of King James II. by his faithful viceroy, Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnel, who had married the eldest sister of Lady Marlborough, favourite of the Princess Anne. The celebrated Count Antony Hamilton, a connexion of this family, received a com-

mission from King William to treat with the Duke of Tyrconnel for delivering up his trust to the new powers. Count Antony, who had only remained at court for the opportunity of serving James, bowed, smiled, and took the commission to corrupt the fidelity of Tyrconnel. He went to Ireland, and did all he could to confirm the viceroy in his allegiance to James. Thus it must be remembered that Ireland, at the time of the coronation of William and Mary, was under the government of King James. Scotland soon lost the leader of her resisting party by the death of the brave Viscount Dundee, who fell at the moment of completing the victory of Killcrankie, on the 17th of July, 1689.

In the Jacobite ballads with which we illustrate this event, our readers will recognise sundry mysterious quotations made by Sir Walter Scott in his historical novels. Among others, who is it that does not wish to see the conclusion of the ballad, “Clavers\* and his Highlandmen,” whose key-note is struck so gallantly by Sir Walter Scott?

#### KILLICRANKIE.

Clavers and his Highlandmen

Came down upon the raw, man,  
Who being stout, with many a shout,  
His lads began to claw, man,  
With sword and targe into their hand  
With which they were na slaw, man,  
With mony a fearful heavy sigh  
Their foes began to draw, man.

The solemn League and Covenant  
Cam whiggung up the hills, man,  
Thought Highland trows durst not refuse  
For to subscribe their bills, man.  
In Willie’s† name they thought nae one  
Durst stop their course at all, man,  
But hur nain-sell† wi’ mony a knock  
Cried, “*Furich*, Whigs, awa man!”

Sir Evan Dhut and his men true  
Came linking up the brae, man,  
The Hogan Dutch they feared much  
When they began to slay, man.  
The true Maclean and his fierce men  
Came in among them a’, man,  
None durst withstand his heavy hand,  
All fled and ran awa, man.

*Oh hone a ri! oh hone a ri!*  
Why should she lose King James, man,  
*Oh hone a ri! oh hone a ri!*  
She shall break all her bones, then.

\* Clavers, it is well known, was Viscount Dundee.

† King William.

‡ Sir Evan Cameron, of Lochiel.

With *furich, in-nish*, stay a while,  
And speak a word or twa, man,  
She'll gi' a straik out o'er the neck  
Before ye'll win awa', man.

Oh, fye for shame! ye're three for ane,  
Hur nain-sell's won the day, man,  
King James's red-coats\* should be hung up  
Because they ran awa, man;  
Had they bent their brows like Highland  
trues,  
And made as long a stay, man,  
They'd sav'd their king, that sacred thing,  
And Willie'd ran awa, then!

There are two of these Killicrankie ballads, but which of them it was that a Presbyterian minister sang we cannot decide, though the tradition is, that after he had been duly chosen, and was expected to preach a sermon, he happened to get rather too powerfully refreshed with whiskey, and favoured his congregation by singing Killicrankie, to their infinite scandal. Our readers will remember Sir Walter Scott's quotation,

"Master Davie Williamson,  
Chosen of twenty,  
He ran up the pulpit staic,  
And bawled out Killicrankie."

We are rather inclined to suppose it must have been the last, where the Jacobite humourist assumes the character of one of the defeated party.

"Where hae ye been so braw, lad?  
Where hae ye been so brankie, O?  
Where hae ye been sae braw, lad,  
Cam ye by Killicrankie, O?  
An ye had been where I hae been,  
Ye wad na hae been sae brankie, O!  
An ye had seen what I hae seen,  
On the Braes o' Killicrankie, O!

I fought at land, I fought at sea,  
At hame I fought my auntie, O!  
But I met the de'il and Dundee,  
On the Braes o' Killicrankie, O!

The bold Pitcur fell in a furr,  
And Clavers got a clankie, O!  
Or I had fed on Athol gled,  
On the Braes o' Killicrankie, O!

O fie, Markay, what gart ye lie,  
I' the bush ayont the brankie, O?  
Ye'd better ha'e kissed King Willie's hand,  
Than come to Killicrankie, O!  
It is nae shame, it is nae shame,  
It is nae shame to rin, O!  
There's sour slaes on Athol Braes,  
And de'ils at Killicrankie, O!"

The fall of the brave general of the Jacobite party, made the civil war in

\* The recruits James II. sent to Dundee from Ireland.

Scotland so inconsequential, as to leave King William at liberty to go to Ireland, where King James had been governing for nearly a year. During his absence, Queen Mary was left by him regent, to govern England with the assistance of his Dutch council; and we illustrate this period by means of her private letters, from the box at Kensington. At the time of writing them, she had not only the finest figure in England, but perhaps the loveliest face; her features being perfect, and her complexion that clear ivory, tinted with rose, which is sometimes seen accompanied by rich dark hazel eyes, those almond-shaped eyes, peculiar to the race of Stuart, which we see in the portraits of Charles I., James II., the Duke of Monmouth, the late unfortunate Prince Charles Edward, and the beautiful Duchess of Richmond. She was a complete Stuart in person—a beautiful union of the personal graces of Charles I. and his lovely queen, Henrietta Maria.\* She certainly had more beauty, though less fascination, than her ancestress in the fifth degree, Mary, Queen of Scots.† In the year when she wrote these letters, she was but just turned of twenty-seven, and her husband ten years older than herself: yet she writes with a degree of self-abasement and prostration of submission, as if she was unconscious of all the exquisite endowments of person that nature had lavished on her.

The series of letters at that time is extensive, we here and there glean therefore only a personal trait: the first commences—

"Whitehall, June 19, 1690.

"You will be weary of seeing every day a letter from me, yet being apt to flatter myself, I hope you will be as willing to read as I to write. I shall make this very short, and only tell you I have got a swelled face, though not quite so bad yet as when I was in Holland.—I cannot enough thank God for having preserved you from the dangers of the sea; I beseech him in his mercy to preserve you, and send us once more a happy meeting upon earth. I long to hear again from you, how the air of Ireland agrees with you, for I must own I

\* Her submission, not only as a queen but as a pretty woman (which, as Napoleon justly says, is something much better) is marvellous.

† See this portrait and memoir, May, 1834.

am not without fears for that, loving you so entirely as I do, and shall till death."

The second letter asks for mercy for a burglar, that he may be transported instead of hanged; she has delayed his death-warrant. She alludes to a bigotted quarrel with the queen-dowager, Catherine of Braganza, who refused to have King James prayed against, in her Catholic chapel, at Somerset House. Lord Feversham, her father's friend, had an interview with her on this mighty matter. She says—

"July 1st.

"Though I pity the poor man for thus taking the queen-dowager's faults on him, yet I could not bring myself to forgive him. This I remember I said, that if it had been to myself, I could have forgiven him; but when it immediately concerned your person, I would or could not. He said, 'God pardoned sinners when they repented, so he hoped I would.' I told him, God saw hearts which I could not, I would only trust to actions; so I left him."

All this rout was because the Catholics, whose prayers they did not value, would not pray for the success of an expedition against themselves. She proceeds—

"The queen-dowager sent me a compliment yesterday, on my swelled face, (which I do not know if I sent you word of, but yesterday I had leeches set behind my ears, which has done little good, so it mends slowly, and one of my eyes being sore, I am fain to write this at so many times, I fear you will make little sense of it), she, Queen Catherine, will come to see me, but desired an hour when there was little company.

"The queen-dowager has been here, but did not stay a moment, nor spake two words; since she went, I have been in the garden (Kensington), and find my face pretty well, (*the leeches had certainly done good,*) but it is now candle-light, therefore I dare write no more. I have my old complaint to make, that I have not time to cry, which would a little ease my heart; but I hope in God I shall not have news from you, which will give me reason—yet your absence is enough; but since it please God, I must have patience. Do but continue to love me, and I can bear all things with ease."

The conclusion of this letter is beau-

tifully feminine. She wants in the postscript to know his pleasure about proroguing parliament. He is to write his mind *very* particularly.

"July 15. O. S.

"At this time I dare say little by candle-light, and 'tis to-morrow the first Sunday of the month. I have really had little time to say my prayers, and was fain to run to Kensington, where I had three hours of quiet, which was more than I have had since I saw you. That place makes me think how happy I was there, when I had your dear company; but now—I will say no more, or I shall hurt my own eyes, which I want more than ever."

After the battle of the Boyne—

"July 17.

"How to begin this letter I don't know; or how ever to render thanks enough to God for his mercies—. I was yesterday out of my senses with trouble, and now I am almost so with joy. I hope in God by the afternoon, to be enough in my senses to finish this, but for the present I am not. When I writ the foregoing part it was in the morning, soon after I received yours, and now it is four in the afternoon, and I am not come to myself, and I fear I shall lose this opportunity of saying all that is in my thoughts. I will hasten to Kensington, to get all ready for you. I think I have told you before, how impatient I am to hear that you approve all that is done here. I have little part in it myself; but I long to hear how others have pleased you. I am very uneasy in one thing, which is want of somebody to speak my mind to, for 'tis a great constraint to think and be silent."\*

In this letter, she has the grace to express her satisfaction that the *late king* was safe; but she asks forgiveness for it,—his death would have covered her cause with fearful infamy.

"July 27.

"Every hour makes me more impatient to hear from you, every thing I hear stir, I think, brings me a letter. I have stayed till I am almost asleep, in hopes, but they are vain. I must once more go to bed, and sleep on the hope of being awaked with a letter from you. Adieu, do but love me, and I can bear any thing."

\* Silent system! See our tale on this subject, published Oct., Nov. and Dec. 1837.



Here are some of the troubles of royalty:—

"I count the days and moments, and have only reason enough left, to think that as long as I have no letters all is well. I believe, by what you write, you got your cannon on Friday, and on Saturday began to make use of them (against her father). Judge, then, what cruel thoughts they are to me, to think what you must be exposed to all this while. I never do any thing, without thinking that you may be in the greatest dangers, and yet I *must* see company on my set days. I *must* play twice a week, nay, I must laugh and talk, though never so much against my will. I believe I dissemble very ill to those who know me, at least it is a great constraint to myself, yet I must endure it, all my motions are so watched, and all I do so observed; that if I eat less, or speak less, or look more grave, all is lost to our cause, in the opinion of the world, so that I have this misery added to your absence, and my fears for your dear person,—and I must grin, when my heart is so oppressed that I can scarce breathe.—Farewell! do but continue to love me; forgive the taking up so much of your time by your poor wife, who deserves more pity than ever any creature did, and who loves you a deal too much for her own ease, though it can't be more than you deserve."

Nothing can be more fond, tender, or true than these letters, which exquisitely describe her feelings in the most artless language; in point of style, they are far superior to the celebrated letters of Lady Rachel Russell. In the next letters, she says, she is plagued by Lord Lincoln, who came to the privy council to make a disturbance, and bawled out that the queen was kept prisoner by five or six lords, who made her do as they liked.

"None ever praised God so much for your happy deliverance as I. The queen-dowager sent Lady Arlington to compliment me on it. I am now in my bed, having bathed, and am so sleepy, that I can only add, I am entirely yours.

"Eleven at Night.

"You do not know how I please myself with the thoughts of seeing you here very soon; but I must tell you, that it is impossible, yet awhile, to be at Kensington; your closets here are also not in order, but there is no smoke in the sum-

mer, and the air is much better than in another season. Pray let me have your orders; if not by yourself, let Lord Portland write. I see I can hardly end, but I must force myself, without saying a word more, but that I am ever yours, more than ever, if possible, and shall be so till death."

After perusing the whole of these letters, of which the extracts we have made are but a small portion, we cannot forbear remarking, that although written in the closest style of confidence, which reveals not only minute every-day occurrences, but even the inner workings of the feelings, yet there is not a word of kindness or commendation of a living creature besides the king; neither sister, friend, nor even her infant nephew, the little Duke of Gloucester, are mentioned; and the disgust with which she names Bishop Burnet, and his "thundering long sermons," if he could have seen the passage, would have divested her, in a moment, of all the epithets of adoration he has tacked to her character and memory. It is evident, though his egotism made him consider her as looking up to him as her spiritual and political director, she only considered him as a diplomatic tool, and disliked him as much as most of his other contemporaries did. In a curious autograph of the times, we find her husband's testimony of the manner in which she concealed her feelings.

Letter of Lord Dartmouth—

"The Duke of Leeds told me, that King William, before he went abroad, told him, that he must be very cautious of saying any thing before the queen, that looked like a disrespect to her father, which she never forgave any body; and that the Marquis of Halifax, in particular, had lost all manner of credit with her, for some unseasonable jests he had made on this subject. That the duke might depend upon the truth of what *she actually said*, but he must not take it for granted, that she was of his opinion every time she did not think fit to contradict him."

It may be a question, whether Mary resented ribald attacks on her father, as a disrespect to herself or to him; but no one who considers this passage, can doubt that it was as painful to King William to hear his uncle reviled, as perhaps it was for Queen Mary.

Her secretive disposition displayed it-

self in trifles. She used to pretend ignorance, and ask questions on matters that she knew well, as we have seen in the case of her title to the throne. Horace Walpole has preserved a traditionary court anecdote of this queen, which he tells in one of his letters, speaking of his squiring the Princess Amelia, daughter of George II.; he says—

“Still, though gloveless, I did not squeeze the royal hand, as Vice-Chamberlain Smith did to Queen Mary. It is said, that Queen Mary asked one of her attendant ladies, ‘What a squeeze of the hand meant?’ She said ‘Love.’ ‘Then,’ said the queen, ‘my vice-chamberlain must be violently in love with me, for he always squeezes my hand.’”

Charlotte Elizabeth, Duchess of Orleans, in her correspondence with Queen Caroline\* of Anspach, wife to George II., even casts a slur upon the fair fame of Queen Mary, and provides her with a lover; but we must consider this imputation as wholly arising from the love of scandal for which that princess is notorious.

Parties ran so furiously high, just before the battle of the Boyne, that King William declared, that if the Jacobites would not obey him, perhaps they might his wife, and he would go back to Holland, and leave her queen-regent; this was in the privy council. “But,” says Burnet, “the queen knew nothing of it, till she heard it from me: so reserved was the king to her in matters that concerned her so nearly. Some did really apprehend that the air of Ireland would be fatal to so weak a constitution.”

Burnet guessed not how refreshing the smell of powder was to King William.

Burnet thus describes Mary’s demeanour, during the king’s absence in Ireland.

“In all this time of fear and disorder, the queen showed an extraordinary firmness, for though she was full of dismal thoughts, yet she put on her ordinary cheerfulness when she appeared in public, and showed no indecent concern; I saw her all that while once a week, for we staid that summer at Windsor; her behaviour was in all respects heroical. She apprehended the greatness of our danger, but she committed herself to God, and was resolved to expose herself, if occa-

\* We purpose shortly adding the portrait to our series.

sion should require it; for she told me, that she would give me leave to wait on her, if she was forced to make a campaign in England, while the king was in Ireland. Whilst the misfortunes in Flanders and at sea were putting us in no small agitation, the news, first of the king’s preservation from the cannon-ball, and then of the victory gained the day after, put another face on our affairs.”

We describe the fight of Boyne Water, by means of a ballad, which we copy from a venerable whity-brown paper edition, from famed Grub-street, lent us by a descendant of one of the French refugee officers of Schomberg’s regiment. Perhaps there does not exist any other copy in England. Its poetical merits are not of a very high order, and are a contrast to the plaintive strains of Jacobite poetry, which send tears to the eyes and thrills through the heart. Bad as the versification is, it is the best historical ballad that the times allowed to the persecutors of Dryden.

#### BOYNE WATER.

July the first, at old Bridgetown,

There happed a glorious battle,  
Where many a man fell on the ground  
By cannons that did rattle.

King James he pitched his tents between  
The lines for to retire,  
But William threw his red-hot shot  
And set them all on fire.

Thereat the enemy vowed revenge  
Against King William’s forces,  
And oft did cry vehemently  
That they would stop their courses.  
A bullet from the Irish came  
Which grazed King William’s shoulder,  
They thought his Majesty had been slain,  
But it only made him bolder.

The Duke Schomberg with friendly care  
The king did caution,  
To shun the spot where bullets hot  
Retain their rapid motion.  
But William said, “He don’t deserve  
The name of Faith’s Defender,  
That will not venture life and limb,  
And life surrender.”

The cunning Frenchmen near Daleck  
Had taken up their quarters,  
And fenced themselves on every side,  
Waiting for their new orders,  
But in the mid-time of the night  
They set the fields on fire,  
And long before the morning light  
To Dublin did retire.

The Protestants of Drogheda  
Have reason to be thankful,  
For when they first were prisoners bound  
They scarcely were a handful

First to Tholsel they were brought,  
 And next to Milmore after,  
 But good King William set them free  
 By venturing o'er Boyne Water.  
 Then let them all kneel down and pray,  
 Now and for ever arter,  
 And never more forget the day  
 King William crossed Boyne Water.

There is a national tune in Ireland called "Boyne Water," which is still sounded occasionally as a war-note, to set Orangemen and their opponents in ecstasies of combativeness: whether connected with those words, or those words survive in Ireland, we are not aware.

Those homely rhymes have to us far more of the charms of poetry, as the illustration of facts, than the following polished inanity of Prior on the same subject:—

By turns they tell,  
 And listen, each with emulous glory fired  
 How William conquered, and how France  
 retired;  
 How Providence o'er William's temples held,  
 On Boyne's propitious banks the heavenly  
 shield;  
 How Belgia, freed, the hero's arm confest,  
 But trembled for the courage which she  
 blest;  
 Behold the soldier plead the monarch's right,  
 Heading his troops, and foremost in the fight.

Our poetical quotations are numerous, but it will be remembered they are all written by contemporaneous writers, who often commemorate a popular fact, which the cold generalizing modern historian passes over. We have illustrated "Boyne Water" by the lines of the Whig partisans; let us now listen to the strain of melody, which was the "coronach sad for the slain at Boyne Water." It was written by Captain Ogilvie, of Inverquhar, one of the celebrated band of Scotch gentlemen who followed King James through all his fortunes, and fought most bravely at the fatal Boyne.

It was a' for our rightful king  
 We left fair Scotland's strand,  
 It was a' for our rightful king  
 That e'er we saw Irish land, my dear,  
 That e'er we saw Irish land!

Now a' is done that man can do,  
 And a' is done in vain,  
 My love, my native land, adieu!  
 For I must cross the main, my dear,  
 For I must cross the main!

He turned him round and right about  
 Upon the Irish shore,  
 He gave his bridle reins a shake,  
 With, adieu, for evermore, my love,  
 Adieu for evermore!

The soldier from the war returns,  
 The merchant from the main,  
 But I hae parted fra my love,  
 And ne'er to meet again, my dear,  
 And ne'er to meet again!

When day is gone, and night is come,  
 And a' are bounes to sleep,  
 I think on her that's far awa  
 The lee lang night, and weep, my love,  
 The lee lang night, and weep!\*

The miseries, the thousand woes inflicted on Ireland by William's Dutch troops, and by the hated Kirke, have not yet been fairly stated in our national history. The penal laws which followed this struggle, are even now the subject of national controversy.

The Earl of Marlborough served in Ireland, but under a cloud of disgrace. Horace Walpole accounts for this, by a traditional anecdote he had from his father, who was in the administration, under the Marlborough faction, in the next reign.

Marlborough trusted his wife with a secret, communicated to him by King William; she told it to her sister, the Duchess of Tyrconnel, who was then in England, though her husband was upholding the lost cause of James in Ireland. The secret was known in the exiled court at St. Germain. William sternly taxed Marlborough with having betrayed it.

"Upon my honour," said the accused, "I told it to no one but my wife."

"I did not tell it to mine," replied the king.

Mary scarcely deserved to be made the subject of this cynical repartee, at least, not from her husband, if the reader recall her letters.

No one can help observing the ill-behaved and disrespectful manner in which William always names his wife in these anecdotes. Yet her only fault to him, was her exclusive fondness; it is possible that even wives may love so devotedly, as to be fatiguing. Whenever a man is rude and uncivil to a lady, it is certain that he thinks he is beloved beyond his deserts, and that she requires the refreshing coolness of a little indifference.

\* The heroic author of this exquisite lyric, when "all was done" for his king "that man could do, and all was done in vain," entered into the service of King Louis, and fell in an engagement on the Rhine. Most of this devoted band were, like himself, Protestants.

We have seen William return triumphant to his anxious queen from Ireland; we dwell not here on the atrocities committed in that unhappy country by his Dutch troops, the wickedest and cruellest mercenary bands then in the civilised world. This great danger overcome, another sprang up. Louis XIV. mustered all the strength and resources of his empire for a struggle by sea; and as in every engagement since the accession of William and Mary, the French navy had beaten the beautifully appointed fleets on which James II. had lavished so much care and improvement, both as lord high-admiral and king, the minds of our Protestant countrymen looked fearfully to the approaching contest.

Time has at length drawn up the curtain that veiled the truth regarding the celebrated combat of La Hogue. The position of the parties engaged in it was most singular.

Admiral Russell, a near relative to the celebrated Lord Russell, beheaded for his participation in the cruel popish plot, was attached to James II., but was placed by William III., on account of the party popularity pertaining to the name of Russell, at the head of the fleet which opposed the egress of the great French fleet assembled at La Hogue, under the command of Count de Tourville. William, just returned from his successful campaign in Ireland, hastened the following spring (1692) to Holland, in order to get together the remnants of the Dutch fleet that still remained after the annihilation of their naval power by James II. off South Wold. Mary, who we have seen by her own letters had her whole heart and affections centred in the success of her husband, again swayed the whole regal power at this second tremendous crisis. James II. was at La Hogue, enfeebled by sorrow and premature age, prepared to grieve over any success gained by the defeat and disgrace of the English fleet he had formed, and the English captains he had taught and led to victory. Marlborough, the twice turned traitor, wrote to his old master, explaining to him all the plans of the English court, which prisoner as he was at the Tower on suspicion, he could contrive to betray, especially the plans of the naval defence of England. Admiral Russell was prepared to let the French

fleet pass through the English fleet, if Tourville would but go through by night, but if Tourville chose to leave the port by day in the face of the English armament, fight him he must, and fight him he would. James II., who had not the slightest wish to regain the crown by the disgrace and defeat of the navy he had formed, whose seamen were still, with very few exceptions, attached to him, communicated Russell's determination to Tourville. This French admiral, a vaunting vain-glorious fool, who saw no warlike merit in any thing but blood and wounds, chose that Russell should show his devotion to his old master by suffering himself and his ships to be beaten, and that the palm of victory should be yielded to him on the open seas; this Russell, as an English seaman, vowed it should never be, for the love of James, his old master and admiral. Tourville might pass in the dark if he liked, but if he came forth in open day he should see what followed. Here was an awful crisis for Mary, then queen and regent of Great Britain! How much depended on the braggadocio punctilio of a French knight-errant! England had, after four years' hot war, at that time began to feel the high and palmy state of her riches and commerce somewhat impaired, and endured the evils of continental war she had not known since the days of Henry VII. No victories had been gained excepting over the unhappy half-armed Irish; the French had defeated our navies in more than one encounter. We have seen by Mary's own letters in what an agonizing manner she felt suspense, under her cold and quiet mask of apathy. Her popularity was now somewhat on the wane; besides the party that always appertained to her deposed father, there was a strong one which deeply resented the affronts heaped upon the Princess Anne, who, in conjunction with her favourite, Lady Marlborough, was humbly begging pardon of James II., and requesting leave to throw herself at his feet on his landing.

In the survey of this black prospect Mary lost not her firmness: she resisted all attempts of the English aristocracy to sow dissension between her and her husband's Dutch council, whose prisoner they declared she was. The reader has seen in one of her letters the behaviour of Lord Lincoln, which was evidently meant to set the queen free from all con-

trol of her husband's ministers, if she chose to be independent sovereign of the English empire. But Mary's intense faithfulness to the interest of the sole object of her love, made all personal power valueless, if not shared with her adored partner.

Meantime, left alone in this crisis, she called together her parliament, and opened it in person, giving her cause all the advantage of the sight of her splendid beauty arrayed in the insignia of majesty; she was then in the prime of womanhood, at the age of thirty. Directly after this, she reviewed in person the London and Westminster-trained bands. She banished all the Catholics from the metropolis, and arrested Lords Scarsdale, Litchfield, Newburgh, Middleton, Dunmore, Griffin, Forbes, and Sir John Fenwicke. She took Marlborough and three other nobles again into custody, and sent them to the Tower, and after these rigorous measures waited in the usual quietude of her self-command the awful result.

We are not about to give the battle of La Hogue in detail; one of our noblest national ballads will in a very few striking words tell our readers how our English sailor Russell and the boasting knight-errant Tourville settled their point of honour.

Thursday, in the morn, the Ides of May,  
Recorded for ever be the famous ninety-two,  
Brave Russell did discern by dawn of day,  
The lofty sails of France advancing now.  
"All hands aloft, aloft! let English valour shine,  
Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line;  
Let every hand supply his gun;  
Follow me, and you will see  
The battle soon begun."

Tourville on the main triumphant rolled,  
To meet the gallant Russell in combat on the deep;  
He led the noble train of heroes bold,  
To sink the English admiral at his feet:  
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire;  
The bloody fight's begun, the sea's itself on fire.  
Mighty Fate stood looking on,  
Whilst a flood,  
All of blood,  
Filled the scuppers of Royal Sun.

Sulphur, smoke, and fire, disturbed the air,  
And with thunders affrighted the Gallick shore;  
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,

To see their lofty flags streaming now no more.

At six o'clock the red,  
The smiling victors led,  
To give a second blow,  
The final overthrow.

Now the cry,  
Run or die,

British colours ride the vanquished main.

See, they fly amazed through rocks and sands,

One danger they rush on to shun the direr fate;

In vain they cry for aid to their native land,  
Their nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate.

For evermore adieu thou Royal dazzling Sun,  
From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun.

Enough, thou mighty God of war;

Now we sing,

Long live the king,

And drink success to every British tar.

The best laudatory verses on Queen Mary are from the pen of her contemporary, Pomfret: in these are contained the sole merit of his well-known book of most unpoetical poems. They allude to this regency.

How good she was, how generous, how wise,  
How beautiful her shape, how bright her eyes.

When her great lord to foreign wars was gone,

And left his Mary here to rule alone:

With how serene a brow, how void of fear,  
When storms arose, did she the vessel steer;  
And when the raging of the waves did cease,

How gentle was her sway in times of peace;  
Like Heaven, she took no pleasure to destroy;

With grief she punished, and she saved with joy.

After William had conquered Ireland, a plot was discovered for the restoration of James. At the head of this conspiracy was the late lord chamberlain, Lord Preston, whose life was saved by his child in a singular manner.

Lord Preston's daughter, who was a young girl, under eleven years of age, by a fortunate word turned the scale in favour of her father. She was about the court at Kensington, and Queen Mary, seeing her one day looking very earnestly at King James's picture, asked her why she gazed upon that picture. "I was thinking," said the child, "how hard it is that my father should be killed for loving your's."

We should be happy to record that the free pardon of Lord Preston sprang from the melting heart of Queen Mary at this allusion to her father. Truth will not permit us to indulge in the romantic idea. Dalrymple, the recorder of the anecdote, declares that Preston, a man of weak mind, was spared in order to convict his gallant and determined co-adjutor Ashton. Preston's cowardly confessions were made use of to convict this brave young cavalier, who died with "God save King James" on his lips. To the case, however, of this gallant young man, little Lady Catherine Preston's appeal applied as much as to that of her father. Yet Mary signed the death-warrant of Ashton (who would not yield obedience to the reigning dynasty).

There is a beautiful contrast to the self-interest that pervaded the time, in the letter of thanks sent by Sophia, Electress of Brunswick, the mother of George the First, on whose posterity the crown was settled in case of the failure of that of the Princess Anne. This royal matron expresses herself in the following terms, in a letter that evidently came from the heart, addressed to King William:—

"Yet I lament King James, who honoured me with his friendship. I should be afraid that your majesty would have a bad opinion of my sincerity, if I concealed this sentiment from you. I am even persuaded that my candour will give you a better opinion of me."

Although it was against her family interest, this noble-minded woman always vindicated the private character of King James.

Queen Victoria is the sixth in descent from this admirable Protestant princess, and the seventh from her mother, Queen Elizabeth of Bohemia.

Connected with the affair of Ashton and Lord Preston, were the suspicions which were levelled against William Penn. Burnet's party bigotry appears to have led to the persecution of this excellent man, which was entirely the act and deed of the queen. We have here a letter from Lord Sidney to King William, during one of his campaigns against Louis the Fourteenth, which shows that the queen was personally concerned in the persecution of the benevolent Quaker.

"Lord Sidney to King William.

"About ten days ago Mr. Penn sent to me, to let me know that he would be very glad to see me, if I would promise to let him return without being molested. I sent word that I would, if Queen Mary would permit it. He then desired me not to mention it to any body but the queen. I said I would not:—a Monday he sent to me to know what time. I said Wednesday, in the evening. I found him just as he used to be, not at all disguised, but in the same clothes and the same humour. It would be too long for your majesty to read a full account, but, in short, he declared he was a true and faithful subject of King William and Queen Mary; and if he knew any thing prejudicial to government he would declare it. He protested, in the presence of God, he knew of no plot, nor did he believe there was one in Europe, but what King Lewis laid; and he was of opinion that King James knew the bottom of this plot as little as other people.

"Feb. 1692."

Penn, the conscientious and admirable colonist, who really and truly, as a Protestant, approved of the change in the succession, and yet would not deny his personal friendship for James the Second, his protector and benefactor, was stripped of the colony of Philadelphia, with which he had been endowed by James; and his benevolent plans retarded for six years, during which time he had to hide for his life. She, indeed, persecuted and despoiled him directly she came into power; and yet the very year after her death King William restored him to his colony, and gave him encouragement to promote the philanthropic plans he had begun in 1682, under the patronage of King James.

After the subjugation of Ireland, William flew to the prosecution of his continental wars with the avidity of a staunch hunter, who has been diverted for a while from the pursuit of the nobler animals of the chase. During these frequent absences he constantly left Queen Mary regent, assisted, and in some measure controlled, by a Dutch council, in whom her sole confidence was placed. Under this order of affairs we may suppose the arts and sciences received but little encouragement. They were, indeed, positively persecuted: Dryden's trifling salary, as laureate, was torn from him; and

Shadwell, a scurrilous pamphleteer, deep in Titus Oates' plot, received the laurel in his stead!! The venerable architect, Sir Christopher Wren, was deprived of his moderate salary of 200*l.*, under pretence that he had not exerted himself sufficiently in finishing St. Paul's cathedral; and, marvellous to relate, the aged sage lived to see that wonderful work finished, and received again, when turned of ninety years of age, his scanty pittance. It is insinuated by Horace Walpole, that when the ancient palace of Whitehall was burnt in this reign, that Sir Christopher stole the precious bust of Charles the First, by Bernini, and out of revenge had it buried with him, rather than the dispossessors of his master's heirs should have it.

King James had given up to Sir Hugh Middleton all the shares of the New River that by the act had been reserved for the Crown, in consideration that this patriotic undertaking had beggared his (Sir Hugh's) children. William and Mary resumed this grant. Sir Hugh Middleton's poverty was afterwards constantly brought as a reproach to the house of Stuart, who in this matter at least was blameless.

All the literati of England, unconnected with the church; all the professors of the fine arts of painting, sculpture, and music; all colonists and promoters of national improvement were at a stand, in a reign that encouraged no peaceful or beautiful productions. War and stock-jobbing were the sole employments for British energy and British wealth.

The continental wars of William were nevertheless unsuccessful. In commemoration of the loss of Namur this ode appeared—

Oh, happy people! ye must thrive,  
While thus the royal pair does strive,  
Both to advance your glory;  
While he by his valour conquers France,  
She manufactures does advance,  
And makes thread fringes for ye.

Blest we, who from such queens\* are freed,  
Who, by vain superstition led,  
Are always telling beads;  
But here's a queen, now thanks to God,  
Who, when she rides in coach abroad,  
Is always knotting threads.

\* Mary of Modena and Catherine of Braganza, queens of James II. and Charles II., both Catholics.

Then haste victorious Nassau, haste,  
And, when thy summer show is past,  
Let all thy trumpets sound.  
The fringe which this campaign has wrought,  
Though it cost the nation scarce a groat,  
Thy conquests will surround.

Sir Charles Sedley was one of those profligates who perfectly abandoned in regard to his own conduct, had nevertheless an exquisite sense of honour in regard to the conduct of the females of his own family; he was one of the most active agents in promoting the Revolution of 1688, prompted by a justly-founded resentment against James II., who had seduced his daughter, and in Sir Charles Sedley's opinion had still farther added to the wrong, by making her Countess of Dorchester, thereby rendering her infamy yet more conspicuous. In allusion to this transaction it was, that Sir Charles made that celebrated historical bon-mot, on the occasion of the coronation of Queen Mary II. "King James made my daughter a countess," said he, "and in return I did my best to make his daughter a queen!" What discontent Sir Charles Sedley had taken against Queen Mary and her husband, after he had gratified his resentment against her father, is not the concern of this memoir; but that he was frequently indulging his satirical talents against their government is certain, and to him is attributed the lines on the unfortunate campaigns which William made in Flanders—

The author sure must take great pains,  
Who fairly writes this story,  
In which of these two lust campaigns  
He gained the greatest glory.

For while that he marched on to fight,  
Like hero nothing fearing,  
Namur was taken in his sight,  
And Mons within his hearing.

Burnet declares that Queen Mary had no power in the sovereignty: we have produced too many instances of actions that plainly sprung from her will to suffer this assertion to be believed: that it was convenient for her to appear to have no power is very probable, but that she exercised a great influence over the mind and actions of her husband while she lived, is evident by the change in King William's conduct directly she died towards William Penn, the Princess Anne, the Marlboroughs, and several others to whom she had an antipathy. She was ostensibly, from the first day of her ar-

rival in England, Queen of the Church, with which her husband never interfered; she governed it like a pontiff, nominating bishops, and graciously encouraging polemic divinity. On the death of Archbishop Tillotson, Mary nominated Dr. Tennison to fill his place; upon which Lord Jersey reminded her Majesty, that the doctor had been much reflected on for pronouncing a funeral panegyric, for the fee of fifty pounds, over so sinful a woman as Nell Gwynne. Queen Mary heard the objection with more discomposure of countenance than was usual to her, and replied "What then?" in a tone and manner that silenced the objection; and added, "no doubt the poor woman was sincerely penitent, or I am sure, by the good doctor's looks, he would have said nothing in her praise."

Mary might have urged a better reason for her choice of Tennison, which was his pious and undaunted attention on the sick of the plague at Cambridge, where he acted both as physician and priest; for in Cromwell's time he had practised the former profession. He was, in later life, the greatest controversial pamphleteer of his day: hence, we fear, sprung the preference of the queen, or surely she would have urged his glorious conduct as a Christian priest, in the severest time of trial, as an answer to Lord Jersey's objection. But it is evident she knew it not.

Of benefactions and endowments we find no record, excepting the William and Mary college at Virginia, which is the only tangibly good deed that Burnet brings forward to support his eulogiums on this princess. Yet with surprise we find, in looking closely into the matter, that Burnet himself acknowledges the foundation of the Virginian college cost the queen no more than the gracious permission to exist; he allows that the endowments were provided by the planters; and, though gasping for an opportunity of eulogising the queen, he does not name a gift small or great. So that foundation cost no more than the priest's blessing in the spelling-book fable. It was not thus that the queens of England endowed colleges in olden times: witness the foundations of Matilda Atheling, Philippa of Hainault, Margaret of Anjou, and Elizabeth Woodville, to whose royal munificence Oxford and Cambridge can at this hour bear witness. Burnet speaks

also of the private charities of Queen Mary, but he brings no instance.

After a reign of six years in partnership with her husband, Mary was cut off by the small-pox, a scourge which had, we have stated, destroyed several of her brothers in their infancy, at the age of thirty-three, in the prime of her life and intellect, and, in her case, in the perfection of her beauty.

The account of her death we take from an eye-witness, Dr. Burnet:—

"The small-pox raged this winter in London, some thousands dying of *them*, which gave us great apprehensions about the queen, for she had never had *them*."

"In conclusion, she was taken ill, but the next day that seemed to go off. I had the honour to be half an hour with her that day, and she complained then of nothing. The day following she went abroad, but her illness returned so heavily on her, that she could disguise it no longer. She shut herself up long in her closet that night, and burnt many papers, and put the rest in order; after that she used some slight remedies, thinking it was only a transient indisposition, but it increased on her, and within ten days after the small-pox appeared, and with very bad symptoms. The physician's part was universally condemned, and her death was imputed to the negligence of Dr. Radcliffe. Other physicians were called in, but not before it was too late. The king was struck with this beyond expression: he came on the second day of her illness, and passed the bill for frequent parliaments, which, if not done that day, it is very probable he never would have done. The day after he called me into his closet, and gave a free vent to a most tender passion; he burst out into tears, and cried aloud that there was no hope now for the queen, and that from being the happiest, he was going to be the most miserable creature on the earth. He said during their whole marriage he had never known one single fault in her; there was a worth in her that nobody knew besides himself, 'though,' he added, 'I might know as much of her as any other person did.' Never was there such a face of universal sorrow seen in a court; all people, men and women, could scarce refrain from tears. On Christmay-day the small-pox sunk so entirely, and the queen felt herself so well upon it, that it was for a



while concluded she had the measles, and that the danger was over. Before night all was sadly changed. The new archbishop attended her; he performed all devotions, and had much private discourse with her. When the desperate condition she was in was evident beyond doubt, he told the king he could not do his duty faithfully unless he acquainted him with the danger she was in. The king approved of it, and said whatever effect it might have, he would not have her deceived in so important a matter. The queen anticipated the archbishop, but shewed no fear or disorder upon it. She said she thanked God she had always carried this in her mind, that nothing was to be left to the last hour. She had nothing then to do but to look up to God, and submit to his will. She had formerly wrote her mind in many particulars to the king, and she gave orders to look carefully for a small scrutoire, that she made use of, to deliver it to the king; and having dispatched that, she avoided the giving herself or her husband the tenderness which a final parting might have raised in them both. The day before she died she received the sacrament; all the bishops who were attending being admitted to receive it with her. God knows, a sorrowful company, for we were losing her who was our chief hope and glory on earth. When this was over she composed herself solemnly to die; she slumbered some time, but said she was not refreshed by it, and said that nothing did her good but prayer. See tried once or twice to have said something to the king, but was not able to go through with it. She lay silent for some hours, and then some words came from her which shewed her thoughts began to break. In conclusion, she died on the 28th of December, 1694, about one in the morning, in the thirty-third year of her age, and the sixth of her reign.

"I wrote a book, as an essay on her character." In which, in failure of facts, to substantiate his excessive commendations, he mentions, that she was seldom seen in her private apartments, without a skein of silk about her neck; an eulogium which has been repeated with as much enthusiasm by her partisans, as if it were an instance of goodness, when it was only a proof that her time was harmlessly wasted. Two or three rooms at Hampton

Court are furnished with chair covers and tapestry by her needle.

It does not appear that Queen Mary carried her Christianity far enough to forgive her sister, the Princess Anne of Denmark, for her inexplicable offence. When the princess heard of her sister's danger, she wrote her a letter, entreating reconciliation, but she was not admitted to the queen's death-bed.

They did not make the least mention of her father by name, in her dying moments, though it is supposed that she alluded to him in a sort of justification, which she put forth of her conduct.

When James drew near his end, after he had solemnly forgiven her, as well as her husband, and the Princess Anne, he bewailed her departure from this life, without acknowledgment of her wrongs against him. In the account of his death, prefixed to the memoirs written by himself, we find this passage relating to Queen Mary.

If any thing could disturb the tranquillity that the King's resignation had afforded him, it was, when he heard that his poor daughter had been so deluded, as to declare at her death—

"That her conscience no ways troubled her, for if she had done any thing the world might blame her for, it was with the advice of the most learned men in the church, who were to answer for it, not she."

This made James cry out,—*"Oh! miserable way of arguing, so fatal both to the deceiver and the deceived. Yet by this very saying, she discovered both her scruple and her apprehension."*

At Queen Mary's funeral, an extraordinary procession took place, the members of both houses of parliament walked before the chariot that bore her corpse to Westminster Abbey. In all probability, this will never happen again, without a similar joint sovereignty should once more occur; the death of the monarch in every other case dissolving both houses.

We have seen by her letters, the concentrative nature of her love for King William. We can therefore credit the testimony of Burnet, in regard to his deep affliction in private for her loss.

*(To be continued.)*

## MEMOIR OF QUEEN MARY.

*(Continued from p. 32.)*

"The king's affliction for her death was great as it was just, and greater than those who knew him best thought his temper capable of. He went beyond all bounds in it; during her sickness he was in an agony that amazed us all, fainting often, and breaking out into the most violent lamentations. When she died, his spirits sunk so low, that there was great reason to apprehend he was following her. For some weeks after, he was so little master of himself, that he was not capable of minding business or of seeing company."

No monument records the memory of this queen; her warlike partner was always distressed for money, as all belligerent monarchs are, he therefore could not afford this tribute to his departed consort.

Her coins are beautiful, her exquisite profile appears from behind the stern features of her lord, like the moon half-veiled by a thunder-cloud.

We have the evidence of an anonymous tourist of the last century, that Queen Mary founded an establishment at the Hague for young ladies whose fortune did not equal their rank; the same author adds, that the funds were supplied from estates in England. If so, it is probable that they have long ceased, since the work of charity, however benevolent to Holland, was not very just to England, and it is an outlay withal contrary, we think, to English law.

The general reader of history would search in vain for any work, at present published, in which a collection of facts illustrative of the personal character of Queen Mary II. are to be found. We have gathered these from many sources, and have produced the testimonies of her contemporary friends, enemies, and neutrals. The grand object of our search has been comprised in one word—FACTS. When subjected to this ordeal, this only touchstone of true worth, her husband's disposition, rude and cynical as it appears, bears the test much better than that of his even-tempered and well-mannered partner.

We conclude with Burnet's celebrated eulogium. We have already quoted from  
C—VOL. XII.

that historian every fact he mentions concerning her :—

## "THE CHARACTER OF QUEEN MARY II.

To the state a prudent ruler,  
To the church a nursing mother,  
To the king a constant lover,  
To her people the best example.

Orthodox in religion,  
Moderate in opinion,  
Sincere in profession,  
Constant in devotion,  
Ardent in affection,  
A preserver of liberty,  
A deliverer from popery,  
A reserver from tyranny,  
A preventer of slavery,  
A promoter of piety,  
A suppressor of immorality,\*  
A pattern of industry,  
High in the world,  
Low esteem of the world,  
Above fear of death,  
Sure of eternal life.

What was great, good, desired in a queen,  
In her late majesty was to be seen;  
Thoughts to conceive it cannot be exprest,  
What was contained in her royal breast."

And with this choice specimen of the poetry patronised by royal favour, we conclude the memoir of this queen who was "so sure of eternal life."

\* It is true that Mary and William were the first of our monarchs who suppressed immorality by public proclamation, but unfortunately another kind of legislation injured public morals more than many proclamations could rectify. The all-absorbing passion for war felt by William, caused him to take off Queen Elizabeth's wise restrictions on distillation of ardent spirits, in order to gain a tax from gin drinking. The wise Elizabeth† would suffer only a certain number of quarters of barley to be turned into malt for the manufacture of ardent spirits, which she permitted to be used only for medical purposes. Her successors continued those wise restrictions, which were finally taken off by William in 1698, as may be seen in the parliamentary records, entitled "An Act made to repeal one in the twenty-ninth year of Elizabeth; against the excessive making of malt." After this death-blow to the health and morals of the poor of the metropolis, it is true gin temples did not rear their heads on high as at present, but gin cellars abounded, and then for the first time was seen appended to these dens of atrocity this ludicrously horrible invitation to the London artisans,—*"Drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence. N.B.—Clean straw gratis."*

† See this portrait and memoir, Jan. 1, 1837. A description of the portrait will be given at p. 49.

## MEMOIR OF WILLIAM THE THIRD, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND STADTHOLDER OF HOLLAND,

*(Illustrated by a whole-length Portrait, engraved and splendidly coloured, from the original painting from the life in the Hall of the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple, by Sir Godfred Kneller.)*

### DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT.

King William in this portrait is represented in his coronation robes, and is over and above adorned with a periwig of such amplitude that as his contemporary Lord Foppington observed—"it might serve as a hat and cloak in all weathers." He wears a lace cravat or scarf of Brussels lace tied round the throat; this was afterwards called a Steinkirk: the ends hang beneath the chin something like the bands of the former century. The young men used to pass the lace through the button-holes of their waistcoats. The rest of the dress is the state costume of the English kings, which had borne this form from the reign of Henry the Second. The garment of tunic form, which reaches to the mid-leg, is called a Dal-

matica. The material in this instance is of green velvet, which, as well as the cape, is lined and edged with ermine, and entirely bordered with gold lace of a hand's breadth; the sleeves of this Dalmatica only reach half way down the arm; they are full, and are split up for the convenience of oil anointing; they show full linen sleeves beneath, and Brussels lace ruffles. The Dalmatica is belted with gold cord, which belt is tied with a huge gold tassel as large as that of a window-curtain. The royal mantle, lined with ermine and bordered with gold, is of green velvet. The shoes are high and of buff leather. The collar of the Garter is worn over the regal mantle: the regalia lie on a table.

The deep grief with which William mourned the loss of his beautiful partner,\* appears to have been the most passionate sensation ever manifested by him. Far, however, from making a popular display of his sorrow for a loss he equally felt as a politician and as a husband, he shrouded himself in a ten-fold depth of reserve and apparent apathy; and, when he chanced to be roused by passing allusions to his irreparable calamity, he only showed the internal pain by some cynical repartee, to silence the speaker who dared to touch upon the unclosed wound. Thus he answered the Lord Mayor of London, who brought up two addresses voted by the City of London, one of congratulation for the taking of Namur, and the other of condolence for the recent death of the Queen.

"I come, an please your gracious majesty, with joy in one hand and grief in the other——"

"Please to put them both in one hand,

\* This portrait will appear in the present half-yearly volume.

Mr. Mayor," hoarsely interrupted his gracious Majesty.

The Lord Mayor's speech was cut short—the whole deputation were laughed at, and William escaped the agonies of a common-place and unmeaning act of condolence. Intense grief makes some men, as in this instance, morose. William had at that time a lock of his wife's hair bound on his arm, concealed under his dress; he was then a widower, forty-two years of age, childless, and, moreover, the last of a line of heroes; and that his heart was truly in the grave of Queen Mary, is evidenced by the petulance with which he rejected the proffered advice of his friends to enter into a second marriage.

Notwithstanding the ugly husk of a most ungracious temper, William soon showed that his disposition was nurtured by principles more benevolent than those which were exhibited by his wife.

One of his first public actions was to put a stop to the persecution of the philanthropist William Penn, and to restore to him the grant of Pennsylvania, which

his friend King James, when Duke of York, had caused to be given him, to found his peculiar colony. In the year 1681 Penn laid the great plan for a land company, and made his equitable and interesting treaty with the Delaware Indians. This great work was, however, stopped by the revolution of 1688, and Penn, as we have shown in the previous memoir, was then a persecuted and despoiled fugitive during the entire of Mary's reign. A very few weeks after her death, William called Penn before his council, questioned him in person, and listened patiently to his explanation of his Quaker antipathy to oaths, which had, together with King James's personal friendship for him, brought on him the scandal of being a Popish non-juror; this scene ended in the full restoration of the colony of Pennsylvania, and a promise of encouragement in that blessed work of mercy and right policy.\* We are not aware that any historian has given William the credit due to this act of justice, which was not a political but a personal favour. As a political economist this warrior king was not only neglectful of his duty to colonies, but, as we shall show in its proper place, a cruel stepfather to his infant British colonies. Alas! what interest has a *conqueror* in these human hives of working bees, excepting to tear from them their honey prematurely, to feed his military bands of destructive wasps. But in justice to the intrinsic worth of William's character, it must be observed that a military mania was the vice of the age, and even more prevalent among the great body of the people than among crowned heads; and that a peace-loving British monarch did not answer public expectation in those days.

The next step taken by William, in reparation of his wife's wrong-doing, was his reconciliation with the Princess Anne. This was effected by the mediation of the Earl of Sunderland, who induced the princess to pay her brother-in-law a visit of condolence at Kensington: she was not only civilly received by the king, but

\* In many of Penn's plans a resemblance may be traced to the proceedings of the present Canada Land Company, especially in the liberality and forbearance shown towards the purchasing settlers who may have too hastily entered into bargains which they could not conveniently finish at the time appointed.

he presented her with her late sister's jewels, and assigned her apartments at St. James's palace.

Soon after, finding it necessary to form some plan for the education of her son, the little Duke of Glo'ster, William appointed the Earl of Marlborough his governor, which act was peculiarly agreeable to the princess. This was not only liberal conduct, but the profoundest policy, since Marlborough was more likely to be loyal to an heir of his own educating than to the son of James the Second.

William made a campaign in Flanders in the year 1695, which was more successful than usual: after this he retired to recreate himself at his private palace of Loo, in the Netherlands: there the French and some other inimical writers accuse him of forgetting his Dutch reserve and coldness so far as to indulge in pleasures of a very coarse description. *The game of Loo* remains as a memorial of the connexion of the British court with this place from which it was transplanted. It bore the name of Lantera Loo.

In October, the same year, he returned to England, and made a sort of progress from Cambridge to Newmarket and Oxford. At Oxford he was presented with a bible, a prayer-book, and a pair of gold fringed gloves; the conduits ran with wine, and a magnificent banquet was preparing, but before it was ready the Duke of Ormond, chancellor of Oxford, communicated to his majesty an anonymous letter he had received, stating that there was a plot to poison him at the feast. William did not act here with his usually intrepid coolness, for he immediately set out for Windsor, leaving the university to eat the dinner by themselves; but there is little cause to doubt that this was a planned scheme to breed disgust between the king and that learned body. William, at all events, was happy to make his escape from the turmoil of a great public dinner, an event which disturbed his equanimity much more than a battle.

The year 1696 gave birth to an assassination plot, concocted by some gentlemen of desperate fortune, viz. Captain Fisher, Captain Porter, and La Rue, a Frenchman. They determined to murder the king in a lane between Brentford and

Turnham-green, on his return from Richmond, where he always hunted on Saturdays. This plot was discovered by one of the accomplices, and a considerable sacrifice of human life was the consequence.

In the same year a land-bank was formed, on landed securities, something on the plan of the modern share-banks, in opposition to that of the Bank of England; nevertheless, the king granted it his charter. Some part of the kingdom viewed with great alarm the progress of the national debt, which even then amounted to several millions, and was further increased at the fall of the year by the additional sum of £800,000. Before its close the land-bank was crushed by the king's party: a curious reminiscence of his times, which is probably almost forgotten.

The year 1696 was likewise remarkable for the organisation of the land-tax; and not only an income-tax, but a poll-tax, of one penny per week, levied on every person not receiving alms.\* So that it is not to be wondered at that the country sighed for peace, which it earnestly did, being perfectly unused to such inflictions since the time of Cromwell.†

In 1697, Sir John Fenwick was put to death, being convicted of the assassination plot of the previous year. His conviction was in direct violation of the law passed at the accession of William and Mary, forbidding that any one should be condemned for treason on the evidence of less than two witnesses.

This year saw William embark for another continental campaign. At this time the subjects both of England and France were so clamorous for peace, that William and Louis were forced to agree to the treaty of Ryswick, or be left to fight out the quarrel by themselves. It is a curious circumstance, that by this

\* It is a curious thing that in the recent act of parliament of the London and Westminster Cemetery Company, a 'poll,' or 'dead-tax,' of 10s. upon each burial in the consecrated portion of the cemetery is payable to the minister of the parish from which the body is taken, which giving even sixty years to each person, is a poll-tax of twopence a year; and this abuse is in the 1st Victoria, under a reform government! There are some persons at Lord Shaftesbury's elbow who know when to catch the sometimes too-vigilant Earl napping.

† See *Barnard's Life of William the Third.*

treaty Louis the Fourteenth agreed to restore to William the Provençal possessions of his forefathers, from which he derived his title of Orange.\* At this peace the English parliament insisted on the standing army being disbanded, and William's Dutch guards sent out of the country. William pleaded in person for the retention of his guards, but finding the parliament inexorable, he was forced to yield, being more than once reminded that the laws had been altered which had given such power to British kings when his father-in-law was exiled. William remained in a dark sullen fit for many hours, without speaking to any one; at last he broke into this exclamation—

"By heavens, if I had a son, these Dutch guards of mine should *not* go!"

This was the only time he ever was heard to regret his want of offspring; yet notwithstanding all his saturnine gloom he doated on little children. An anecdote is extant of him, which places this propensity in a very pleasing light.

One of his secretaries was rather later than usual in his private closet at Kensington, when a tap was heard at the door. "Who is there?" asked the king. "Lord Buck," was the answer. The king rose, opened the door, and there was displayed to view a little child, of four years old—young Lord Buckhurst, the heir of Lord Dorset, his lord high chamberlain.

"And what does Lord Buck want?" asked the king.

"You to be a horse to my coach: I've wanted you a long time."

With a more amiable smile than the secretary had ever supposed King William could wear, his majesty looked down on his little noble, and taking the string of the toy, dragged it up and down the long gallery till his play-fellow was satisfied. It was supposed that this was not the first game of play he had had with little Lord Buckhurst.

But by far the best anecdote of William, that connected with his Lord Treasurer Godolphin. This minister, who had ever been personally attached to King James, had entered into a plot for his former master's restoration. By one of those accidents which often befal persons who are in the receipt of a great

\* Which word means Aurancia, or golden. See memoir of Mary the Second, January.

many papers, Godolphin unwittingly put into the king's hands a packet of letters which most fully criminated himself. The king read them, and the next day placed them in the hands of Lord Godolphin, who stood aghast at seeing what he had done. The king then said—

"My Lord Godolphin, I am happy to say that I am the only person who knows of this treason; give me your honour that you will put an end to it. I think after this I may trust you."

Godolphin pledged his word to the king, and kept it faithfully.

The first edition of Dryden's translation of the "*Æneid*," is somewhat oddly connected with the memory of William the Third. The book was published in 1697 by Jacob Tonson, the most celebrated bookseller of that day, and it was the pleasure of this worthy that the work should be dedicated to William the Third. Dryden, who had been dispossessed of his pension and laureateship by William and Mary, on account of his religion, we may suppose bore no particular good will towards his persecutors, and swore that he would make an *auto-de-fé* of proofs, manuscript, and all things pertaining to his authorship, before old Jacob should dedicate a work of his to William the Third. Thus baffled, Tonson concocted a notable plan of puffery for his publication; and to please and conciliate all his Whig customers, he directed his artist in the designs which illustrated the *Æneid*, to draw an exact likeness of William the Third all through the plates as the pious *Æneas*. As the features of the hero of Nassau cannot possibly be mistaken whenever they are seen, the likeness was staring, and the bookseller rejoiced in the success of his scheme. As for William himself, he no more cared for dedications by an English poet, than he did for compliments in Chinese of the condolences and congratulations of the Lord Mayor of London; either way, it was a matter of perfect indifference to him; not so to Dryden, whose ecstasy of displeasure at the sight of the features of the pious *Æneas*, vented itself in the following bitter epigram, the more bitter because founded on truth:—

Old Jacob in his wondrous mood,

To please the wise beholders,

Has placed old Nassau's hook-nosed head  
On poor *Æneas*' shoulders.

To make the parallel hold tack,  
Methinks there's something lacking,  
One took his father pick-a-back,  
The other sent his packing.\*

As before stated, King William had from his childhood been in a delicate state of health. But two or three years after the death of Queen Mary, his frame was sinking under a complication of diseases. During one of the attendances by Dr. Radcliffe, his majesty's physician, the king asked him what he thought of a complaint which had attacked his legs.

"I think," replied the singular Radcliffe, in his usually blunt way, "that I would not have your majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms."

King William thenceforth banished Radcliffe from court; but as the great physician was a favourite of Jacobite principles, this was no punishment.

A curious anecdote is connected with William's passionate love of the chase, which we give on the authority of Southey, and in his words. "A certain Mr. Cherry, who was devoted to the exiled family, formed perhaps the most pardonable design which was ever laid against a king's life. He regularly joined the royal hounds, put himself foremost, and took the most desperate leaps, in the hope that William might break his neck in the emulation of following him. One day, however, he accomplished one so imminently hazardous, that the king when he came to the spot shook his head and drew back."

The year 1698 was distinguished by an awful catastrophe in Scotland. Treated as a conquered province, and her subjects jealously excluded from all preferment in the British empire, that kingdom sought with the indomitable energy peculiar to her people, a field wherein to make her persevering efforts successful. At that time there was only a sum of eight hundred thousand pounds in specie circulating in Scotland; yet this high-minded people subscribed one moiety, or four hundred thousand pounds of that mite, to establish the celebrated settlement at the Isthmus of Darien. Had a charter been honestly refused, comparatively

\* It is a dangerous thing to hear a story by halves. Mr. Bulwer has mentioned the fact of William being drawn as *Æneas* in the plates to Tonson's edition of the "*Æneid*," as a proof of Dryden's servility!

trifling would have been the mischief which befel the company then established; but the charter *was* granted; and through the jealous interference of the Dutch East India Company, King William forbade all assistance or intercourse between the infant settlement and the West Indies and the American colonies. In consequence of these perfidious orders, the Scotch emigrants were literally starved to death, which calamity was occasioned wholly by the Dutch partiality of the British sovereign. It is impossible here to enter into the history of this unfortunate colony, which consisted of twelve hundred of the pride of Scottish men, ready and willing to defend their settlement against the power of Spain; but, sad to say, Spain was an open and honest enemy, in comparison with those who ought to have cherished and protected them. We refer the reader for information to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which has collected much valuable material from Sir John Dalrymple's "Memoirs of Great Britain;" and from the same source we draw the following personal anecdote of William:—

"A provision ship of the colony, in which thirty gentlemen were passengers, some of whom were of noble birth, having been shipwrecked at Carthage, the Spaniards, pretending to believe that they were smugglers, cast them into a dungeon, and threatened them with death. The Company of Darien deputed Lord Basil Hamilton to proceed from Scotland to implore King William's protection for the prisoners. The king refused to see his lordship, because he had not appeared at court when he was last in London. He removed this difficulty by an exculpatory explanation; yet an audience was put off from time to time, until at length he was appointed to be in the council chamber after the council was over; the king had, however, forgotten the appointment. His majesty had already quitted the room, and was passing through a passage to his carriage, when Lord Basil arrived, and at the time which had been appointed. The undaunted young nobleman intercepted the king, and fixing his eyes upon his majesty, stated,—

"That he came from a great body of his majesty's subjects to lay their misfortunes at his feet; that he had a right to be heard, and that he *would* be heard."

William paused, returned to the council chamber, listened to the narrative with patience, and gave instant orders to apply to Spain for redress; then turning to those about him, his majesty said:—

"This young man is too bold, if any man can be too bold in his country's cause." This anecdote is derived from Lord Selkirk, the grandson of Lord Basil Hamilton.

King William's persecution of a company erected on the faith of his own charter, was the reason why so many of the Scots disliked the cause of the revolution and of the union; and that dislike, joined to English discontents, brought upon both countries two rebellions, and the expenditure of many millions of money and oceans of blood, and the downfall of many of the noblest and most ancient families.

The national songs of Scotland form an important part of British history; how many, indeed, are the facts to be gathered from them which are well confirmed on inquiry, though utterly passed over in common generalising history. The following popular song of that century shows that the accidents of the seasons added to Scotch misery, and to the unpopularity of William in North Britain. It is part of the historical ballad of "O whurly Whigs awa."

Next we gat owre an Orange king,  
That played with parties baith, man,  
A Hogan Mogan\* foreign thing,  
That wrought a world of skaith, man;  
When he came owre our rights to see  
His father, friend, and a' man,  
By his Dutch guards he drove to sea,  
Then swore he ran awa, man.

The fifth day of November, he  
Did land upon our coasts, man;  
But those who lived his reign to see,  
Of that they did not boast, man:  
Seven years of famine did prevail,  
The people hopeless grew, man;  
But dearth and death did us assail,  
And thousands overthrew, man.

But Willie's latter end did come,  
He broke his collar-bone, man;  
We chose another, oushy Anne,  
And set her on the throne, man.  
O then we had baith meal and malt,  
And plenty over all, man;  
We had nae scant of sin or saint,  
Or whurly Whigs awa, man.

\* A favourite epithet of reproach in Jacobite songs, a corruption of the Dutch title of honour, High Mightiness.

By this bitter Jacobite squib we learn the statistical facts of the dearths that continued during the latter part of the reign of William, and this, though no fault of his, added to the deep hatred the common people bore him.

Another popular historical ballad alludes covertly and sarcastically to the reverse of the Episcopal Church in Scotland; its title is "Willie the Wag," so it was printed, but it was sung "Willie the Whig."

O! I had a wee bit mailin,\*

And I had a good gray mare,

And I had a braw bit dwelling,

Till Willie the wag came here.

He waggit me out of my mailin,

He waggit me out of my gear,

And out of my bonny *black gowny*†

That ne'er was the worse for the wear.

He fawned and waggit his tail,

Till he poisoned the true well ee,

And with the wagging of his fause tongue,

He gart the brave Monmouth die.‡

He waggit us out of our rights,

And he waggit us out of our laws,

And he waggit us out of our king,

O! that grieves me worst of a'.

The tod rules over the lion,

The midden's aboon the moon,

And Scotland maun cower and cringe,

To a false and a foreign loon.

O! waly fre' fall the piper,

That sells his wind sae dear,

And walyfa' is the time

When Willie the wag came here.||

These popular songs plainly show the unbroken spirit of Scotland, despite of the deep wounds of Darien and Glencoe, the Scottish lion was foaming at the bit, and ramping to break the reins that held him.

A spirit of the strongest personal sarcasm pervades the lyric productions of the Scottish poets at that time; and the most magnificent of their national melodies were made to forget their plaintive or

\* The provision for the Episcopalian clergy.

† The canonical dress of the Established Church of England.

‡ This allusion was unveiled in the publication of the Stewart papers, by order of George the Fourth. See works of the Rev. Stanier Clarke.

|| Many of our extracts are taken from a valuable little anonymous book called "Jacobite Minstrelsy."

martial character, to accor to such strains as these:—

King James the Seventh\* had ae daughter

And he gae her to an Oranger;

Ken ye how he requited him,

Ken ye how he requited him,

The lad bas into England came,

And ta'en the crown in spite of him.

The dog he shall na keep it lang,

To budge we'll make him fain again,

We'll hang him high upon a tree,

King James shall hae his ain again.

And now for the origin of these marks of popular fury. According to the strict chronology we ought to have recorded this outrage in the memoir of Mary and William, since it was committed just after the suppression of the Irish rebellion and the battle of La Hogue; but as it was solely the act and deed of the king, it is, therefore, perhaps best in his memoir. In this statement Sir John Dalrymple's love of truth has risen above party and family prejudice, since the reader will see how deeply Lord Stair, the head of the Dalrymple family, was concerned in the transaction.

In the beginning of the year 1692 an action of unexampled barbarity disgraced the government of William in Scotland. In the preceding August, in consequence of a treaty with the Highlanders, a proclamation of indemnity had been issued to such insurgents as should take the oaths to King William and Queen Mary, on or before the last day of December. The chiefs of the clans which had been in arms for King James submitted within the limited time, with the exception of Macdonnell of Glencoe, who it was well known was almost snow-bound in his valley. In the end of December he came to Colonel Hill, in Fort William, and offered to take the oaths of allegiance, who refused to tender them on account of some etiquette of office, and directed Macdonnell to go with a letter to Sir Colin Campbell, sheriff of Argyle, who would receive the oath. So eager was Macdonnell to take the oath, that notwithstanding the great peril of the snow, he set out across the country with the letter, and, though the road lay within half a mile of his own house, he would not stop to tell his lady and family whither he was gone, in the hope of being within the limited time. After many

\* Our James the Second was the Seventh of Scotland.



obstructions from the desperate state of the weather, he got to Sheriff Campbell, who refused at first to receive the oath, because the time was expired by a few hours. Through the vehement entreaties of Macdonnell, who proved that the delay was purely accidental, Campbell administered the oath. Sir John Dalrymple, afterwards Earl of Stair, attended King William as secretary of state for Scotland. He took advantage of Macdonnell of Glencoe's oath not being registered with the others, to procure from the king a warrant of military execution against the whole clan. As a mark of his own eagerness, or to exonerate Dalrymple, William signed the warrant both above and below with his own hand. The secretary, in letters expressive of a brutal ferocity of mind, urged the officers who commanded in the Highlands to execute their orders with the utmost rigour. Campbell of Glenlyon, a captain in Argyle's regiment, and two subalterns, were ordered with 120 men to repair to Glencoe on the 1st of February. Captain Campbell, being uncle to young Macdonnell's wife, was received by the chief with all manner of cordiality and hospitality, whilst the men were treated in the houses of his tenants with free quarters and kind entertainment. Till the 13th of February the troops lived in good humour and familiarity with the people. The officers on the very night of the massacre passed the evening and played at cards in Macdonnell's house. In the night Lieutenant Lindsay, with a party of soldiers, called in a friendly manner at the door. He was instantly admitted. Macdonnell, as he was receiving his guest, was shot in the back with two bullets. His wife was stripped by the soldiers, who tore the rings off her fingers with their teeth. The slaughter now became general. To prevent pity to their late hosts from acting upon the soldiers, their quarters had been changed the night before. Neither age nor infirmity was spared. Women defending their children were slain, young boys imploring mercy were shot by officers on whose knees they hung. In one place, nine persons, as they sat enjoying themselves at table, were shot dead by the soldiers. At Inverriggen, in Captain Campbell's own quarters, nine men were first bound by the soldiers, and then shot at intervals

one by one. Fifty women and children, who fled to the mountains from their beds, perished in the snowy inclemency of the night. The rest of the clan owed their escape to a tempest of snow. Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, who had the charge of the extermination from King William's agent, Dalrymple, was on his march with 400 men to guard all the passes from the valley of Glencoe, but was obliged to stop by the severity of the weather, which proved the safety of the remnant of the unfortunate clan, who escaped to the fastnesses of the mountains. But the troops of the king entered the glen next day, and laid all the houses in ashes, and carried away the cattle and plundered the effects of the Macdonnells, which were divided amongst the officers and soldiers. It can scarcely be imagined that a massacre attended with such circumstances of treachery and violation of the laws of hospitality, could pass without some animadversions, though Cunningham, an historian, exceedingly partial to the character of King William, accounts it a great grievance that it should be inquired into, and with much *naïveté* adds, "that the inquiry was remarkably troublesome to many respectable people." Indeed, the Scotch parliament declared the massacre of Glencoe to be a barbarously murderous transaction; but the "respectable people" concerned put a stop to the further trouble this decision might have given them, by producing King William's warrant, signed above and below in the very peculiar manner described. It is perhaps the only regal warrant that ever was granted for an extermination. We add a copy of it, in William's own words:—

"William R.

"As for the M'Donalds of Glencoe, if they can well be distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will be proper, for the vindication of public justice, to extirpate that set of thieves.

"W. R."

The doubtful manner will be noticed in which the king mentions the Highlanders, as a proof that the massacre originated in his own mind, he being a stranger to the localities of Scotland. This is the copy of the letter that was sent to Campbell, of Glenlyon, from his major.

For their Majesties' service.

Sir, Ballacholis, Feb. 12, 1692.

You are hereby ordered to fall upon the rebels, the Macdonalds of Glenco, and put all to the sword under seventy. You are to have especial care that the old fox and his cubs do upon no account escape your hands. You are to secure all the avenues, that no man escape. This you are to put in execution at five in the morning precisely, and by that hour, or very shortly after it, I'll strive to be at you with a stronger party. If I do not come to you at five, you are not to tarry, but fall on.

This is by the king's SPECIAL COMMISSION, for the good of the country, that the miscreants may be cut off root and branch.

See that this be put in execution without fear, or else you may expect to be treated as not true to the king and government, nor as a man fit to carry a commission in the king's service. Expecting you will not fail in the fulfilling of these, as you love yourself, I subscribe these with my hand,

ROBERT DUNCANSON.

A far greater number of persons in these days talk of the massacre of Glencoe than are acquainted with the facts relating to it; the Waverley novels have made most of our readers familiar with the name of this blot on William's character, but the fouler stigma of the Darien treachery is unknown to the general reader.

And thus were *two classes* of Scotchmen provided with rallying cries against William the Third. The high Jacobites were stirred into indignation by the word Glencoe, while Darien was the word of wrath which called forth the fury of the party in Scotland who had aided William to mount the throne; for it was on those who had made him the monarch of their choice, from true protestant principle, that this heavy blow principally fell.

In the year 1699 very serious divisions between the king and his parliament took place. In the month of June the king retired to enjoy himself at Loo, leaving his usual council of regency to govern the kingdom, with which the Princess Anne was not the least concerned. At Loo he received a visit from his friend the Duke of Zell, the father of the unfortunate wife of the Electoral Prince of Hanover, afterwards George the First. In October he landed at Margate, and, on opening his parliament, he found the Tory party bent on inquiring into the illegal manner in which he and his Dutch

council of regency had disposed of the forfeited estates of Ireland. They in particular scrutinised the grants he had made to his favourite Mrs. Villiers, on whom he had bestowed the title of Countess of Orkney, so as to subject William to a weight of popular odium. The century closed with violent altercations between William and his parliament; they brought in a bill to exclude all foreigners, but Prince George of Denmark, the husband of the heiress-presumptive, from the national councils. William avoided this blow aimed at his favourites, Lord Portland, Lord Albemarle, and Lord Galway, by proroguing parliament until the next May. The beginning of the century saw the Princess Anne childless, the young Duke of Gloucester, her only son, having been cut off by a malignant fever. The king was absent in Holland when this boy, whom he considered in the light of a son, expired, leaving him nearly alone in the world, without any near relative, except the Princess Anne. Then it was that William showed his disbelief of the story that had been so sedulously propagated by his party, relative to the spurious birth of the son of James the Second. He sent to his uncle a message, telling him that if he would give him the guardianship of his young cousin, and permit him to be brought up a protestant, he would do his best to settle the succession on him. The sincerity of James's bigotry prevented his acquiescence in this reasonable proposal, and he answered, "that he hoped his boy would be ready, like himself, to sacrifice crowns and kingdoms to his faith." At this time James was on his death-bed: he sent his forgiveness to his nephew and his daughter. His words concerning the deceased consort of William have been quoted in the previous memoir.

At this time William the Third was forming a grand continental alliance, for the purpose of contesting the succession of Louis's grandson, Philip the Fifth, to the throne of Spain. In this employment he spent the three latter years of his life, and prepared for the great continental war, which continued during the greater portion of the reign of Queen Anne. The widowed queen of James the Second and Madame de Maintenon\* had, by their entreaties, prevailed on Louis the Fourteenth to recognise the

\* See this portrait and memoir.

son of James the Second as the successor to his father, by the title of James the Third. Louis was in a state of doubt for some days, for he had had enough of war with England, of which those ladies took advantage, by pointing out forcibly to him the new alliances which William was making with the enemies of France, and that William would declare war against him, whether Louis performed this act of friendship to his young cousin or not. This remonstrance turned the scale, and the proclamation gave William the opportunity of rushing into the desired war, from which most of his subjects who had solid property were exceedingly averse.

All Germany and England were in a state of active preparation for the great contest. William himself intended to take the field early in the spring of 1703. He expected to head his army in Flanders, his old fighting ground, but a power mightier than his had issued a contrary summons.

William had been exceedingly ill at Loo the preceding year, but his state of health had been carefully concealed from his British subjects. He made himself appear much stronger than he was, by engaging in the pleasures of the chase, and partaking of his usual course of violent exercises. On the 21st of February, 1703, while returning from the chase to Hampton Court, his sorrel pony trod on a mole-hill, which giving way, the animal fell. The king was thrown, and broke his collar-bone. Subject to what infinite trifles do human plans depend, and what mean agency is sufficient to destroy the gigantic schemes of human glory and military pride! The purblind mole, who was obeying the first call of spring to repair his fortifications, and set his subterranean house in order, did what all the might of Louis the Great, and all the skill of his engineers, could never have done; the works of this little creature overthrew William the Third, and subverted his intentions of leading Europe in battle array against France. The reader of Pope will here remember his suppressed couplet—

Angels who watched the royal oak so well,  
How chanced ye slumbered when poor Sorrel  
fell?

The struggle of mind against matter, which had distinguished this warrior king throughout the whole of his existence, was carried on even after receiving this

fatal blow. He was taken to Hampton Court, and had the fracture set, by Ronjat, his surgeon; the energetic sovereign, notwithstanding the feebleness of his body, making so light of the accident as to insist on returning to Kensington that very night, and, in spite of all remonstrances, he set off in his coach for that palace. On the road the jolting of the carriage displaced the bones, and they were set once more, under the care of Bidloo, his house physician. Till the 1st of March he seemed better; on that day the British parliament passed an attainder against Prince James, the son of James the Second, a boy of fourteen; the same hour the king fell lame, and suffered many uneasy symptoms, but recovering a little: on the seventh of the month he walked for exercise in the gallery at Kensington, and feeling himself tired, sat down on a couch and fell fast asleep: he awoke ill and shivering with cold, was taken to bed, and Sir Richard Blackmore, a celebrated poetaster-physician, attended him, but could give him no relief. The next day he granted a commission for passing the malt-tax, of which the country still *enjoys* the benefit, but he was so weak as to be incapable of subscribing the commission, and therefore affixed a stamp, in the presence of the lord-keeper and the clerks of parliament. This business was at times interrupted by fits, which crowded thick and strong on the departing hero, during which his majesty's anxiety was great for the appearance of his young favourite Keppel; directly he entered he said to him, in French, "I draw near to my end." He, however, lingered through the 9th of March, expressing at times his earnest wish to see Bentinck, duke of Portland. Early on the 10th the king received the sacrament, from the hands of Archbishop Tennison. He gave the keys of his private scrutoire to Keppel, and bade him help himself to the money it contained, which amounted to £20,000, all the monarch's personal wealth. The Duke of Portland did not arrive till the king was speechless; but his faculties were still unimpaired, as he took the hand of his early friend, pressed it, and repeatedly clasped it to his heart. Soon afterward he expired in the arms of Mr. Sewel, one of the pages of the back-stairs, who sat behind, supporting him in bed. The Lords Lexington and Scarborough, who

were then in waiting, no sooner perceived that the spirit was departed, than they told Ronjat to unbind from the king's arm a black ribbon, which bound a gold locket, containing the hair of Queen Mary, close on the pulse of his wrist. This was little better than a sacrilege, the relic so dear to the hero might have been permitted to have mingled with his dust; for by this cherished trifle, so carefully secreted through his widowed life, was revealed the depth and intensity of a love, such as stern and silent temperaments alone can feel, and when once felt, it is felt for ever.

After the vain ceremony of embalming the royal corpse, which was laid out in state at Kensington, on April the 12th, the body was deposited in a vault by the side of his queen, in Henry the Seventh's chapel. There exists no monument of either, excepting those dilapidated wax figures among the other cast-off funeral effigies in Westminster Abbey. We are by no means certain but that these wax figures were carried on biers at the funeral pageant, as those of Elizabeth and Monk certainly were, according to a custom of the middle ages, which required that the corpse of the deceased sovereign should be borne barefaced on the bier (as is still the general custom in many countries) in the habiliments usually worn on days of high ceremonial. These effigies of her sister and brother-in-law we scarcely think would have been provided by Queen Anne, who did not rear other monuments for them; and we see two more about the abbey, besides those in this chapel, which were evidently borne at the funeral ceremonies; these are of King Charles the Second and the Duchess of Richmond, his cousin. Oliver Cromwell had an effigy of this kind, which lay in regal state at Whitehall, but was afterwards hung by the neck out of the window when the Rump Parliament was dissolved, as a token of the joy of the populace.

At the extreme ends of a large box stand these effigies of William and Mary; they seem to have got as far from each other as possible, as the sole point of union is the proximity of their sceptres, which they hold close together, parallel and nearly touching, but at arms' length. They are in their coronation costume, and appear to have been modelled from life, as Mary is considerably taller than

her husband, who in that representation is singularly diminutive in person.

William left no children; he was succeeded in his continental dignities and estates by his cousin Prince Frison of Nassau, stadtholder of Friesland. By his will he left the lordship of Breevest and 200,000 guilders to his favourite Keppel, earl of Albemarle. He died in his fifty-third year.

There exists a curious poem, in which all the latter circumstances we have named passed under review. It is supposed to be addressed to Archbishop Tennyson, and mimics the peculiar English spoken by William. Although popular in Scotland, and bitterly allusive to Glencoe and Darien, as it possesses no Scotisms, we should have doubted its Scotch origin, but, as Dryden was dead before William, we do not recognise any one in England sufficiently free from the artificial trammels of the poetry of that day, to come so daringly home to facts. It is probably by the famous Robertson, of Struan, who wrote and fought for the Jacobite party the chief part of a life of ninety years, fighting and writing for the Stuarts. He died in the year 1748, after seeing the final hopes of his party extinguished at Culloden. This song is called "Willie's Testament." This Robertson of Struan walked at the right hand of Prince Charles Edward, when he took triumphant possession of Holyrood, after his victory of Preston. Robertson, at that great age, had the finest figure, excepting the prince, in Edinburgh.

Oh! tell me fader Tennyson,  
Tink you dat mine life pe tone?  
So pe den do I leave to you,  
My parchments and mine trunks at Loo,  
Von cup, von cloak, von coverlid,  
Von press, von black book, and von red.  
Dere you will find mine orders give  
Vat mans shall die, vat mans shall live.

Dere you vil find it in mine will,  
Vat kings shall keep their kingdoms still,  
And if dey please who dem must quit,  
Mine good vench Anne must look to it.  
Woes me, dat ever I did sit  
On throne!—But now no more of dat.

Take you, moreover, Tennison,  
De villain horse dat broke dis bone.\*

Take you besides dis ragged coat,  
And all de curses of de Scot,  
Dat dey did give me vunder vell,  
For Darien and dat Macdonnell.  
Dese are de tings I fain would give,  
Now dat I have not time to live.  
O! take 'em off dis breast I pray,  
I'll go de lighter on mine vay.

I leave unto mine good vench Anne,  
Dat crown would better fit a man,

And vit it all the firebrands red  
Dat in de cap have scorch mine hed.  
All dis I hereby do bequeath  
Pefore dat I shake hand vit death.  
But dis said crown cannot do goot,  
It came wit much ingratitude.

And tell her Tennison from me  
To lock it up most carefully,  
And keep de Scot peyoud de Tweed,  
Else I sall see dem ven I'm dead.  
I have von hope—I have but von—  
'Tis veak, but petter 'tis dan none :  
Me viss it prove not von intrigue—  
It is de deprave of de selfish Whig.

\* The death of King William was occasioned by his horse stumbling over a molehill. The Jacobites used to drink to the memory of the animal which made it in their celebrated toast—"To the little gentleman in black velvet."

† Alluding to the starved colony of Darien and the massacre at Glencoe.

## THE MANIAC SONG.

Oh! once again I'd string my lute,  
And make a merry minstrel strain;  
Too long, alas! it has been mute,  
Tho' dreams of fire are in my brain,  
And icy pangs are on my heart;  
Give me my lute, and they'll depart! \*

I'll bid them leave the minstrel's cell,  
And seek a gayer, nobler dome,  
Tho' palace, where the false ones dwell,  
And leave my cold, ungentle home,  
Nor haunt my couch of golden reeds,  
Nor tear my bosom till it bleeds.

But they have left me all alone,  
None join my laugh, or heed my groan;  
And golden reeds have got no tone;  
So here I sit, and sing, and moan,  
To the wild rattle of a chain,  
That binds my heart, but not my brain!

B. B.

## MARITIME TREACHERY : A NAUTICAL TALE.

BY M. CAREY.

It was a hazy night when the brig *Rapid* was running before the wind. Captain Beaver was a cautious sailor, and as the weather was somewhat squally, he had struck his royals and reefed his trysail, not caring to make much way during the night, for fear of being run foul of, or running foul of some other vessel. This extreme caution did not exactly suit the tempers of some of the youngsters on board. Running six knots an hour was slow work for them; had they been in charge of the vessel, they would have brought her close to the wind, and made as much way as wind and canvass would have allowed. There was accordingly a knot of these giddy fellows descanting on what they termed the folly of the captain, in sauntering along at a snail's gallop. By some means or other the captain caught a word or two, which gave him a notion of the subject of their conversation: and as he was determined to put a stop to any attempt at calling his judgment in question, he cried out to an officer, "Mr. Stephens, be so good as to desire those gentlemen to come aft, as I wish to speak with them." The word was passed, and in a few minutes the parties were alongside of the captain.

They looked at each other in confusion, suspecting that the captain was displeased with them, as he looked at each with a reproachful air: dead silence ensued, for none attempted even to inquire why they were summoned.

Captain Beaver stuck his hands in his pockets, and paced up and down; then he made a dead stop; then again he walked; but suddenly paused, and looked full in the face of George Danvers.

"So, sir," said the captain, "it appears you are not altogether satisfied with my method of working the ship! Perhaps you will have the goodness to favour me with your advice at this critical juncture?"

"Sir," replied George, "I only thought——"

"Well, sir, go on," rejoined the captain. "You only thought.—Pray what did you think?—Oh, silent.—

Young man! young man!" continued Captain Beaver, as his voice softened a little, "never give way to ill-judged thoughts: I know well enough what you would do if you had the command. You would shake out your reefs, and hoist your royals, and dash harem-scarem through the water, without reflecting that on such a hazy night as this we might either be run down, or run foul of some other vessel; but I see you are already aware of your error, and I will, therefore, say no more on the subject. Return to your quarters, and keep a good look out, else I shall be under the necessity of placing one of you to look out from the mast-head, which you must be aware will not be a very pleasant berth on such a night as this. Hark!—there is something near us.—Give them the bell to warn them off." The bell was set to work, and a few moments afterwards a voice was heard under the star-board, calling "*ship-a-hoy!*"

"Look out there!" exclaimed Beaver. "What's afloat now?"

"Please your honour," replied Joe Gunnel, the second mate, "it is a strange pinnace, with three men on board, and one of them wishes to go to Malta."

"What!" replied Beaver, "does he take us for a passage-boat, that plies for passengers? Has he no eyes to discover that we are a brig of war?"

"Please your honour," said the man in the pinnace, "I know you are a brig of war, and I am happy to discover that you are Britons, because you never turn a deaf ear to a tale of distress."

"In distress!" ejaculated Beaver. "Oh, that alters the case: well come on board, and let's hear what you've got to say."

In a moment the stranger quitted the pinnace, and appeared on deck. He came aft to the captain, while the dim light from the binnacle shone upon his manly figure. He was tall and athletic, with a countenance at once expressive of boldness; his dark and piercing eye met the captain's gaze, but he shrunk not from him. His dress was that of a sea-

farer of some foreign nation, and his unshaven beard gave him the appearance of a man somewhat stricken in years. No sooner had he reached the deck, than the pinnace, which had held on by a boat-hook, suddenly broke away, and was out of sight in a moment.

"The pinnace is gone, your honour!" exclaimed the boatswain.

"Gone!" echoed the captain, "and left this man behind! What's to be done with him?"

"There is no alternative," added the stranger, "I must remain on board."

"So it seems," said Captain Beaver.

"But who, and what are you? There seems a good deal of mystery about you, and you look"—

"How do I look?" said the stranger, quickly.

"Why, truly," said Captain Beaver, "you look as if you had been stolen from a gibbet, and that's the candid truth."

"I have been unfortunate," said the stranger, "and have only just escaped from captivity, where I have been kept in a state of slavery, and compelled to work in disgraceful fetters: look where the galling iron has left its work:" as he said this, he bared his wrist and showed it to the captain. "Those friends that bore me hither in the pinnace, were men possessed of noble hearts, they pitied my sad fate, and aided my escape. Oh, sir, when you shall be assured of the miseries I have suffered, you too will feel for me."

"Well, well,—go forward," said Captain Beaver; "get food and rest, and in the morning I will hear your tale, I am too busy now." The stranger bowed, and went forward; the watch was changed, and day began to break; the mist gradually cleared, and gave promise of a fine morning. Land was now visible, like a dark vapour on the sea. The captain consulted his chart, and finding he had plenty of sea-room, and a steady breeze, ordered the royals to be bent, and the reefs shook out; a few hours' sail brought them into soundings, and shortly after they came to anchor at Malta.

The stranger, who had turned into one of the sailor's hammocks, slept soundly for some hours. The bustle and movement on deck, first aroused him, and having been informed that Captain Beaver desired to see him, he was not long before he attended him.

"Young man," said Beaver, "you and

I must become better acquainted. I am not going to spin any round-about rignamrole long yarns, but come right up the wind at once. You are on board of one of his Britannic Majesty's ships, and as my officers and crew are all picked men, I must have no foul-weather swabs aboard, therefore, as captain of this ship, I must overhaul your log-book, and if you don't answer signals, why I must pop you ashore the first opportunity." A pause ensued. The stranger at length collected himself, and related as follows:—

"Like yourself, I was once the captain of a ship—I will not mention her name, nor will I name my persecutors, who have ruined my fair fame, and who fondly imagined I should have died in the place from which I have just escaped. It is now seven years since I was in the navy, and although I am not yet forty, the sufferings, both mental and bodily, which I have endured, have brought on premature old age."

"Why, that's true enough," interrupted Beaver, "I should have taken you to be near sixty,—but go on."

"I went out in the expedition against the French commanded by Admiral Byng. Every body knows the disastrous issue of that undertaking. Many a brave man suffered a share of odium undeservedly. Chagrined with the ill success which had attended us, I entered on board another ship some time after, and met with better fortune. We engaged and captured a French ship, infinitely our superior in every respect. We returned to England in triumph, bringing our rich prize with us; I had the good fortune to attract the captain's notice, by being one of the first to board the enemy and having felled a Frenchman to the ground with a handspike, at the moment he had placed a pistol to the back of our captain's head, and thus saved his life. I had also nailed our colours to the staff after they had been shot away. He felt the obligation, and thinking such courage in a youth not twenty years old deserving of encouragement, sent me to London with the despatches. I executed my commission faithfully, and returned to our ship laden with honours. Many promotions took place, and I, amongst others, was placed on the list of lieutenants. But a wayward fate seemed to cling to me; some of the officers were extremely envious of this mark of favour and deter-

mined to work my ruin. Indeed, I may date my misfortunes from this time. Some of them, from want of other causes, taunted me with having been concerned in the late unfortunate affair at Minorca; and a youngster, who had, like myself, been promoted, had the audacity to say in my hearing, that the honour of his promotion was tarnished by being placed on the same list with a coward. His eye at that moment glanced towards me; I could not be mistaken as to whom he had directed his insult; he had wounded me in the tenderest part that a brave man was vulnerable, my honour was at stake, my blood was fired. I quickly advanced towards him, and demanded if he intended the epithet of *coward* for me. With the utmost indifference he replied, I might place whatever construction I pleased on his expression, as he should not condescend to give any explanation to one who had disgraced the British flag. Unable to bear his insolence any longer, I struck my defamer to the ground. In a moment all was confusion on board; he rushed aft to the captain, the blood streaming from his cheek, and pointed me out as the aggressor. Unfortunately I had no witnesses in my favour, the incentive to this act of violence was only known to a few, and those were my bitter enemies, and they aggravated all the circumstances against me. That I had been guilty of a breach of discipline was most true, and it unfortunately happened that my slanderer was the captain's nephew. Enraged at my intemperate conduct, and ignorant of the provocation I had received, the captain ordered me under arrest, that I might be brought to a court-martial as soon as we reached the next station. We were then on the Mediterranean, not above twelve hours' sail from Sardinia. I was below, lonesome, forsaken, and spirit-broken, when I distinctly heard the voice of the man on the look out, exclaim, 'Strange sail ahead!' The hum of voices, and the noise and bustle above, roused me; I would have rushed on deck, but being placed under arrest, I dared not without orders. It was agonizing—I could hear the orders given to clear for action, yet was I debarred from joining in the glorious struggle. The first gun was fired—it was like a dagger through my heart—I was paralysed—my senses wandered—I raved—I foamed at the mouth like a madman. The action now became

general. Suddenly a pause ensued—I listened—I could only catch amongst the confused murmur of voices, a few broken sentences, 'Our captain—Is he dead?—No, wounded—Mortally! We must strike.' 'Strike!' echoed I. 'Britons,' I ejaculated, 'strike to an enemy! Not while I live to prevent it.' I rushed on the deck, where to my horror and dismay I beheld two cowardly lubbers in the act of lowering the colours: I seized a pistol from the belt of a dying officer, and rushing to the flag-staff, swore that I would blow out the brains of the first man who dared to strike. The cowards appeared awestruck, I drew back, 'Britons, be firm!' I exclaimed, 'behold your enemy; she is not more than double our force, and what is that compared to British bravery? Double shot your guns, my friends, and give her a hearty welcome. Well done, well done! now lay her alongside, and grapple her, we can but die once, let us then die gloriously!' My words acted like magic on the crew, who, without recollecting my rank or station on board, fulfilled my directions with alacrity.

"Who is that man?" faintly inquired our dying captain, 'convey him to me. I advanced towards him, the blood was streaming from his wound, his eyes were closed, 'My brave friend,' said he, 'whoever you are, I thank you. But my sight is gone, and I am denied the satisfaction of beholding the form of the brave man who stands before me. Speak then! who are you?' I declared my name. He started in surprise, 'Ah! Moreland, the prisoner!' he exclaimed. 'But no matter, this act at once obliterates your former fault. My first and second lieutenants are both dead. You are the bravest officer in the ship; now mark me all of you,' and he raised his voice as he continued, 'I delegate the command of this ship to this young officer, see, therefore, that you obey him. Go to your duty, my brave fellow, persevere in the noble course you have begun, and success is certain.' At this moment we came alongside of the enemy, and prepared to board; meanwhile our captain was removed below. After much exertion we boarded them on the larboard bow, and fought our way along the larboard gangway to the quarter-deck, and after a dreadful slaughter, the enemy surrendered, and victory was ours. I instantly hastened



to inform the captain of our success; he was just able to articulate 'Thanks, thanks, I die happy; continue in command of the vessel, farewell,—I can no more.' He sunk on the couch, and life was extinct. I lost no time in making every thing secure, and having placed a sufficient number of the crew on board the prize, sailed away in triumph. I had determined to follow up our successes, for I soon learned that a brig which had sailed in company with the Spaniard, had bore away soon after the action commenced, and had taken shelter on the coast of Barbary. From this and other circumstances, I suspected that our enemies were in some degree connected with the pirates on that coast, and my suspicions were increased by discovering that the log and ship's papers of our prize had been all thrown overboard before she surrendered. I therefore steered my course towards Tripoli, and called a council on board our ship, when I developed the whole of my plan to the officers. They, however, received every thing with coldness and indifference, and I soon perceived that a spirit of insubordination existed, which, unless vigorously checked, would lead to a complete mutiny. I therefore broke up the meeting, giving them to understand, that as the command of the ship had devolved on me, until a successor was appointed, I was determined to be obeyed. This resolute conduct in some degree had the effect of suppressing the rising jealousy of my brother officers, as far as appearances went; but I felt assured that if opportunity offered, they would destroy my authority. We were then in sight of Tripoli, and within a mile of the shore, I could plainly discover the object of our search riding at anchor. We bore away, determined to wait till dusk before we commenced the attack. The boats were prepared, which were to cut out the Spaniard; our vessel was placed athwart the stern of the brig, so that she could rake the deck, and thus divide their attention, while we boarded in the smoke. An hour before the attack began, the officers who had hitherto treated me with such marked disrespect, came forward in a body, and told me that they felt sorry they had so rashly opposed the plans which I had adopted, but that they had then made up their minds to give me their support without further argument, under a hope that a second

triumph would ensure them all speedy promotion.

"Flushed with the hopes of victory, I saw not the snare which those dastards were laying for me: little did I imagine the treachery that was about to be exercised towards me. The boats were all ready, and I jumped into the gig which was manned by picked men; the other boats followed in silence, as had been previously arranged. The enemy observed not our approach till we were alongside, when, with a hearty cheer, we all started up and began the attack; I clambered up, and boarded on the starboard gangway; my cutlass was drawn, and I turned round to urge my men to the attack, but judge of my surprise, my indignation, when, instead of being followed by the crew, I found the boat had pushed off, and left me on board at the mercy of a barbarous enemy. Yes, my aching sigh beheld, by the blue light of the rising moon, the boats returning to the ship, her sails spread to the wind, and ere two hours had passed, she was completely out of sight. My heart bled as I surrendered my sword to the commander of the brig, and barbarian as he was, he could not refrain from evincing his contempt for the dastards who had betrayed me. I was conveyed on shore a prisoner, but my hard fate had made a strong impression on the daughter of the commandant of the fortress. Through her means the horrors of my captivity were softened, and I felt grateful for her kindness. She was in the habit of taking excursions in the bay, and on these occasions the governor's pinnace was always manned for her; I was often amongst the crew, and to this circumstance I may attribute my liberty. I had been a prisoner seven years, and my hopes of ever seeing my native country, and obtaining justice on my treacherous companions, had nearly fled. One day, however, we were ordered to have the eight-oared galley ready for the governor's daughter. It was a beautiful serene morning, and the water in the bay was as placid and unruffled as if it were glass. The lady sat in front of me, and as I pulled the oar, her dark full eye seemed fixed upon me so steadfastly, that I could hardly withstand her scrutiny; I could not account for the strange feeling that crept o'er my senses, I almost forgot my duty, and twice made a false stroke with my oar. She kindly

attributed it to illness, and seemed to feel an interest in my fate. We reached the plantation a few miles up the lake, where we were to land, and at this place there was to be a little merry-making in consequence of its being the anniversary of the birth of the young lady. All seemed happy, every face wore a smile but mine; I could not bear their mirth, and I retired from the scene of merriment to indulge in solitude. The governor's daughter had noticed my departure, and followed me with a determination to learn the secret of my sorrow. Judge then of my surprise when her voice struck upon my ear, as I thoughtfully reclined on the mossy bank, 'Briton, cheer up,' said she, in a kind tone of voice; 'this is a day of festivity, and I would see you happy, like the rest of us.' 'Ah! my kind mistress,' said I, 'he that is for ever estranged from his native country, must ever feel a pang when he casts his eye on the rolling sea that divides him from it. Remember, too, the treachery which left me here a prisoner; those very wretches who betrayed me will probably obtain the bright rewards which should have been mine, and will, no doubt, denounce me as a deserter from my country's flag; say, then, my kind mistress, how can I be happy while these reflections are ever uppermost in my thoughts?'

"She, pausing awhile, then looked steadfastly in my face said, 'you desire to return to your native country!' 'That is most true,' I replied. 'And would that make you happy?' she continued. 'Happiness, I fear, is beyond my reach,' I answered, 'but my heart would be at rest, for I should then have an opportunity of rescuing my character from disgrace, and confounding the traitorous villains who betrayed me.'

"'Enough!' said she, 'you shall have your wish; return to the festival, assume an appearance of gaiety, even if you feel it not; leave all to me, and you shall have your wish.' With these words she quitted me. Surprise and sudden joy rivetted me to the spot. I was bewildered, and hardly capable of returning thanks. The occurrence seemed to be a dream; to have freedom so suddenly placed within my reach after seven years' captivity, I could hardly believe it. And yet the angel form that 'bid me hope smiled upon me as she spoke, and the benign goodness of her heart shone through

her eyes as she gave the last look at parting. I returned to the gay throng, and as it was a festival day, I soon observed that the slaves and captives were treated as well as the best. But the star which shone above them all was, the governor's daughter, the fair Zorayda—my preserver, my benefactress—oh! how I loved her at that moment, she seemed to me as if she were an angel sent from heaven to cheer my drooping spirits. I became more cheerful, and looked with pleasure on the merry dancers as they tripped along—the shades of evening, however, gave notice to close the sports; the boats were ordered to be ready, and we all prepared to return; how different were my feelings when I resumed my place in the boat—Zorayda, my guardian angel, was placed in front of me again. The sight of her cheered me, and as I pulled the oar, I whispered a prayer to Heaven for her happiness. We soon reached the Fortress, and as Zorayda stepped on shore she bent her eyes on me; I had raised my arm to assist her out of the boat, and as she passed me, in heavenly accents she whispered, 'you shall have your wish.' Our company having safely got on shore, we had nothing further to do than to put up the boat for the night. At this time a confidential officer and a black man, whom I had often observed in attendance on Zorayda, remained at the boat contrary to custom. The officer told the boatmen they need not wait, as Zorayda had obtained a holiday for them, and they were to spend a merry night in the Fortress. At this intelligence they set up a shout of joy, and went on shore. I was about to follow, when the black man took my hand, and drawing me close to him whispered, 'remain.' He watched the others till out of sight, and then placed a paper in my hand. I had some difficulty in tracing the lines, for the night was fast drawing on; but I could distinguish the words, '*these are your friends, they will lead you to liberty.*'

"I dropped on my knees in thankfulness to Heaven, while tears of gratitude flowed from my eyes. The officer and the black pointed to the pinnacle. I understood them, I leaped on board, and they followed me. We spread the little sail to the wind and plied the long oars, and were soon out at sea.

"The night, as you well know, was bright for several hours, but soon a hazy

atmosphere clouded all around, and left us shrouded in complete darkness. It was at this juncture that I heard a confused murmur of voices on board your ship, which served to guide us, and enabled me once more to get on board one of my country's ships. This, sir, is my history, and I leave you to judge whether or not I deserve your assistance."

"You deserve it; and shall have it," exclaimed Captain Beaver. "As sure as I live, you are the British officer that was reported to have gone over to the enemy, and had likewise attempted to betray his ship and crew to them; the bitterest curses were vented on you by men of every rank, and your name was erased from the list, as being no longer an officer fit to be trusted in the British fleet. But cheer up, my brave fellow, we shall see England again ere long, and then you shall face the swabs who have run you down, and obtain justice. Cheer up, I say, you shall have the best the ship can afford; for I hold it to be an Englishman's first duty to aid and protect the true defenders of our beloved country."

This speech was accompanied by a hearty shake of the hand from honest John Beaver, who safely stowed his new acquaintance in the cabin.

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No sooner had the rascally crew betrayed the brave Moreland to the enemy, than they weighed anchor and steered for England.

The ringleader in this treacherous affair was one George Burnside, who from his petulant and overbearing disposition they nick-named "Firebrand." After a stormy discussion he was elected captain, and at his suggestion the ship was put on her course for England. He likewise advised that they should either report their victim Moreland as having died of his wounds, or as having deserted to the enemy: by which they would thus obtain all the prize-money for themselves. The party opposed to him wanted to run the vessel into an enemy's port, and make a safe bargain as they called it. This plan was however over-ruled, and Burnside's adopted. They reached Falmouth in safety with their prize, and each of the officers was rewarded and promoted for what was supposed to be the result of great courage and excellent discipline. There were, however, some amongst the crew who did not feel easy under the

circumstances, and one John Bolding who had seen much service, exclaimed loudly against the villany that had been practised. Burnside looked on him with great suspicion, for he had repeatedly and openly said it was a dastardly affair: indeed on one occasion, when Burnside spoke in an angry tone and told him to go below, or he would put him in irons, he said that it would be the worst for him if he did, for he had a tongue in his head, and perhaps when he got to England he might say more than he would like to hear. Burnside was so enraged, that he drew his pistol and swore he would shoot him unless he obeyed; but John Bolding looked fearlessly at him as he exclaimed, "Fire away then if you will; you will cut a good figure at the yard-arm for it! If murder is committed," continued he, "there are plenty of witnesses to fix it on the perpetrator." Burnside knew he was right; for a slight glance around, fully convinced him, that the crew were ready to interfere in Bolding's behalf. Bolding was however persuaded to quit the deck, and there the matter rested.

When the vessel had reached England, and the prize-money been awarded, one of the men asked him why he did not go and get his share; to which Bolding angrily replied, "I can't bring my mind to take it, for I am confident I shall never enjoy it, knowing as I do that he who most deserves it has been treacherously left in the hands of the enemy as a slave. I'll tell you what it is Will Tranter, we are all a set of scoundrels together; we have stood by as idle spectators, while our popinjay officers sent adrift the bravest fellow that belonged to our ship: what good then is the prize-money and the wages; I won't touch a farthing of it, unless our brave Lieutenant Moreland has his share of it." "I feel that you are right," said Will Tranter, "perfectly right, and I sorely repent having delayed giving information of the circumstances to the big-wigs on shore." "It is not too late," said Bolding, "and I have made up my mind. We are now safe in Portsmouth Harbour—our new captain will be on board to-morrow; to him I will unfold the whole of this foul-weather course which has been pursued, and give these puppies in laced jackets a bit of a keel-hauling."

This matter being settled, they retired to their berths, determined to put the

plan in execution on the following morning. But their plan had been overheard by some of Burnside's agents, and he contrived to see the new captain before he came on board, to whom he represented the two men Bolding and Tranter as disorderly and inefficient seamen; and his assertion being supported by others of his accomplices, the captain believed them, and they were authorised to discharge the men. They did so, and contrived to get them drafted on board a vessel bound to the Cape of Good Hope, and thus got rid of the witnesses of their villany.

Years passed on, and nothing was heard of Moreland. Burnside and his companions were separated, having been appointed to different stations, and nothing remarkable occurred until during a cruise in the Atlantic. The ship in which Burnside sailed caught sight of a French privateer. They gave chase, and shortly came up with her; they engaged her, and after a sharp action succeeded in capturing her. Her captain was mortally wounded, and the English commander went on board his ship, attended by Burnside and others of the crew, in order to receive his sword. But what was Burnside's surprise and dismay, when in the person of the French commandant, he beheld his chief accomplice and companion Darlington. It was this same Darlington who freely seconded the proposition to betray poor Moreland to the barbarians. He cast his hollow eye towards Burnside, and his countenance became horribly distorted as he recognised his companion in iniquity, "Ha!" he exclaimed, as he covered his eyes with his hands; "take him away, let him not haunt my aching sight. I am a traitor to my country, I confess. Yes, I am a deserter from my ship, and I deserve death by the hands of the executioner; but how great the agony that fills my heart, when the sight of that villain reminds me of the treachery we exercised towards the brave Moreland. Yes, we betray ed him, I, and that vile traitor there; but the hour of judgment has arrived, death grapples with me, and drags me hence to atone for that vile deed—Mercy! Mercy!" He convulsively grasped the sail cloth on which he was laid; his eyes became fixed, his jaw fell, and in another moment life had fled.

Burnside stood pale and motionless,

his hardened heart had received such a shock, that he was taken quite aback; he dared hardly raise his eyes. He was well aware that it was at his suggestion that Darlington had gone over to the enemy; and now his dying words had spoke in evidence against him. Fearfully he raised his head, his eyes met those of his captain. He looked sternly at him, as he addressed him, "Mr. Burnside, what am I to think, it is now above seven years since Mr. Moreland has been heard of, and it was supposed he had gone over to the enemy; but there exists a doubt, which—" "Surely, sir, you do not give credence to the ravings of a mad-man?" interrupted Burnside.

"The dying man's declaration," said the captain, "is such that we are bound to believe it; but at all events, I am neither your accuser nor your judge. Circumstances require that I should have this matter inquired into, and I must therefore place you under arrest, until our return to England." Burnside was accordingly conveyed a prisoner. Shortly after the arrival of the ship at Portsmouth, a signal was made from Spithead of the arrival of the brig *Rapid* from the Mediterranean. The vessel which contained John Bolding and Will Tranter had only returned a few days previously, and was then safely moored in Portsmouth harbour. Burnside was examined before the proper authorities, but the evidence was deemed too vague to affect him, and he was about to be discharged from custody, when information was brought to the president of the court that two witnesses were at hand. Burnside's countenance changed, he looked anxiously towards the door, but when he saw Bolding and Tranter enter, his fortitude forsook him. Their evidence was conclusive at first; Burnside rallied, and forcibly appealed to the court whether the evidence of two men who had acknowledged a guilty participation in the treachery exercised towards Moreland ought to be relied on. The effrontery with which Burnside supported his argument was such, that the court seemed undecided: Captain Beaver, however, got intelligence of what was passing, and hastening on board, gave a paper to the president, wherein he requested that the persons named therein might be immediately arrested. On the perusal of the paper a murmur of surprise ran through

the court. Captain Beaver having been informed of the avowal made by Bolding and Tranter, said it was quite correct. Burnside hastily turned towards him, and angrily exclaimed, "How know you that? What proof have you?" "The best in the world," exclaimed Beaver. "Look up, you lubberly pirate," continued he, as he advanced to the door, "look up, and try if you dare dispute my proof." In an instant the brave, the ill-treated Moreland appeared. "Here is my proof!" exclaimed Beaver. Burnside reeled back, and would have fallen had he not been supported; he hid his face in his hands, and in a voice of agony called out, "Hide me from that horrid spectre, take me hence, I am guilty, but not prepared to die." He was taken away; and Moreland's misfortunes having been made known by Captain Beaver in his blunt, but honest manner, he was congratulated by all present on his fortunate escape. Moreland was soon after rewarded in a manner commensurate with the eminent services he had achieved, by being raised to the rank of Post Captain; while the miserable Burnside, who had been condemned to death, broke from his confinement, and dashing overboard, attempted to swim ashore; his strength, however, failed him, and ere he had swam a hundred yards, he sunk to rise no more.

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## THE DROWNED PAGE.

*From Schiller.*

BY SUTHERLAND MENZIES.

"Knight! squire!—who dares plunge into that whirlpool!  
 "In it I fling this golden cup;—the abyss  
 "Already, black as night, hath swallow'd it!  
 "Who brings it back, 'tis his—I give it him."

Thus spake the king, as from a jutting crag,  
 Far beetling o'er the main, he cast the cup  
 Amid the roaring waves of fell Charybdis.

"Who then, once more I ask, has strength of frame  
 "And heart enough to fathom yon abyss?"  
 The knights and squires surrounding hear his words,  
 But all are silent—gazing on the waves  
 Indomitable; but none would make essay  
 To win the cup; and thrice the king exclaims:—  
 "Is there, then, none who dares plunge in the gulf?"  
 And all stand mute as heretofore.

A youthful page stepp'd forth from 'mongst his mates;  
 Of gentle mien, yet resolute, and he  
 Unclass his girdle and throws off his vest:  
 Whilst the bystanders there, of either sex,  
 Gaze with admiring and most anxious eyes.

Advancing to the edge of that jagg'd rock,  
 A dizzy stance, he contemplates awhile  
 Th' abyss—and therein sees the waves engulph'd  
 With foam and roar—anon, re-vomited  
 By Charybdis, leap madly into air,  
 Or, rolling with growl like hollow thunder,  
 In surge that boils, and swells, and bubbling breaks,  
 As though 'twere wrought by fire's fierce agency.  
 The hissing spray shoots even to the clouds,  
 And in the sunbeam shows a tinted mist

Of evanescent radiance ; wave on wave  
 Succeeds unceasingly, and still the gulf  
 Nor empties, nor exhausts its eddy wild—  
 As though the lab'ring sea, in deadly throes,  
 Gave to a new one birth. Th' impetuous flood  
 Its fury bates at length ; and, through the foam,  
 White, sparkling like snow-flakes, the cavern shows  
 Its dark and gaping jaws, and entrails vast,  
 Seemingly penetrable to hell itself ;  
 The seething swirl with gurgling violence  
 Struggles awhile, and then within th' abyss  
 Sinks down in whirling vortex.

That self-same instant ere the surge remounts,  
 The brave young page commends his soul to God.  
 And . . . . . cries of horror rend the echoing rocks ;  
 Already has the whirlpool suck'd him down—  
 The monster's maw mysteriously has closed  
 Upon the audacious diver—seen no more.  
 And once again all's tranquil o'er the face  
 Of that dread gulf, a sullen roar alone  
 Is dully audible beneath the waves,  
 Far down amid their cavernous, black depths.  
 " Adieu ! young stripling of the lion-heart !"  
 From lip to lip bewailingly bursts forth :  
 Duller and duller grows that cave-pent sound,  
 And momentary expectation bears  
 Increase of terror and keen anguish.

Now  
 Thou might'st fling in thy coronal and shout,—  
 " He who brings up that diadem may keep  
 " It and become a king ! " I would not plunge,  
 Seduced e'en by such precious recompence.  
 For whatso'er the yawning gulf hides there,  
 Within its bellowing and deep profound,  
 No mortal tongue will have the bliss to tell,  
 Within the halls of men the fearful tale.

How many gallant ships seiz'd suddenly  
 By that far-reaching harpy Charybdis,  
 Despite the seaman's skill, engulph'd have been  
 Beneath the billows, which, rapaciously  
 Eager to devour all, their rav'nous jaws  
 Have nought cast back again save scatter'd wrecks  
 Of mast and keel !

And now the stifled roar  
 Grows loud and louder in its hoarse resound ;  
 And seems to make near and more near approach :  
 The surge now boils and swells, and bubbling breaks,  
 As though 'twere wrought by fire's fierce agency.  
 The hissing spray darts upwards to the clouds,  
 And in the sunbeam shows a tinted mist  
 Of evanescent radiance ; wave on wave  
 Succeeds unceasingly ; and from the gulf,  
 As though belch'd forth, it rushes with a growl,  
 Like hollow thunder rolling from afar.

But look!—how from the livid water's breast  
 Two naked arms uprear themselves, and then—  
 White shoulders, dazzling as the swan's pure hue,  
 Who struggleth there with such infinity  
 Of manly strength and dauntless hardihood?  
 It is the page—his left-hand grasps the cup,  
 Which, with a joyous gesture, high aloft  
 He raises, and his panting chest respires  
 The air with lengthen'd gasps, as he salutes  
 Once more the ever-blessed light of heav'n.  
 "He lives! behold him!" in swift interchange  
 One to another the bystanders shout:  
 The black abyss hath not swallowed him.  
 Unharm'd, the gallant youth emerges from  
 The jaws of death, and triumphs o'er the gulf  
 And its dread whirlpools.

Glist'ning with brine  
 The youth advances 'mid the joyful crowd,  
 And at his sovereign's feet he throws himself,  
 And on his knees presents him with the cup.  
 The monarch to his lovely daughter makes  
 A sign; she fills it to the jewell'd brim  
 With rare and generous wine, and thus the youth  
 Elate, accosts his liege:—

"Long live the king!  
 "What bliss to breathe again the od'rous air,  
 "To feel the warming blaze of cheerful day!  
 "How terrible is all below! Weak man  
 "Should never dare to tempt the Gods! O ne'er,  
 "Ne'er should he rashly dream of knowing that  
 "Immortal wisdom veils in night and terror!

"With lightning speed, down, down I whirling went,  
 "E'en to the bottom dragged; there, resistless,  
 "Terrible, a torrent from the riv'n rock rush'd  
 "Prone upon me; by the conjoined force  
 "Assail'd, of two most furious currents,  
 "Round, round I spun, like to the mobile wood  
 "Twirl'd 'neath the urchin's lash, resistance all  
 "Impossible. Then Heaven, which I invoc'd  
 "In that so hideous and pressing peril,  
 "Show'd me a rocky point that far below  
 "Bas'd in the oozy bottom of the sea  
 "Sprang upwards—it I seiz'd with grasp  
 "Convulsive, and so 'scaped from present death.  
 "And lo! the glittering cup was hanging near  
 "Suspended by a ruddy coral-branch  
 "Over the dread abyss.

"Far downwards, far,  
 "To depth immense, my sight peer'd through  
 "A sort of redden'd gloom, and though my ear  
 "Could 'midst the awful silence nothing catch  
 "Of that so dreadful place, my eye discern'd,  
 "Affrighted, salamanders, dragons, reptiles;  
 "In motion all, about that vent of hell.  
 "There crawl'd and twin'd, in slimy folds enlac'd,  
 "Most hideous groups—and loathsome fishes,

"Thorn-back'd, horn'd, and heap'd together all;  
 "Sea-dogs, and sturgeons—monstrous, terrible;  
 "The frightful shark, hyæna of the seas,  
 "Curd'd my blood to ice as he disclos'd  
 "His gaping jaw, thick-set with array'd teeth.

"And there I hung—in dismal consciousness  
 "Of peril sore, and strange, and imminent.  
 "From human succour far remote,—sole being  
 "Rational, 'midst those mis-shapen creatures;  
 "Of all abandon'd in a solitude  
 "Most frightful, at a depth where never might  
 "The voices of my fellows penetrate,  
 "Surrounded by the monster progeny  
 "Of that lugubrious desert.

"A mortal agony came o'er me when,  
 "With simultaneous and startling rush,  
 "They came, by millions, to devour me.  
 "Aghast, exanimate, I loos'd my hold  
 "Of that kind coral-branch, in lock'd embrace  
 "Round which, till then, convulsively, I clung;  
 "Sudden the vortex, in its fury wild,  
 "Involv'd me spinning through its spiral course,  
 "And that was my salvation: for to life  
 "And light once more it brought me back again."

But brief surprise the monarch testifies.  
 "The cup is thine," quoth he, "and thee this ring  
 "Assign I too (a priceless diamond),  
 "If thou essay'st once more to dive, and bring  
 "Me true account of that which passeth there  
 "Down in the ocean-caves."

His daughter fair  
 Heard him in soft emotion, with a smile  
 Carressing, gentle, thus she supplicates:—  
 "Cease, father mine, this cruel disport, cease:  
 "At your behest, he hath achieved that  
 "Which none else dare. If, rashly curious,  
 "Your impious impulse prove ungovernable,  
 "Let your bold knights surpass the hardihood  
 "Of that young page."

Rudely the monarch then  
 Seizes the cup, and hurls it down the gulf:—  
 "If to me yet once more thou bring'st it up,  
 "I hold thee bravest far among my knights,  
 "And thou in happy bridal shalt enfold  
 "Her, who for thee, but instantly, hath shown  
 "In tender prayer and mute inquietude  
 "An int'rest dear."

These thrilling words, with force  
 Supernal, master that bold stripling's heart;  
 His eye, as on the royal maid he look'd,  
 Gleams with audacity; her lovely cheek  
 He sees grows red, then pale . . . "Aid, aid! she swoons!"  
 Such precious guerdon fain to win, sheer down  
 From the rock's height precipitate he darts:—  
 Life is well stak'd for her!



The well'ring surge 'is dully heard to roll  
 In which he sinks; and then, with giant roar  
 Proclaim'd, like lion raging for his prey,  
 It re-appears. Stooping and clinging o'er  
 The rocky brink—harrow'd, intent their gaze  
 They rivet 'mid that madd'ning water-strife:  
 The restless flood re-mounts—re-mounts once more—  
 But that bold diver it will ne'er restore!

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY LMA WHITEHEAD.

Great has, doubtless, been the anxiety of those who have become acquainted with this history to follow the footsteps of the stranger, as he quitted the Rose Tavern, after his short and unsatisfactory interview with young Fanny Lynne.\* There was nothing in it which might conduce to an explanation of the past, or even offer consolation upon it; and, for the future, it was involved in an equal obscurity of doubt and perplexity; the only difference being, that, in the contemplation of this, he resigned himself to despair; and in the remembrance of that he sunk into grief, for which there appeared neither promise of alleviation nor prospect of redress.

Indeed, that vivid imagination and waking spirit of fancy—that easy excitement and sensitive acuteness of mind—that impulse of living fervour and quick vitality of passion, which, assuming its brightest form, now and then appears in the likeness of true poesy, and then again creates such genius as gives eternity to art; this very same principle of nature, joined to a less perfect intellect, or lost amid the confusion of a defective judgment, has served only to produce madmen and enthusiasts, or other eccentric individuals, whose perversity of action has made them the pity and wonder of their fellow creatures. Among these we would not down some, whose susceptibility and delicacy of sensation have brought upon them the ridicule of the vulgar, as being of an exquisite sensitiveness and over-refinement of feeling; and others, also, whose singular organization has taught them to believe in supernatural visitations, in the coming of spirits, in the signs and tokens of another

world, in the hearing those “airy tongues that syllable men’s names;” and thus they have resigned themselves to such thoughts and doubts as make up the bitter measure of human superstition.

But this was not, perhaps, the nature of Edmund Lewistowne; at least he would have been the last person to suspect so. Yet it was something too much like him.

As, therefore, on this eventful evening, he wandered towards his home, it may well be conceived that he was scarcely accountable for his own actions, and certainly not to be envied for his self-possession and happy indifference of mind. It might be even figuratively affirmed that he was only alive to his own anguish, and breathing of the sorrow and misery that engrossed him. In this state of distraction, in all the aberration of real woe, he hurried from the place, and threading the streets at random, cursed inwardly that unhappy fate which had thus doomed him to lose all that was dear—dear as his own soul, and how much dearer than that hateful life with which he was still burdened.

It is true that those who are not lovers, or only so in the common acceptation of the term, might find some difficulty in the comprehension of such extremity of affliction. But he would have said that the love which is of intellectual growth, an emanation from the heart, the instinct of a pure nature, whose strength may well teach us inward wisdom, though its weakness be betrayed by outward folly; such sentiment as this is the love of one star to another, the fervour of the sun to the earth, which, blessing it with its beams, makes it a world of abundant happiness, or hiding itself in the shadow

\* See p. 87, January.

of its glory, leaves it a barren and un-beautified desert; the grove of peace or the dwelling of despair; and so had his deserted bosom now become.

Acting upon the suggestion of such thoughts as these, he roamed upon his way, and at length came opposite the house where Emily Astel had once resided. It had been hallowed by her footsteps; her presence had rendered it sacred to his memory. To this consolation he betook himself. And so it seemed that stone and mortar might grow eloquent, if once the human mind found a mute meaning in them; and standing there his sorrows insensibly softened at the recollections thus restored, and under this influence he drew forth the letter—the paper given him by Fanny Lynne, and leaning under the light of a lamp in the near door-way, perused its contents. A passage of it ran thus:—

“I do not blush to tell you that I have lamented our divided affections; and yet, even now, I hold one comfort to my heart, dear as your image to me. It is the hope that you will seek another, one whom you can love as a constant friend, and love her in memory of me. Thus you will afford me such content as the thought of your happiness cannot fail to inspire. This lock of hair—accept it. Remember, it is the last relic which the dead bequeaths to the living. It tells you that it is time to forget. My kiss is buried in the winds which bring it. Adieu! Be happy, and believe me so.”

These words, so emblematic of her whom he loved, brought peace to his mind; for the absence of the object of our affection is rendered beautiful by the manner of its departure; and thus comforted, even upon the thought, he turned his reluctant footsteps towards home, and this was not far distant.

He took his way up the open street, an ample space of thoroughfare, flanked on either side with spacious and old-fashioned mansions, which were then, and are, indeed, now, not unfrequently inhabited by professional men and merchants of considerable and well-known reputation. Before one of these he halted, and stood in the wide road-way, looking upward with an intensity of curiosity somewhat singular, considering the object which occupied his attention.

Two heavy brick dwellings, of an amplitude of dimension and dignity of height which implied certain respectability of station on the part of their owners, were here joined together, house to house, in one tumbrous mass of unadorned uniformity; but, from a distinct and wide-gaping break in the buildings which arose on each side, they assumed the appearance of detached residences, alone in solitude, even though surrounded by peopled streets and avenues branching off in every direction. One of them was the residence of Edmund Lewisteme, barrister, a man of high eminence and much reputed wealth, and, moreover, father to the hero of this history. But the other dark solemn pile of hoary brickwork? It was the far-famed haunted-house, and during twenty years it had well supported its terrible and discreditable reputation.

There was something in it even then which attracted observation, and afterwards created surprise. Many hours had passed, worn away by Lewisteme in the violence of agitating thought and the heedlessness of sad despondence; and now the cold creeping of the wind whispered him distinctly that it was near midnight. And yet, notwithstanding this, a wandering light floated from window to window, pale, indistinct, shadowy, uncertain; it glared like a beacon borne by no human hand. He glanced a look towards the door of substantial oak, barred and barricaded with massive bars of iron, and, as he well remembered, it had not turned on its hinges since his earliest boyhood. We may accustom ourselves to strange things in life, but never to contemplate an enigma without the desire to unravel it; at least he could not do so; and the same thrill of curiosity, the same impulse of active courage, though mingled with awe, stirred in him as heretofore.

At that moment a figure glided through one of the upper apartments, and a faint ray gleamed athwart the building and vanished. With motionless vision Lewisteme still gazed upward, and no evidence of his senses was here belied; in the casement immediately above the street lamp burning clearly below, the shadow of that apparition still stood, as wan and unsubstantial as something unearthly, and yet too much resembling that which is mortal. Again the light

broke wandering through the room, and again the form had departed. He looked and looked, but it was lost in the ample recesses of the dwelling, and he fled down the nearest avenue from whence he could command a view of the interior of the back premises, and the same luminary wandered from chamber to hall, and to and fro, backward and forward, till weary of beholding, and hopeless of discovering the cause, he gained admission to his own house, hastened up stairs, bade the gaping domestic go to rest, and throwing himself upon the sofa in his own apartment, began to ponder upon late events and emotions, and above all, on the singular appearance which he had just witnessed.

We have said that he was conversant with the doctrine of spirits, and perhaps he believed in the possibility of all things, even that the improbable might come to pass, and be made familiar to us. Deeply read in the theory of many sciences, and apt at the conclusions which might be drawn from them, he had looked into the marvels of creation, had beheld the beauties of nature, and he either did see, or thought he saw, an ever acting principle, which, steadfast to itself, produced from certain causes always the same effect; but this had been known to belie itself, and, for the purpose of working some great ulterior destiny, it had been cast aside. Lewistame had long since learnt, in fact, how weak is the wisdom of man, how inefficient is all philosophy when it attempts to prove things which were not designed for our comprehension, far beyond the highest flight of human intellect—mysterious as they are awful; for, as there are many objects which our bodily strength may not uplift, so there are some others removed from our mental capacity, and hidden, like invisible worlds, from our knowledge and contemplation.

Thus, in the dread darkness of night, as he reclined there, the shadows of passing and indistinct thoughts possessed him. Among them, there arose the vivid recollection of such facts as had been repeated in his youth, relative to the events which had marked out the house contiguous to their own, as a place accursed from the deed committed there, and infested by the shade of that being whose life had been sacrificed beneath its roof. But the superstitions of our childhood

fasten too strongly upon us ever to be shaken away, and a secret, inward awe at present accompanied them.

In that house, the life which had been shed there, again assumed its living likeness of corporeal flesh, again moved and breathed, and walked in restless perturbation, as if still willing to renew discarded nature. Audible sighs had heaved there, and echoed in the broad daylight; and whispers had sounded at summer noontide, and in wintry eve; and during night time, where departed spirits wander at will beneath the moon, in solemn darkness, accents still more strange had startled the listening senses. Voices had been heard, and smothered cries; and unseen footsteps crept from place to place, breaking the silence as they went along, and now were traced roaming beside the bed of those who slept, or with a louder tread from chamber to chamber, from door to door, from stair to stair, and landing-place to hall, they made themselves familiar to all who dwelt there, broke on their heavy slumbers, thus bidding them repeat a passing prayer of terror or of peace, before they sunk again to short repose.

These were the facts as they were detailed, from time to time, by those who had inhabited the house, and who, by these fearful and repeated visitations, had, at last, been compelled to quit it; and this precise relation had been substantiated by each individual who had known its precincts.

Now, although some had heightened the story with all the exaggerations of ignorance, or through the influence of fear and inherent superstition, yet others had thought of it with wiser suggestions, had doubted the evidence of their senses, or imputed their fear to a native horror of the events performed there. Nor was this the first time that Lewistame had wavered between these opinions, or had had intimations or revelations that confirmed or destroyed them.

At this hour, moreover, his senses were acutely alive to every impression, and teeming with that prophetic divination through which we are, sometimes, permitted to see, or rather surmise, the scenes that await us. Not without dread, and neither without emotion, had he that evening heard the shriek of Fanny Lynne, upon hearing of the wreck of the *Halcyon*. That shriek smote upon his heart with the sudden knowledge of some future

woe which he should deeply suffer. He needed no mortal voice to tell it him. It were vain to say that he had not heard the words of the dragoon, and it is true that he did *not* hear them. But an inward thrill of secret sense, the voice which has appealed to us all then spoke within him, and with oracular tongue revealed the certainty of some misfortune attending him.

Under this idea he had returned home, and reserved unto himself the tears which were ready to burst forth, and in the anguish of this sensation, at this last instant of night, he lay brooding in that intense indistinctness of thought, more nearly allied to a dream than to any thing else in the range of our conceptions beside.

Why not? The haunted house might have an occupant, and yet not a being of animal life, or earthly substance, but some creature conjured up by the inquisitive and restless nature of those who had dwelt there, the phantom of something which had once existed—a form to which the excited vision of all who had beheld it had given the same vitality—the same identity, and yet it was superhuman, spiritual, and of another sphere, and something unknown in the catalogue of existence.

In the infinite creation around, there must be regions of undiscovered life—perhaps an universe of nature unexplored, objects which lay beyond us in the vast campaign of infinitude—creatures of an eternal and never-ending duration. We have been content to believe that all the myriad stars were planets, revolving like our own, filled with the essence of light, and teeming with human kind resembling ourselves; and why not imagine this earth surrounded with preternatural existences, beings who have once lived, and have come back amongst us, and who sometimes, and for some great end, have been permitted thus to reveal themselves. It was a horrible and yet a pleasing thought—a wild but still seducing fantasy; and in this meditation, Edmund Lewisteme sunk asleep, fast locked in the insensibility of heavy, though disturbed repose. Around, in the ample and lofty chamber, the waning lamp now cast its curtain of gloomy shadows, which hanging in huge masses from ceiling to floor, shrouded the walls, in the distance, with the leaden hue of the coming darkness of night,

while the objects in the open space were presently, one by one, shut out from the view. The light, with its yellow halo of circling brightness, stationary round the flame that burst there, was at last alone visible in the deepening gloom, though it still served to throw its ghastly radiance on the figure of Lewisteme where he reclined, and to image out the intellectual countenance of dreaming thought, and the majestic beauty of his manly form, just touched with the melancholy grace of passing dreams.

But as he slept, from the chaos and obscurity of his mind there gradually uprose the picture of scenes far distant, and strange representations of those whom he might never see again, but in the fanciful guise in which they now appeared to him.

From the wide world of visions there arose the oft-repeated form of Emily Astel, now in maiden beauty, as she had sported with him, now in distress of anxious sorrow, then in offended dignity, at all his cold neglect; and then again he clasped her to his heart in one long ecstasy of kind forgiveness, till stealing terror crept upon his senses. The form he held grew cold in his embrace, and faded into quickening decay; then, as a ghastly wreck of death, it hung upon him, and as he shook it off in agony, it frowned itself back into virgin sweetness, and tempted him again to tenderness.

Thus was he troubled with the shades of his distracted fancies, when, all at once, they assumed an aspect and a likeness more akin to reason.

The hoary hills and steep precipices which had been heaped up in the dimness of sleep to obstruct his restless wanderings, or which had changed into deep ravines or the dense caverns of some wide abyss whereon his foot rested, were suddenly gone, and from the twilight darkness of this confusion, the rolling depths of a wide-swelling ocean spread out its desert of waters before him. Night was upon the sea, and neither moon nor stars were reflected upon its waves, for the sky above presented a waste of unfathomable obscurity, where cloud rolled upon cloud in sullen succession, as unvaried as the tossing and turbulent monotony of the billows which lay below them.

Presently the huge hulk of a vessel floated by, and myriads of human faces

peopled the rigging and crowded the deck; pale as the apparition of death itself, they stood immoveable to his sight, and among them Emily Astel again appeared; but the keel still ploughed swiftly its way upon the sea, still agitated and thrown to and fro in the foaming waves which bore it along. It mocked, however, his unrelaxed pursuit, and as he still followed the spectres who clung to its ruins, derided him with the dead silence of grim and taunting smiles.

The moon now rose refulgent from the darkness, until the gristly clouds were tinged with breaking light, and silver radiance glanced upon the bosom of the ocean; but beetling crags of pointed and jutting rocks overhung the rifted passage; the frothy waves rose high, and the hoarse winds moaned responsive to the deep murmurs of the storm; and as the chill darkness grew darker about them, strange and wild cries mingled in the whirlwind. The ship writhed, and cracked, and groaned in mournful echo, but still she rode triumphant over the hurricane; and now the blackness of night eclipsed it from his vision, and now again its spectral outline allured him in pursuit, when, ah! that instant, as he gazed towards the overclouding moon, it had belied him, and from its ebon fringes of hoary clouds one of the ghastly visages which manned the ship then shone in the lack-lustre paleness of decay, and taunted him again with the mockery of laughter. But he turned his sickening sight away, and the shadows of night again crept over him.

Thrown from wave to wave, or sinking in the abyss of ocean, or rising in the fearful swell of waters, Lewisteme still dreamed on, tortured with that indefinite horror, yet bound down with that indescribable thralldom of slumber which forbids us to break loose from the band which so oppresses us. The vessel still toiled upon the waves, and though unseen by him, he yet clung in firm contact with it, grasped by its floating cable, and was dragged irresistibly along through whelming waters, and over sharp-pricking spars, and he still went by the creaking ruin which bore him onward.

At last, and after a murmuring pause, which spoke even of the strangeness of death, a solemn and momentary silence came upon him. The forked and vivid lightning flashed through the heavens,

seeming to pierce him through with its unerring fire. The rocks frowned in beetling horror, and, as the sky grew darker, the wind held its sobbing breath. The circling waves lifted themselves into mountains. At this instant the rigging and mainmast of the vessel plashed into the waters. The ship groaned heavily, deeply, she split asunder, and through the blank horror of that crash alighted on its crumbling ruins, the figure of Emily Astel was restored to him. She beckoned smilingly as she departed; and, as the hulk of the gallant bark strained to its last timber, one deep and awful shriek broke through the silence of his dreams, and the dream was washed away.

But now, through the contending waters, and through the crested billows, in the dread darkness of the tempest; and in the wide confusion which overwhelmed him, his straining arms still held one precious burden, and bore it resistless through the surging of the sea which swept by.

Yet, onward and onward, forward and forward, he still struggled, and no welcome land, a haven of safety, was near. That heart which beat to his own, beat more feebly and more feebly, and the dear form which he clasped grew cold and frozen: but on through whirlpools of ocean he was hurried, and one instant he sunk back in the depths of the sea, and another his anxious feet touched tremblingly the sands which sunk beneath them.

"Dead, dead," he murmured, as he clasped her closer to his bosom; and the sullen winds gave back the echo of his words. His weary frame struck with a fearful shock upon the beach, and as he touched it he gasped a long-drawn breath, drew a deep sigh; "Oh! she is gone, is gone!" he faltered out: and Edmund Lewisteme was once more awake to the world about him.

The light had burnt into a deadened flame; the room was veiled in close obscurity; his senses were reeling under the influence of sleep, his soul fainting within him at the thought of his dream. But yet there, leaning over him, and, looking with kindred eyes of light, that searched into his own, rising up with him as he rose up from his couch, of broken slumber, so there he beheld Emily Astel, beautiful as when living, but pale as the deathly form which he had held just now

so closely to his heart. Yes, there she was, and it was no delusion, nor yet a sleeping fancy, but a wide-waking vision.

He gazed, half wrapt in horror, and half in stupefaction, and in a mystery of awful wonder continued to contemplate her.

That fair and maiden figure, clad in the simple vestment in which he had so often seen her, now even, as if living, gifted with soul and life, stood there. The slender waist, in all its exquisite perfection, might tempt him well to clasp it. Those ebony curls, in wavy masses, that curl upon the bosom, might allure him to the touch: those dove-like eyes, impassioned, tender, pleading, they spoke an eloquence that he too well had studied. The lips might teach him how to kiss, and still they spake not. Strange! strange! And yet it was so.

But now, breaking asunder from the last bonds of sleep or of distraction, he rushed forward and would have grasped it. It glided from him, eluded his mortal touch, and paused, and stood again. But nothing less than the strong power of madness could conjure such a shape. She must be living, breathing in his presence, or otherwise misery had brought along with it its latest curse of madness.

"Emily, Emily!" he whispered, "is it you? Dear girl! sweet image! phantom! shadow!—speak, but once, let me entreat:" and as he advanced, the apparition retreated from him; but though it haunted him he received no answer, and it seemed that a rigid smile gave token of recognition. That smile, so wild and sad, told him it was some strange and unknown being,—a phantom,—and not his own beloved.

Lewisteme had faith in spirits, yet, nevertheless, he trembled as he beheld, and was breathless, in the solemnity of deepest awe; and the more so, that now when he followed or approached it, it glided from him, and still his footsteps were upon it. At length, he knit his courage to the effort, and as it halted in the entrance of the chamber, he sprung forward. In close approach he looked intently at it, and peered into the lustre of its eyes, until his spirit fainted at the task, his reeling senses shrunk from it, his limbs trembled, and he sunk in sensible agony against the door-way.

But this was but the emotion of a

moment. He was roused by the creeping cold that stole over him, and the frozen dew of horror which burst upon his brow, while all his tingling senses seemed alive even to the minutest sound. Could it be himself whispering to himself? or was it an audible voice beside him which repeated, "gone, gone, she is gone?" and yet it might be nothing more than fancy. Touched, however, as with the magic wand of quick-reviving life, he started round, but no human being, nor motion, nor voice of mortal thing was near. The dead silence of the household encompassed him. He listened for an instant. The floating shadow of some raiment, light as a passing vapour, seemed to glide through the downward staircase. He darted to the balustrade, and held the light above the depth of hall and vestibule, and even then, the flowing garment and slender figure, as if wrapt in a cloud, were seen to pass away from him. The fleeting radiance of the face dawned once again upon him, gradually retiring and fading into the vaulted archway of the passages below.

Lost in bewilderment, he looked into the twilight vacancy, but the shadow had departed, and the lapse of the passing instant swept over his mind, even as a short eternity of time, wherein the crowd of innumerable thoughts and emotions were mingled in painful confusion. He turned away in sorrow and in awe, when the breath of passing sighs was, or appeared to be, heaved close beside him. The echo of it touched his heart. He started, took a hurried glance about him, and slowly retired to repose.

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The wreck of the Halcyon was forgotten, and the every-day world went on the same as ever. The story was worn out and no more worthy to be repeated, or the news being no longer new, had lost its interest to the listener. The tale would not henceforth reward the tale-teller.

But from the first hour of this fatal intelligence, it had lived in the remembrance of Lewisteme; and though time had hidden it, yet would he, with all the industrious scrutiny of misery, search into the horror and mystery of this calamity. In truth, he would have given all the blessings of life, and that a thousand times over, to have known how the event had hap-

pened. Whether death had come and gone in an instant, or if his dread visitation had been divined beforehand, the terror of his approach made known by slow degrees, and in the suspense of sad uncertainty? But of what avail the question, though he yet yearned to have an answer.

In such thoughts as these did Lewisteme amuse his sorrow, but some secret indefinite dread was on him, from the dream of that unhappy night, when Emily, in the pure likeness of her spirit, appeared. The night before, and the night before, even at the very hour when the "perfidious bark" had sank beneath the waves, she in the same mortal guise had come to him. Three times this spiritual visitor had come, the warning and certain token of her departed soul. The force of his thoughts had now risen into madness. His shattered nerves vibrated to every breath of passing life, or of inaudible silence, and he was all instinct to the approaching misery, when the news of the wreck and all the fatal consequences smote upon his heart, and smote but once ere he forgot himself in short oblivion.

But this deep frenzy of impassioned grief was now abated, and as his mind recovered its lost power, he was anxious to discover if it were only the semblance of an imperfect vision which he had beheld, or whether her dear shade had come to warn him of his impending sorrow.

If he had beheld her spirit, then surely she would come again. Once broken from the bondage of corruption, might she not comfort him with visitations that spoke of other worlds? She might. But the hours of night rolled on, the grey misty vapours of darkness passed away, the sullen moments when the ghosts of the dead return to earth crept by one by one, cold and deserted, lifeless and voiceless, the past was not revived, and her too precious shadow no more came near to take away the bitterness of his affliction.

But the period wherein the wandering spirit is permitted to this earth, the term vouchsafed to the still living soul to cling to its native clay, that short duration, might now be over. Yet the vexed and perturbed shadow, who roamed in unseen footing through the haunted house, was an evidence against this, and the mystery of that mysterious dwelling he was resolved to fathom.

He recalled the days of his youth.

The father, the counsellor, was a man of the world, and as he was too intimately acquainted with, and indeed studious of, the things of this life, to be betrayed into any fanciful speculations upon those out of it, it was, perhaps, no wonder that the reports then in circulation were heard with indifference, or only regarded as curious instances of the absurd credulity and ignorance of those who propagated them. Besides, as the old gentleman was a matter-of-fact man, he had no idea of ghosts taking up their abode between four walls of habitable brick and mortar, and thereby ousting the right occupants, so he lived in the house himself.

But very soon after, some certain manifestations of discontent from its ghostly inhabitant warned him to depart, at least so it was said. Edmund Lewisteme, who was then a boy, full well remembered cries of mortal anguish and tumults of uproarious and fiendish merriment, strange sounds and frightful accents, in the rooms above; and when they occupied these apartments, the same fearful and unnatural intonations were heard from below. And every means were taken to discover the cause, but it remained hidden till his father, fairly worn out in the attempt, quitted this dwelling for the one next to it, locked it up, and opening a communication between the two, undertook to elucidate the facts, and set the matter to rest. But this was not to be. The place was haunted, and none would live in it! and therefore, like other things of reputed bad character, it was deserted, and had fallen into the ruin of long neglect.

All this Lewisteme remembered, and restless of the event, he rose from his bed of sickness, determined to re-open the door between the two buildings, to frequent the house and prove the existence of the phantom, if, in truth, it were so.

The night is, however, the time for secrecy and silence, and through the live-long day, the anxiety of his mind rendered him unfit for other occupation but that of counting the hours, till, as the shades of twilight fell slowly over the city, and wiped away all outward objects from the view, he became aware of the necessity of preparing for his adventure. Nor was he insensible to his own weakness, but, on the contrary, he dreaded the possibility of discovery; what could be

more ridiculous than to be found prowling in quest of apparitions? to be a seer of spirits, a seeker of ghosts, a hunter after the marvellous? It might well be regarded as something absurd, and sometimes even he doubted his thoughts and actions, believing that his right senses had forsaken him. But no, this was not the oblivion of madness, but rather the true memory of reason. And so he stole from every interruption, feigned to retire to early rest, and listened to each retreating footstep that passed upon its way to repose, till the sure instant, when the deep silence of the household gave intimation that he might stir forth upon his design without danger of exposure or fear of interruption.

He cautiously emerged from his place of slumber, and his movements as he crept forward defied echo to reply, so secret and stealthy was his progress. His tall and heavy shadow darkened the staircase as he went, threw its giant reflection on the walls, or fell in diffused and shapeless masses upon the flooring of hall and gallery and chamber, through which he passed. Nothing of all this attracted his attention, he was still in his own house, and his gaze was now turned upward towards the dome of the spiral flight of stairs which he ascended. Immediately within the hollow circle of its shade, and leaning over the highest railing of the baluster, a figure had long since caught his observation, and fixed his straining senses; might he believe the evidence of sight, it was nothing more but fleeting fancy? The flowing hair, the brooding eyes, the shadowy form, pale, cold, exanimate,—yes, it was Emily Astel.

He bounded forward as if her living body had been restored. The shade delayed itself, another leap, and he was on a level with it. And fleetlier than the glancing of summer lightning, and swift as the passing wind, that bends the grass and herbage as it flies, in a still shorter interval the shadow, if such it was, had vanished. He looked around him, no motion, no object, no echo,—again he was deceived.

Yet even this gave but new impetus, and another impulse to his design. The calmness of determination came upon him; in strictest scrutiny he gazed about, and with decided pace he now went forward, and entering a huge deserted attic, began

to explore the ample darkness that every where surrounded him. And even once more, in the dim twilight, that airy shape still seemed to stand alone.

This time he could not be mistaken. It waved him forward, and smiled in mournful smiles as if of recognition, and yet as though whole worlds of living space lay wide between them—it was sorrow, but soothed into immortal peace; and slowly and in charmed surprise Lewisteme advanced. It was, and yet it was not she; alike, but still how changed; yet still the horror of the grave might so return her to him, so woe-begone and blighted. He scarcely breathed. The spirit retreated from him, and again, step by step, he advanced, till leaning against the wall as if in the languor of evanishment, or in the faintness of a fast decay, the form reclined. Awe-struck and bewildered he beheld it; and did his senses ever once more betray him! The panel seemed to open where she leaned, the shadow glided backwards in motion scarcely visible: again the aperture was about to close, when the wan shade again went forward. The blood of Lewisteme ran cold as ice from head to heel, and frosted at his heart. The face was changed, too, like a mortal, one branded with human passions, wild, unearthly, stamped with woe. His very soul was sick. One wandering glance, and the delusion faded like some fast-fading dream. The panel moved, and closed at once.

Lewisteme remained upon the spot, his reeling senses spun round and round, and tottered to their ruin; but with an effort greater even than strength, he held them to their devoted task, and thus recalled his mind unto itself. But this was but the triumph of physical might over bodily infirmity; and powerful as the last struggle of reason, when it throws aside the bondage and the chain of its insanity.

Yet what could it mean? what mystery of heaven, or of nature, was here unfolded. He lifted up the light, and surveyed the room in every direction. The moving panel was no such thing, it was the door, the deserted and secret mode of communication with the haunted house.

Here then might be deception; and that he should be cheated by some paltry scheme or well-concerted plan, the thought was too absurd. In anxious haste he



inserted the key which, rusty and disused, grained and squeaked in the iron lock, but did not act upon the wards, or turn within it, till at last, in mad impatience of delay, he seized and shook the door until it trembled; at another fierce attack it opened, though it appeared that some living and substantial thing was leaning against it, to hinder and defeat his entrance. He gave it no second thought, but, pushing through the spring, darted into the centre of a huge vaulted and raftered apartment, tenanted by heaps of dusty lumber, where the spider's web had wove itself; and black with the murky darkness which hangs in clouds of confined air, or in more heavy masses of obscurity, thick with the deepening shades of condensed vapour.

He walked swiftly through the chamber. A fresh cold wind blew in upon him, and played among his hair, while the flame of the light flared in unsteady motion; and from whence could such reviving freshness come? The further door of the room was just ajar, as if that moment some human being had been there, and had left, thus carelessly, the sign of his retreat; and Lewistome bethought him what it could mean. The state of the atmosphere suggested that there had been no circulation of the air since time unknown. It was stagnant with the sense of suffocation, cold and humid with pestilent moisture of rain and dews and melted snow, which had pierced through and dripped from the decaying roof. It was never, indeed, a habitable portion of the mansion. He hastened forward, passed, crossed the room, and ere he descended the stairs, gazed into the profound depths that lay below.

"Come, come, come!" whispered a voice, and it sounded beside him; "no harm is near to one so kind; then come."

Soft as the voice of some fairy elf, heard at the stillest hour of fairy moonlight, when she stays the belated peasant on his way, and charms him into hearing her dreamy song of silence, so sweet, and like to this were these murmured accents.

"Who speaks?" he asked at last; "what voice is near?" and after an interval he repeated, "who speaks? what help do you require?" But deepest silence was about and near him, and only the echo of his footsteps was heard as he slowly descended the stairs; but yet once more the audible

whisper breathed to him, "Come, come! no harm is near,—come, come!"

He continued his way, looking anxiously on all sides, till finding himself on the first landing-place, and an ample space beyond, he would have willingly entered the apartments; but the same sound breathing from below stairs, arrested his attention and changed his design. The invisible guide still whispered, now on one side and now in advance, and it still whispered on, and Lewistome followed to the chambers beneath, and there he made another effort to enter; and this time no voice stayed him. He traversed the dilapidated rooms, once the resort of gaiety and mirth; but the tarnished gilt cornices and silk hangings only told of by-gone laughter and content, and he turned once more away. What was to be the issue of his folly? He listened, but no voice appealed to him, and he awaited in hesitation and painful suspense.

At this instant the clock struck, and its silver tones, as it counted the hour distinct and clear, were heard to strike as if in the very house itself. It was indeed no distant intimation of the time, but a sure sound that touched acutely upon the organ of hearing, to which it spoke emphatically. Aroused, as if a voice of life had called, he rushed round the circle of the room, dubious which way he should turn next, and uncertain what to do, yet inwardly confirmed in the idea that some base trick was played.

He halted in wrapt thought, and then, from chamber to chamber, hurried, in the wild excitement of one intent not only upon unravelling some mystery, but upon braving every danger to which it might conduct. He hastened from place to place, from gallery to vestibule, and searched each shady crevice and every ample opening of any space, but nothing was either to be found or seen.

He was now in the lower hall, and the house was tranquil, for there was neither movement of life nor token of existence. He stood listening in the desert loneliness, till the calmness and yet the superstition of religion mingled in his emotions. But presently that voice was heard, like some melodious concord even from the secret soul, and sweet and musical was [the low murmur of exquisite melody which bade him attend and listen.

Soft ! the silence breathes a prayer,  
 The passing hymn of solemn awe,  
 To woe the soul away from care,  
 That no sad passions may intrude,  
 If lasting sorrow stir the wind  
 To murmur secret sounds of woe ;  
 Yet holy thought still lives behind,  
 To hallow all we feel and know.  
 This sunlight on the present cast,  
 'Tis the spirit of the past.  
 There rest awhile, and dream of peace—  
 Though memory dwelleth every where,  
 Yet grief may sometimes seek release,  
 And hope may bury her despair.  
 And yes, e'en love you may recall,  
 And quit it with so kind a kiss,  
 Though mingled tears together fall,  
 'Tis consecrated into bliss.  
 Then take it to the heart at last,  
 'Tis the spirit of the past.

But where was the voice, and where the being familiar with this sweetness ? It sounded in the air that floated wide above him. Again he looked upward, and the glimpse of the pale brow and ebony tresses caught his view, retreating from his gaze.

"Emily, dear girl!" he cried, and he sprung forward. The breezy rushing of garments fled onward, though invisible; but now, yonder, the shadow of loose floating raiment fluttered in the distance. He bounded on his way, swift as the spout fleeing from his pursuit, when suddenly the rustling and the stir of quick retreat was over, and he stopped in new bewilderment. He glanced about, and the furtive wandering of his look was fixed at once upon the thing which he beheld.

Just within the nearest doorway, firm as a statue, the ghastly figure stood; wan and shadowy and delicate as woman, but firmly knit and of gaunt stature, resembling man. Pale as marble, cold and passionless as the dead, inanimate as lifeless clay, and shrouded in a nameless garb of tainted whiteness, it was transfixed there. Was it the shade of the murdered woman, or the ludicrous deception of some living man? The first thought thrilled through him with intense dismay, and the latter he answered with derisive laughter. And still the immobility of the creature excited doubt and dread.

"Why, why are you here?" whispered Lewisteme: "speak!"

The stern speechless placidity of the

being awed him into silence, and in silence he beheld it.

But now the dread suspense was fearful, and still he could have laughed in mockery, and kicked it hence as some base trickery of folly. At length, clenching his double fist, he rushed upon it. Sure it was not fancy, but some body came in contact with his touch; and a short minute after the apparition gliding past his reach, was seen in the distant darkness of the chamber, and as he pursued, it faded away by slow degrees, and shrunk into seeming nothingness. Lewisteme smiled coldly as it departed:

Even common pride, however, revolted at the idea of being mocked and derided by such consummate absurdity. He now examined the spot intently, and found that it was another door to the apartment: so, trembling with indignation, he sprung upon the lock, and shook it till the hinges creaked again; but no human strength of one man might force it open, and as he considered of some expedient for so doing, that same airy voice repeated, "Come, come." He started round; the sound still led him onward, still before him and above him, and thus until he reached the highest part of the wide mansion.

Here was the ruined attic through which he had first entered; and which way should he now direct his steps? A sharp breath of air blew across his path, the flame of the light wavered and flashed upward, and was deadened into darkness, and again that distant voice of melody was heard. It was an air that Emily used to sing.

Follow, follow, love is flying,  
 Swifter than the hour is flying;  
 Through the night, eclipsed by stars,  
 Through the moonlight's silver bars,  
 Through the day-time's golden beams,  
 Fleeting fast, as thought in dreams;  
 Thither, whither? every where  
 This unseen spirit of the air,  
 Thou may'st follow it for ever,  
 And shall find it never, never.  
 Now it lightens in the eye,  
 Or breathes itself upon a sigh,  
 Or it lingers in a kiss,  
 Or melts away in tears of bliss.  
 This blush of beauty fades as fast,  
 Ere the shade be seen, 'tis past:  
 Then chase this folly as you will,  
 The tempting truth betray, you still;  
 But seek it where 'twill not depart,  
 Love lives within the heart—the heart!

He stood amazed, until mute echo was sunk away into the darkness, and nothing was heard to break the drowsy monotony of night, but the sighing of his inward distress. Was this a dream, or could it be madness? Had Heaven forsaken and left him the slave of his imagination? or had the sorrows of earth destroyed the better reason which had been given him? The shade, the form, the voice, but spoke of his insanity; and leaning against the wall, the hot tears broke from his eyes; the first which he had wept since Emily was dead.

The passion of his grief was deep and long, and when he arose from it the breaking morning warned him to depart. In this utter exhaustion of mind he retired to rest, and when his unsuspecting friends beheld next day his haggard appearance, his restless debility, and broken health, the father repented of his opposition to

an attachment apparently so strong, and the mother in womanly tenderness sighed out the sympathy she dared not trust herself to express. But Lewisteme, distracted with various thoughts upon the last night's events, was perplexed with doubt of all he had beheld; for sometimes it resembled too much some vision of the distempered mind, and now it assumed the likeness of frightful reality.

At length, worn out in the contention of misery and grief, he sunk upon a bed of sickness, where any further elucidation of these facts was consequently, for the present, denied. But notwithstanding this disappointment, he was determined to seek the occasion for ample proof and exposure of the circumstance which had caused him so much torment and mental disquiet, and the period of his recovery was fixed upon as the time destined for his attempt.

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### SPRING VIOLETS.

Bright harbingers! Ye spirits of Truth,  
 That wreath the Spring as emblems of youth;  
 That tell the winter has pass'd away,  
 Like shadows of night before the day.

O! welcome to earth, ye sky-born flowers!  
 Pure as the drops of the early showers;  
 True as the rainbow that shines afar,  
 Bright as the rays of the vesper star.

Thy perfume floats o'er the silent vale;  
 As over the maiden's cheek so pale  
 When weak she lies on the bed of death,  
 Returning health spreads its first fresh breath:

Or the faintest blush that speaks of bliss,  
 In the sweet thrill of a virgin's kiss;  
 Bright beautiful blossoms, come to dwell,  
 In each shady nook, and forest dell.

The wish of love in the lone heart hid,  
 Too good for the world it lives amid,  
 Too modest it's rightful birth to claim,  
 It's Hope, to another, e'er to name.

Yes! like that love which conceal'd will lie;  
 Beauty that courts not the passer by;  
 The innocent breast more pure that grows,  
 Reflecting alone its own white snows.

Thou wilt find, sweet flowers! some eyes can trace  
 Thy modest worth, in its hiding place;  
 And hearts, that affection thus can prove,  
 Deeper, than those of the world, do love.

Come then, bright azury blossoms, come!  
 Make the mossy glade thy peaceful home;  
 Spread thy green leaves for a lowly bed,  
 And hymns of incense over them shed;

For some, like me, on thy flowers will gaze,  
 'Till their thoughts ascend to heaven in praise;  
 For by thy coming, a FATHER'S hand,  
 We know still shelters our native land!

UMBRA.

## PELAGE, THE CREOLE.

AN EPISODE OF THE REVOLUTION IN THE ANTILLES.

(*From the French of Eugène Chapus.*)

I.

Before the promulgation of "*the rights of man*," by the French convention, had reached the inhabitants of their colonies, according to the assertion of a few old planters, they enjoyed the most profound tranquillity. Men led there an apparently tranquil life; that is, the wealthy white proprietors had engrossed every advantage. Some were living in magnificent country villas; others in splendid town mansions; whilst the creole, as well as the negro, ground to the dust by a long habitude of humiliation, and the consciousness of the necessity for passive acquiescence in the contemptuous treatment to which they

were subjected, felt themselves deprived even of the hope of a happier condition.

It is, nevertheless, just to acknowledge, that the authorities still retained outward respect for some clauses of the *code noir*. They had not then trodden entirely under foot the remnants of the wisdom of Louis XIV., and it was not altogether uncommon for a white person openly to profess even regard for the creole race.

M. de Popingère, one of the oldest planters of European birth at Guadeloupe, was of that small number. He led a retired life upon his estate, which was in the depth of a charming valley, formed by the lofty heights of Sainte Anne; there he admitted to family

intimacy a creole, named Pierre Louis. This man of colour was worthy this particular distinction, for he undoubtedly possessed more real merit than the majority of the planters upon the island, whether white or coloured, amongst whom his wise and moderate principles were freely admitted. But the whites were jealous of the popularity he had acquired among the natives, and the most suspiciously minded persuaded themselves that, in the event of a negro revolt, Pierre Louis might easily avail himself of such a juncture to rule them at his will.

"Take care," they frequently whispered in the ear of M. de Popingère, "that man of colour, whom you welcome so cordially, will eventually assume to himself greater weight than his due, and in the end will consider himself your equal."

One day a letter was handed to M. de Popingère from his son, who was then absent from the colony, which contained the following passage:—"It is to me, my dear father, a subject of the greatest disquietude, that you are constantly receiving into your house Pierre Louis and his son Pélage, whilst my sister Leonie is residing with you. Judge of the bad effect your inconceivable weakness has produced, by the necessity for this caution, which I proffer, even from such a distance; my bosom burns with rage at the bare notion of so odious a friendship as may result from it."

For the first time M. de Popingère reflected upon his inconvenient acquaintance with Pierre Louis, not solely on the latter's account, but relative to the young Pélage, upon whom, until that moment, he had bestowed but a secondary consideration. The hint that his own son had given him, now naturally aroused his attention, and he arraigned him before the tribunal of his thoughts, examining every circumstance of his life and conduct, and he was indeed terrified at the retrospect.

"I am guilty," he exclaimed to himself, striking his dry and attenuated hand upon his wrinkled forehead; "I have compromised the honour of my house, by exposing my daughter to the never-ceasing importunities of a man of colour. Leonie has seen enough of this Pélage but the bright side of his character, and perhaps the evil is already past remedy."

M. de Popingère gave way for several moments to these unglowing thoughts;

then suddenly changing his disposition of mind, whilst caught by some ridiculously vain reflection, he continued,—"But I am not such an idiot as to deliver myself up to such conjectures. My son, with his ordinary impetuosity, must have been dreaming. A creole inspire affection in the heart of my daughter! the offspring of a slave! of one of those abject wretches I see yonder in my cotton fields! Away with such absurd fears. Between these two young persons such an intimacy can alone exist as connects the superior with the inferior, that is to say, respect on the one side, protection on the other."

Thus reasoned the planter alternately, as his thoughts and inclinations carried him; sometimes the dupe, sometimes the sport of his prejudices; in imitation of that portion of society, which loftily plumes itself upon its superior illumination in the paths of reason.

M. de Popingère, however, whilst fortifying his mind with the impossibility of any sentiment like that of love establishing itself between his daughter and the son of Pierre Louis, conceived it would be but prudent for the future to interdict the admission of the young man.

His resolve made, he instantly acquainted Pélage, as unscrupulously as ancient feudal lords comported themselves towards their vassals.

M. de Popingère, however, flattered himself that this exclusion would not interrupt his friendship with Pierre Louis; but the latter ever identifying his son's cause with his own, recognised no separate interest; and as his son was excluded from the white planter's dwelling, he considered it would be compromising his own dignity himself to appear there any longer.

A report of this rupture was not slow in spreading itself, and every man construed it as awayed by the interest of his caste or position in society.

M. de Popingère's conduct was approved by all the whites, whilst with persons of colour it gave rise to feelings of slight irritation; they would not comprehend that it was needful to put an end to relations, whose existence formed a monstrosity in institutions and manners which were of so exclusive a character; and the circumstance was considered solely, as an act of degradation towards all men of his caste.

The day following this ratification, the white planter, at the approach of sunset, the only hour favourable for walking in those burning regions, accompanied his daughter in her stroll along the sea-shore. Any other eye than that of M. de Popingère would have perceived that his poor child had been weeping all night. The breeze had not yet risen, and the ocean smooth and listless as a surface of oil, reflected afar the fantastic constructions of opal and rubies, in which the sinking sun pavilioned himself. Plantations of cotton, fields of maize, and coffee woods placed abreast of each other, with the sun-rays glancing behind them, formed an immense checker-work, the compartments of which were filled up with every shade of green. It is well known that in those islands the face of the country wears no uniform tint; vegetation ever dying, and as unceasingly renewing itself; bounteous nature, not prodigal of her labour, decks her offspring in the richest and most varied colours.

The silence which reigned over this opulent and interesting champaign was then unbroken; but the effect which might have touched any other heart, did not produce from M. de Popingère the slightest comment, habituated as he was to gaze frequently on similar scenes from his birth. As for Leonie, one only thought seemed to sum up her existence; from time to time she contrived to tear herself from the profound reverie in which she was plunged, to watch the mysterious movement of some bird winging its flight from one acacia to another, to follow with abstracted gaze a withered leaf eddying through the air.

The planter now directed his steps towards a creek upon the shore near his own dwelling, where the negro fishermen were accustomed to land their rich evening spoil, which was caught in an adjacent bay. It was gratifying to him to watch the negroes unload their canoes, and draw forth the captured fish from their pods and nets.

Whilst M. de Popingère was thus amusing himself, Leonie, seated on the trunk of a cocoa-tree, lying prostrate on the sand, listened mechanically to the soft murmurs of the surging tide, whose tiny waves then rolled in gentle ripples at her foot. Whilst listening to

the lulling sound, the poor in the recollection of one of those thrilling melodies which cannot be heard without its chords awakening in us either painful or pleasurable remembrance. A tear stole furtively from her eye, but she dared not weep, too conscious of the necessity for hiding from her father's gaze the secret planted in her heart. How pitiful were her sufferings!

The cause which produced that unusual palor of countenance, those red and swollen eyes, and plunged the maiden into a train of reveries which mastered her reason, would not long have evaded detection at the hands of a tender mother. How soon her anxiety would have been awakened, and with unceasing solicitude she would have importuned her daughter, and elicited a declaration of that secret whose existence was almost self-evident. But, alas! M. de Popingère beheld or heeded not Leonie's dejection; and had he noticed a change, he would undoubtedly have attributed it to any other than the right cause, and, in his paternal solicitude, would have instantly dispatched a messenger to the town for a physician.

### III.

At this juncture the terrible words of the revolution in France, of the year 1789, "*liberty*" and "*equality*," pealed in dread thunder, as far even as Guadaloupe, and with one accord the whole island answered the magic syllables with joyful acclamation.

The whites, unable to comprehend the effect of the extension of liberty and emancipation to the wretched castes of colour, and deceived at first by the impulsive movement and infallible consequences of that great political convulsion, welcomed it themselves with blind enthusiasm. They hoped to have turned to their own profit the germs of liberty which it announced. The aristocracy of the Antilles, jealous that the functionaries from the mother country until then had been exclusively invested with certain local powers, and the administration of affairs, hailed with the utmost transport a scheme of regeneration, which, agreeably to its prognostications, seemed well fitted to raise them to the first rank; but this illusion was not of long duration.

Those rights, the possession of which the colonists invoked and loudly per-

claimed, in order to destroy a monopolising European power, failed not in turn to be claimed, and with still more reason, by the men of colour. It was the sole end to obtain this power, which the oligarchical pride of the whites strove to reach. On the other hand, the coloured race desired only to relieve itself from the incapacity with which it was enthralled, and the creoles of Martinique, to whom this miserable boon was brutally denied, were already supporting their petition by force of arms.

The planters of Guadeloupe, equally unjust towards the coloured class, as were those of Martinique, opposed those persons with all their influence, who would have adopted measures of concession, which, indeed, could alone save the colony from a general conflagration. Some few amongst them went so far as even to publish it their opinion, "that the advantages which the public voice declared, were assured to all by the regenerated French constitution, were not, indeed, intended for a country of slaves."

Thus advanced, by gigantic strides, a revolution which the obstinacy of the whites rendered inevitable. The new doctrines had already propagated themselves even among the huts of the negroes, who were secretly bestirring themselves. Assemblies of coloured men were convened at all points of the colony; the troops which composed the garrison, and the negroes, began to comprehend that it was by them and for them that the revolution ought to take place. Symptoms of ebullition every where manifested themselves; there were every where organised clubs which agitated questions of vital importance to this expected class.

Amid the general movement, the quarter of Sainte Anne was not idle; there also clubs sprung up whose debates exceeded all the others in violence; for the revolution had found the population of this part of the island already in a state of fermentation. The misunderstanding which had arisen between the two families of Popingère and Pierre Louis, had prepared their minds to take part in the general disaffection. But their resolution was not the sole cause of the strong irritation in this particular quarter. At the commencement of these great political events, the brother of Leonie had hastened to his father, to

consult about the protection of their property and the family safety. Charles de Popingère, possessing many rare and noble qualities, had, also, all the passion and pride inseparable from a colonial education. His was an ardent and lofty mind, to which, however, the prejudices of caste had unfortunately given a false direction; he carried the sense of honour even to the height of fanaticism; and, as he entertained the conviction that the coloured race had no other part allotted to it in this world than that of slavery, his contempt for it was, at the same time, a sentiment and a principle.

It may be easily conceived in what disposition of mind this young man witnessed the public manifestation of the opinions of the creoles; he had made the paternal mansion the focus for deliberation and action, whence emanated the greater part of the resolutions and measures afterwards adopted by the colonial assembly; in whom alone rested the power of governing the country. All these deliberations arose from the pretensions of the creoles, and the hauteur and extravagant infatuation of their prejudiced opponents.

Hard by the meeting place of the white club, the house of Pierre Louis had become a rendezvous for the men of colour, who, in those moments of agitation, pretended also to discuss and regulate things touching their social interests. There they mustered a formidable reunion of minds and arms, capable of shaking the colony to its foundation. The two clubs met in presence of one another—watched each other's movements with inquietude, estimated their mutual strength; and on both sides their passions had acquired such a degree of intensity, that every day was expected to bring forth some dreadful catastrophe.

Several months elapsed without any explosion having taken place; and although the neighbouring islands were a prey to all the horrors and misery of a civil war—that species of civil war which, in the colonies, brings in its train such disasters as are unparalleled elsewhere. Blood had not yet been spilt upon the soil of Guadeloupe, where the inflamed passions of men carry them into a state of delirium; and make them implacable and reckless. As soon as the sabre is drawn from the scabbard, and the musket

pointed from behind dense thickets, bands of slaves, armed with the deadly poniard and the torch of incendiarism, first overrunning the country, then came upon the towns, pillaging, murdering, and playing the parts of executioners occasionally. Both parties, actuated by the most malignant hatred, pursue and harass each other, never relax their demon work, as they are unceasingly in each other's presence; for the extent of the country is circumscribed within narrow limits, and there they are, as it were, upon a platform surrounded on all sides by the abysses of the ocean which repel them backwards again, and there exists no means of flying from, or avoiding the enemy: on whatever side the eye turns, it encounters the uplifted poniard striking its victim.

An island civil-war under the tropics, is, in this respect, still more horrible than in large tracts of country, notwithstanding which one hardly deigns to run over the historical details which speak of the sad revolutions which the colonies have undergone; and even the generous Briton, professing Christianity, reads in the daily paper soul-harrowing details of a revolt having taken place upon this or that island of the West Indies, or of the Canadas, with apparent apathy; or if there be any sense of feeling, there is not exhibited the slightest outward emotion either of terror or pity.

## IV.

The family of M. de Popingère had scarcely passed an entire night in tranquillity since the commencement of these events, which occupied the whole attention of the colony. The desertions of the slaves, and increasing neglect of labour, became more and more frequent. With joy, which they sought not to conceal, the men of colour beheld these signs of discontent and independence manifesting themselves among the slaves, who were an essential portion of the fortune of their adversaries. They well knew that this continued dismemberment of their property must in the sequel produce total ruin.

The whites accused them of being the instigators and fosterers of these events; they accused them also of prompting their negroes to insubordination, and they accused Pierre Louis and Pélage in particular, because they governed their party by the great moral ascendancy of their

influence. Charles de Popingère failed not to point out Pélage as being the most influential, and as the extreme cause of those sinister consequences; he cast the whole responsibility on the young man's head, whom he hated, from the humiliating thought of the supposed existence of an affection between Pélage and his sister, and he hoped to avenge this injury to his family and name by making him the butt of every attack.

Under the pretext of endeavouring to bring about a pacific understanding, the oligarchical party had obtained from the governor, entirely devoted to its interests, an authority to create certain federations, whose first care had been to prepare a list for proscription, in which the principal men of colour figured. Charles de Popingère took especial care that the name of Pélage should be inserted among the foremost of offenders.

Nothing more was required for carrying these plans into execution, than the concurrence of the troops which composed the garrison of Pointe-à-Pitre. To attain this end, the white party combined all their efforts, whilst the men of colour exerted their influence to hinder the soldiery from giving compliance to the resolves of the colonial federation.

## \* V.

The evening preceding the day on which it was evident that the fate of the colony must be decided—when the anxiety of the two parties had reached its climax, messengers were seen passing and repassing on the road to Sainte Anne. Political partisans had thronged the respective dwellings of Popingère and Pierre Louis. In the midst of these stormy proceedings the presence of Pélage had become indispensable to the men of colour, who saw that their dearest interests were likely to be compromised, as in the knavish shuffling of a pack of cards. One thought, however, yet more poignant than this political inquietude, possessed the bosom of the young man, and he would have given upon that evening half his existence for two hours' freedom.

Accordingly he summoned his favourite negro.

"Jemmy, I have need of your services; can I depend upon you?"

"Oh, massa!" exclaimed the negro, by which brief ejaculation he expressed the astonishment which no doubt caused in him.



"You know, then, the spot down there, behind the source of the Gallets, by the side of the Red Rock; you will repair thither this evening at ten o'clock, with this letter.

"Yes, massa."

"There you will find two females. Before addressing them you will clap your hands thrice; if at that signal you hear some one sing, you will approach them and deliver this letter to the white female; but you must swear by your Maker never to mention her name."

"Yes, massa, I swear."

"Then listen to me attentively, and take this watch," continued the young man. "Perhaps it will happen that you may not see any one there on your arrival; in that case, you must not stir from the spot until you perceive these two hands united together at this spot," and Pélage indicated midnight upon the dial. "If the night should not prove clear enough for you to distinguish the hands, you will press this knob, and then count the number of strokes you hear sounding. When it has struck twelve, if no one appears, you will return and bring me back the letter."

"Yes, massa."

"You understand me clearly, do you not? Recollect that this paper contains a secret upon which the happiness of your master depends. Jemmy, it was I who buried your father and your mother; it was I who stood sponsor at your baptism; I it was who made you a Christian; and now I confide into your hands a solemn trust."

"Yes, massa," replied the weeping negro.

On seeing the tears roll down the cheeks of the poor slave, Pélage felt some compunction at having pressed his fidelity so far as to elicit such a touching mark of gratitude.

He might have trusted to the negro's fidelity with the utmost reason for confidence; for his devotedness is a spontaneous emotion of nature, the springs of which remain free from the rust of tutored egotistical and base reservation. The long habitude of slavery, the moving power of whose existence dwells in a volition extrinsic of itself, engenders almost invariably in the negro an entire abnegation of himself. He becomes a kind of body wholly obedient to the intimations of a mind unidentified with the same envelope,

and which ever acts the stronger because unchecked in its resolutions by physical sufferings. "Advance, fall back—stand still," commands the white, and the negro must obey: he submits to all the consequences of these orders with the passiveness of an unconquerable heroism, upon which no need of praise or applause is bestowed.

Jemmy had soon finished the necessary preparations for his mysterious mission, and when night fell he set out light and joyous of heart with his precious letter. The whole quarter of Saint-Anne appeared as it were abandoned, so completely circumspect had political events rendered the inhabitants. Here and there a negro, prompted by the hope of an hour's courtship with the sable object of his affections, was crossing the fields in the direction of some neighbouring estate. The faithful Jemmy had also a mistress dwelling hard by the road he traversed; but on that evening, the most beautiful negress, the smoothest skin of Congo, the purest ebony of Caffraria, the most slender and agile of the daughters of Mozambique, all their powerful attractions combined would in vain have tempted him to stray from his route. Then Jemmy, grave and thoughtful, with his mission, would have beheld his loved one with indifference, and have continued his march uninterruptedly to accomplish the sacred promise he had made to his master. Accordingly he allowed himself only the time absolutely necessary to reach the Roche-rouge, whose huge dome-like vault overhung the source whence sprung the limpid waters of the little river des Gallets. It was a sequestered spot, which, with its surrounding scenery, was well fitted for romance, and where all the soft illusions and charms, born of mystery and solitude, could enrapture the eager soul of a devoted lover.

Jemmy having seated himself at the entrance of this vast hall of stone, lighted his pipe ready for duty, following strictly the lessons of his master. Patiently he waited, and attentively listened—then listened and waited again. Three several times, at sufficiently long intervals, he replenished and finished his pipe, yet no one came. At last he felt for the watch, in order to consult its chimes. He pressed the spring and heard it distinctly strike once.

"That won't do," he said to himself. He endeavoured to distinguish the position of the hands, but the heavens were enveloped in clouds and starless. The night was indeed sombre, and the cruel negress seemed only to mock him, a poor negro. He set himself again smoking, with all the resignation of his slavish nature, to while away time, without ever once recurring to the motive of his mysterious mission.

After further moments of anxious expectation he again took the watch, now for the first time comprehending by the cold, which was penetrating his body, arising from the extreme humidity of the atmosphere, that a long time must have elapsed since he had first been at his post. He pressed the spring and listened—and the hammer struck again, once.

"That won't do yet," said he, as he began to walk briskly backwards and forwards, to preserve himself from the cold with which he was benumbed.

Had he only ventured upon some one of those melancholy airs which he had learned from the Virginian mariners, he could easily have charmed away the long hours of expectation; but his master had said nothing on the subject, and he could not decide upon assuming to himself such a responsibility.

He sat, therefore, listening in the silence which reigned around, and his attentive ear thought it heard footsteps at a little distance, and again he thought that so light a step could only be that of woman; but in vain he stretched his head on the side whence he felt persuaded the object was coming. All was quiet, and it might be said that the curious trees hushed even the breathings of their foliage that they too might listen. Notwithstanding this profound tranquillity, Jemmy was not the less convinced that he had deceived himself, and that the hour had arrived for the fulfilment of his mission. Wishing to assure himself, for the third time he struck the repeater, and was prepared to count as far as twelve. But, in spite of his usual courage, his mind was seized with a vague impression of terror, when he again heard it strike only once. A wondering sentiment of native superstition took possession of his mind, and he was tempted to believe that all that was now happening was the result of sorcery, for the poor

negro had never reflected upon the ambiguity of repeaters, in the triple declaration of the nearest hour—half-past twelve, one o'clock, and more, and high to half-past one. He would then have preferred being engaged in a scuffle with three of his equals than to be involved in this enigma, which troubled his very soul, and he felt disposed only to return home.

"Who goes there?" shouted a voice to him; "who is it?"

In distinguishing the voice of a human being his terror of *zombies* was dissipated, but he was then at the mercy of sad reality, and a consciousness of the mission with which he was charged interdicted him from replying.

That night Charles de Poppingère was strolling the neighbourhood, and passed some little distance from the Gallets, whose source was at one boundary of his plantation. He had been attracted to the spot by a luminous point which shone redly amidst the darkness. He was soon aware that this was produced by a glowing pipe, and suspected that some negro was concealed there. The advanced hour of the night, the proximity of his canes, and crops of cotton, suggested the liveliest apprehensions of danger to his wakeful mind.

"It's some villainous negro," he inwardly repeated, "who has been ordered to set my property on fire. Who knows, indeed, but that he may be there to assassinate us?"

Jemmy judged that he had numerous assailants when he heard the footsteps advancing towards him, and thought only of escape. He therefore threw himself flat upon his face among the tall stalks of the sugar-cane which covered the ground, and the better to effect his purpose he began to crawl on his hands and knees, wriggling and dragging himself along like a scolopendra. His pursuer was for awhile at fault; but the weight of Jemmy's body crushed the dew-covered herbage, forming a silvery track. Some stars also shining inopportunely, through a wide rift of clouds, illuminated his pathway.

"Fire!" was the command given to the negroes; "fire upon the white wreaths."

Jemmy heard the command simultaneously with the discharge of the volley. He would have redoubled his speed, but his left arm on a sudden refused its as-

stance. He felt by the pain and stiffness which had paralysed the use of it, that it had been struck by a ball. He quickly raised himself; his faithful heart thought less of the danger and suffering which menaced himself, than of his master, whose happiness depended upon the letter which he carried. He was solicited to secure it with certainty from the risk of capture. He crumpled it between the fingers of his unwounded hand, then ground it between his teeth and swallowed it; after which he placed his trust with more tranquillity in Providence for a happy rescue. When at last he had gained a little open plot, he turned himself east to reach Sainte Anne's, where he arrived harassed with fatigue, weakened by his effusion of blood, having described a long circuit, the more effectually to throw those out who pursued him.

The young planter beat about with his hand unsuccessfully in every direction. At day-break he bent his steps homewards, plunged in a train of reflections, without being able to arrive at any conclusion concerning it, and his mind was oppressed with fearful iniquitude.

#### VI.

The negroes resumed their ordinary labours on the day following, when, at the hour for the distribution of yams and stock-fish, a messenger was seen approaching at full gallop, apparently the bearer of important news.

On the previous evening the great federation had assembled. The grenadiers of the 14th regiment, which composed the garrison, refused to take part in it, and had repaired to their barracks, where they displayed the tri-coloured flag, refusing also openly to take the oath required of them.

The town was in the greatest state of fervour, but the slight incident of the morning was now no longer the cause, for the governor, who had summoned in the utmost haste all the officials of the oligarchical party to deliberate with him upon this new emergency, had, together with the principal functionaries, placed himself in the midst of the refractory troops, and disarmed them; after tearing down the tri-coloured standard, so that, in appearance, every thing was restored to order.

A vessel, which the people on the coast recognised by its raised bowsprit

and tall masts to be a man-of-war, had been signalised in the offing from the heights of Colson's Island. Its entrance into port was waited for with the utmost impatience; for divers reports, inimical to the one party and conformable to the wishes of the other, were in circulation upon the object of her mission. A negro fisherman who had just landed pretended, indeed, that this vessel was the bearer of a decree of complete emancipation of the coloured race.

At this news the whole negro and creole population had collected in menacing groups upon the quays. Negroes and men of colour threw themselves indiscriminately into all the canoes, pirogues, and skiffs which were found disposable, in order to meet the vessel under sail, so eager were they to learn the nature of the despatches it had on board. Whilst the several crews, some rowing, others sailing, were ploughing the roadstead, the frigate, which had doubled the point of Colson's Island, progressively expanded its once slender proportions to the anxious eye of the gazing multitudes. For a short space of time her top-gallant masts alone were visible above the heights of Sandy Bay; then, having got into the wind, her bows were perceptible, and all her lower sails could be counted, straining her dark masts and cordage.

Prolonged shouts arose from the little fleet of barks which covered the waters of the bay. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved aloft on witnessing the frigate hoist the tri-colour, and confirm her ensign by the salute of a gun. The magic sound, implying that strength had become the ally of liberty, electrified them; they boarded her, some scaling her decks, others grappling her port-holes, and hauling themselves up the side by her rope-ends, in the best manner they were able.

But the attention of those who were collected together at different points of the harbour was now directed towards an elegant yacht that had just stood off from the shore, having on board several officers of the governor's staff. They in their turn were about to inform themselves of the object of the visit of this ship of war, which, if conformable with the reports in circulation, they were to notify the governor's orders for its instant departure from the shores of Guadeloupe.

[Let us turn our eyes from our own

blessed shores to those of a colony of our own, where the choicest of Britain's troops are at this moment of our writing about to relieve their own peaceable countrymen from the dominion of faction. **ED.**— There, indeed, though the cases are vastly different as to the object of each, we can easily imagine how welcome this visit was to the men of colour who swarmed her decks; they threw themselves into the arms of the sailors, eagerly shook hands with the officers: their shouts formed a chorus of which *liberty* was the burden; and a long and surging echo of their voices reached the shore to kindle enthusiasm in the ranks of their brethren.

The Constitutional Assembly having effectually seen in the obstinate prejudices entertained by the whites against the other castes, an infallible cause of ruin and disorder to the colonies, was anxious to guarantee their safety by a decree which granted to the people of colour the enjoyment of civil and political rights. A second decree, passed by the Legislative Assembly, further added to these first concessions that free-men of every class should be admitted to vote at the parochial meetings, and be deemed eligible to hold offices as public functionaries.

At the receipt of this intelligence the officers on board the yacht hastened their return to the shore, and shortly after their arrival the Forts l'Union and l'Epée opened a fire from their batteries upon the frigate anchored within a short distance of them. The leaders of the white party had assembled, and come to the resolution of repelling this expedition by force, thereby declaring war against republican France. They, at the same time, prohibited, upon pain of death, any one introducing or propagating the *sedition* decrees of that metropolis in the colony.

Compelled in the outset to decline a combat so unequal, the frigate, commanded by Lieutenant Lacrosse, gained the offing, and sailed for the neighbouring island of Sainte Lucie, where a great number of patriots and men of colour had long previously taken refuge, wearied with the galling yoke which weighed upon them at Guadeloupe and Martinique.

vii.

The resolution of the governor and his

oligarchs threw the coloured population into a state of stupor, the first effect of which was completely to paralyse them.

But such a measure, only to be explained by the blindest passion on the part of the whites, together with the delusive calculations they made upon the defence and resources possessed by their party, chimed the death-blow of their power.

The men of colour who had boarded the frigate could only regain the coast by landing on distant points of the island, for the fire kept up by the forts swept along the whole roadstead, at which the spirit was raised to the highest pitch of indignation.

Thus was burst asunder the last link which had by a species of miracle until that moment repressed the multitude. War broke out then with fury, not such a war as places two armies in presence of one another, struggling for some leagues of country, for the honour or the caprice of a nation; nor a war which slays symmetrically from a distance, with ball and bullet, but a hideous and fiend-like strife from behind hedges, in short and crowded streets, and from window and house-top; a war, indeed, carried on with the knife, by fire and poison, man felling man, in which the most numerous party is ever sure of the victory.

Large masses of negroes and coloured men were now quitting their habitations for places of public resort, where they organised themselves into legions.

At the same time these events were passing at Pointe-à-Pitre, the country people whose exasperation even surpassed that of men inhabiting towns, assumed a formidable attitude.

At Sainte Anne, and the sad circumstance still lives fresh in the memory of many persons, nothing could equal the fury which manifested itself at that epoch. The men of colour flocked together upon the shore, shouting—“Death to the whites! Destruction to our oppressors!”

“Let us march against Fort de l'Epée.”

“Ay, ay, to the Fort de l'Epée!”

“Friends, we have no leader. Who will command us? Who will direct our efforts?”

“We want a chief.”

“A chief, a chief!”

And they immediately proceeded to the noisy election of a colonel.

“Let us have Magloire.”

"We are for Jarry."  
 "No, no, Simoni is the man for us."  
 "Pélage! Pélage!" loudly shouted the greater number. "Let Pélage put himself at the head of us! Pélage is the man. Where is he! let him come forward."

Pélage at these acclamations stepped forth from the crowd, and without further preamble took the command offered him by the unanimous concurrence of his party.

A moment afterwards this mass was in motion. The columns moved forward, uttering the most terrific yells, which rent the air far and wide. And in this disposition they arrived at the foot of the little fort of *Fleur de l'Épée*.

There they were, unprovided with a train, or indeed any matériel for a siege. On the part of the besieged, too, of a verity there was but little appearance of fortification-work; here and there a counterscarp, a bastion, with its flanks and salient angles. On the part of the besiegers, again, there was neither trench nor palisades, with their interlacement, to shelter the working-parties; not a jot of all those extravagances of the military art. Death then might travel between the two parties unchecked, and pass from side to side without obstacle, and naked they must rush against the fort-fire, presenting their breasts to a shower of bullets.

"Forward!" was the word.

In each open embrasure of the fort there appeared, like a fixed and immoveable eye, enough of itself to freeze their blood with terror, the gaping mouth of a cannon, so pointed as to hem down each advancing column. Of a sudden a dense smoke spouted forth, and before a detonation was heard a ball struck the front lines of a battalion; then it opened for itself a way through the compact masses which followed, and a long train of men, stretched upon the ground, attested for a moment the course which that invisible agent of destruction had taken. The men in the ranks soon closed in again upon the vacant ground, and the gap disappeared as instantaneously as does the vast hollow produced by a broad and deep wave in the belly of the ocean.

The cries and hurrahs of the negroes and men of colour, which till then rung the air, were suddenly hushed, and each looked silent and serious; their fury and

their rage deprived them of utterance; for, as they approached still nearer, their ranks were fearfully thinned from the fort batteries. Ball succeeding ball in rapid succession, tore through the masses, and mowed down whole divisions. Limbs flew here and there, hurled aloft even like branches torn off by the wind; and the blood ran down the black and shining bodies of the soldiers; many of them were also bespattered with white patches, the scattered brains of their ill-fated comrades.

But when they heard the words pass from chief to chief—"Fix bayonets! Charge! Forward!"—that was, indeed, the moment to have witnessed the ferocious ardour of those sable bands which then manifested itself. A force ten times superior to that of the besieged would have inevitably yielded against such a united shock as that which followed. The fort was accordingly carried. At every point the ramparts and escarpments overflowed with the blood, and were filled with the bodies of negroes and mulattoes. When success had crowned their efforts, they threw themselves into the innermost enclosure of the fort, like tigers springing from the heights of rocks upon the camp of a company belonging to a caravan; or, like famished blood-hounds darting upon their prey.

"Death to the whites! death to all prisoners!" was the universal shout.

More than one arm, freed from its chains, had stifled its late master in the deadly grasp of man to man. More than one slave's poniard had pierced the bosom of his late owner. More than one sword of the mulatto had carved the triumph of equality upon the flesh of the whites—when Pélage, begrimed with blood and dust, appeared in the midst of his men, to stop the massacre of the conquered, for their forces had ceased to be on an equality.

In the intoxication and confusion, attending success, each marked out his enemy, and claimed him as his prisoner, and had his chosen victim on whom to satiate his vengeance—either a white who had long insulted his feelings—or, for the most part, a hard-hearted master.

"Well, comrades, what more is there to be done?" cried Pélage aloud, "are you going all to fight against that weak handful of men?"

"Let every soul perish! all, without one exception!" was ejaculated in reply. "Yes; death to all the whites! So long as one remains there will be slavery for us."

"It's your affair, my comrades; but the world will not fail to say that we were wholly unworthy of liberty."

"We only want our prisoners; leave us our prisoners."

"It is I, then, who refuse them. Forget not that here I am your chief. The success of your cause depends upon our union. Break it not," cried Pélage, with a loud voice, "or woe to you! woe to us!"

At these words the fury of the soldiers calmed itself; some few murmured out imprecations against a clemency which smelt of treason; but at the beat of the drum which Pélage commanded, they dispersed and joined their comrades, with orders to put themselves in readiness to march upon the town, where the revolt had had a success equal to their own.

Pélage, in hastening to the succour of the whites, had expected to find Charles de Popingère in the midst of them, and his heart beat with a mysterious and secret joy at the idea of becoming the liberator of that haughty colonist, whose disdain had so frequently been a cause of humiliation to him. Pélage formed the intention of meeting the whites, in which case he intended to command his men to retire, and then, advancing toward Charles de Popingère, address him in these words—"Remember, Monsieur de Popingère, that you owe your life to the unfortunate Pélage."

But the accomplishment of this purpose was not permitted to him.

#### VIII.

Foreseeing the certain reduction of Fort Fleur de l'Épée, their only military position of importance, and the success of the revolt, the whites, who long since had entered upon negotiations with the English, hastened to send to Prince Edward's Island, then one of the chief naval stations of the West Indies, to solicit aid and a prompt intervention. They engaged to place Guadaloupe under English jurisdiction, on condition of receiving its assistance towards suppressing the revolt, and their being afterwards allowed to resume their former preponderance and privileges.

The English did not show themselves

deaf to this appeal, as the traitorous leaders of the white party had prepared the negotiation with much skill, and Charles de Popingère was charged with the important mission. Circumstances were urgent, and the peril imminent, and they fully relied upon his unremitting ardour and great resources of mind; no less than upon his implacable hatred, when contesting against the independence of the negro and the creole.

Such rapid success had far outstripped the expectation of the colonists, who had hoped that their resistance would have been sufficient to have allowed the English fleet to show itself upon the coast, and effect a diversion for their safety. But it was not so; the English did not appear soon enough, and the two parties, left to try their respective strength, did not struggle long ere the triumph of one party was complete. The whites, beaten and repulsed on every side, dislodged from all their military positions, saw that their only chance of life was in precipitous emigration. Every kind of vessel in the roadstead, cutters, coasters, sloops, and dogres, was unable to suffice for the eagerness felt by the discomfited party to quit the colony, whereby they left the island in the entire possession of the republican mulattoes and negroes.

All the white colonists had not, however, yielded to this revolutionary terror. Those who had merely taken a part upon principle in the resistance opposed to the emancipation of the island, judged with reason that they might remain without personal danger.

The elder M. de Popingère was of this number. In his eyes the act of emigration was a sort of acquiescence and confirmation of the superiority, as well as the right of the opposite party, and long the possessor of every luxury which fortune could procure, he considered that life was a thing impossible to be borne when a man was compelled to struggle with want. He could not take out to himself a straitened and necessitous existence—in an old man and a colonist, he still sought the same indulgences to which he had been accustomed: to dwell amidst his stores, filled with rum and tafia, with sugar and coffee, with cocoa and cotton; to wander amongst his plantations, covered with rich produce and savoury fruits; to gaze upon long canoes, which plied for fish at the

bottom of the bay, which were exclusively his; to command the services of his horses and his mules, that he might be transported from one end of the island to the other; protected by blinds of ticking from the ardour of the sun; and provided with voluptuous hammocks wherein to rock himself to sleep during the more sultry hours of each day.

Such was the life agreeable to M. de Popingère; a superabundant and luxurious existence, a portion of which would have proved sufficient for an entire population of any European town.

A solicitude egotistical and personal was allied to these thoughts, which was still more powerful in the eyes of the colonist, as to the future fate of his Leonie; when, had he been willing to have expatriated, he would have hesitated ere he exposed so young a child to the great perils of the sea, now infested by pirates, before he had provided her with a home elsewhere.

An incident wholly unexpected soon afterwards contributed to give a greater force to his resolutions. Pierre Louis, his old neighbour, had not been unmindful of what was still due to their former intimacy under such menacing circumstances; he presented himself at the mansion of the white colonist, to assure him of his safety. "My son," uttered the worthy Pierre, "has charged me to tell you, monsieur, that he will be answerable for your house and property, so long as he and his party possess the honour of protecting their own interest."

This was a bold pledge, and the execution of it presented more difficulties than the zeal of Pélage had suggested to his mind. The negroes, unsubdued in spirit, impatient of every kind of restraint, began to spread themselves in bands over the country, following their brutal passion for vengeance and destruction, indiscriminately slaughtering one while a white, and another a man of colour, as prompted by their rude and sanguinary caprice. They were the blind enemies of order and regularity, as is ever the result of great popular commotions. To protect the dwelling of M. de Popingère, from sudden invasion by these bands, Pélage had entrusted the protection of it to the care of a company of black soldiers, commanded by his faithful Jammy.

## IX.

The junction of the black troops from Pointe-a-Pitre with those of Sainte Anne was effected without obstacle on the part of the whites, whose last fighting men had abandoned the colony. Pélage, relieved for some time from the duties of his command, repaired to Sainte Anne, there to consecrate his first hours of liberty to a devoir of a tenderer nature.

He had quitted the sea-shore to follow a cross-road, the most wildly picturesque of any upon the island. Conceive a defile at times, sinuous as a stream seeking here and there in uncertain paths a bed for its waters, bordered by a double range of rugged mountains, whose gigantic summits covered with stems of slender trees, which jut out over the precipice, letting fall long tendons with their husks, resembling the cordage and pulleys of a vessel. In some places the interlacement of these trees, forming as it were the groining of a long glazed gallery, was so compact, that the obscurity would have been complete had not the light penetrated, at long intervals, through the immense gaps and aerial breaches, worked by the rains through the coverture of this solitary pass.

By the aid of these feeble gleams of daylight, the attention of the traveller perhaps would have been amused by the strange habits of the various species of an animal world which had taken up their dwellings there; some in deep holes of the abysses and precipices, others in the fissures and crevices of the rocks, so that there was a continual uproar in songs and cries, birds singing and piping, little quadrupeds running terrified from under his feet, and rustling among the bushes. Or there was an army of crabs, that crawling from the tops of the steep rocks, slowly making its way towards the sea-shore to deposit their eggs, to be hatched in the sand. The naturalist can guess what things are crossing his path by the buzzing sound, and the brushing about of their thousand claws, whilst they remove the little hollow stones from the route in which they are traversing.

These retreats, although deprived of air and light, possess equally their vegetable riches, which combine to invest them with a character of beauty peculiarly charming; it is the country of the hedge-aloe, of the guava with its stalks fifteen feet high; of bajucas, that spring from

the rocks to the branches of the trees, like the threads of the spider, and, by a mysterious power, leap over intervals and chasms. It is too the country of the cactus, that flowers only by night, which thrusts itself from the interstices of the rocks, and serpentine along their sides; of catalpas and machevas, whose brilliant red and yellow flowers seem to throw gay smiles over otherwise drear and sombre nooks.

Nature with lavish hand had bestowed every thing, and here the hand of man had made no arrangement. All was united for the enjoyment of solitude; verdure, shade, coolness, and the perfume of flowers: crystalline fountains trickling from the rocks blended their murmurs with the song of innumerable birds of resplendent plumage: dense thickets appeared of cocoa, shaddock, limes, oranges, and an infinity of other fruits interspersed among the foliage of the trees, all cultivated by the operation of nature alone; and a pleasing disorder prevailed which art cannot imitate.

What a contrast for Pélage were these peaceable incidents of the wilderness, after the tumult and scenes of mortal combat! There were the passions which corrode and tear the soul; men in arms who struggled with and slew one another, to know on which side oppression should remain: here were the woods in their solemn repose, animals in peace, flowers opening their perfumed petals, and wasting "there sweetness on the desert air."

But even here, as in the haunts of men, there was no escaping from the consequences of unchained passions; henceforward he was to encounter on every side their hideous and bloody traces!

In a spot where deep lateral excavations had narrowed still more the confined gorge of the pass, where the light of day was a mere mingling of grey and black—through a forest of high leucomats, whose smooth and unfringed trunks allowed the sight to penetrate into a glade of some extent—Pélage perceived a fire sparkling round which two negroes were seated: the reflection of the flame lit up their haggard and wrinkled features. It might have been taken for a cabalistic conference of those supernatural beings, first conceived by the superstition of the natives, and afterwards depicted by the imaginations of poets.

They were, however, neither demons, gnomes, nor ghoules; neither were they zingaris, gipsies; but worse than all these, a reality which surpasses and leaves at far distance all other realities, all ideal conceptions. Pélage immediately recognised two *moudongres*, as they thus designate cannibals in the colonies, those perfectly primitive beings that Africa sometimes finds an opportunity of disgorging through the medium of honest dealers in human flesh. Wandering through the woods into which the indomitable instinct of their nature drives them, these creatures, abhorred even by the negroes who are frightened at them, live without the pale of the most abject civilisation.

It was a horrible sight to behold these two women withered by age and misery, their heads covered with a huge mass of woolly hair, frizzed and matted, resembling in form the clipped box-trees of ancient gardens, and surmounting features the indescribable attenuation of which, projected all the bones of the face, and revealed cavities and gibbositities, strangely illuminated by the red gleams of the fire; and necks covered with wrinkled skin, that fell in loose folds over their fleshless, scraggy breasts. These creatures, in a complete state of nudity, were crouched over the sparkling blaze, voraciously devouring a repast of human flesh.

In the depth of those solitary fastnesses, at a moment when they knew that the war had collected nearly all the white and coloured population of the island upon the coast, they were far from anticipating an interruption to their pleasures; their feeling of security was so complete, that notwithstanding that exquisite fineness of the senses with which these savages are gifted, they did not perceive the approach of a stranger; but as soon as Pélage was in sight, when between them and him, not only a look but a ball might possibly glance, the two hags started up on their feet, and, like famished wolves, that the hunter surprises—crouched over a fresh-found prey, they ran off uttering hoarse and guttural cries.

At the sight of the fire still burning brightly, by the side of which lay the body of a white child, together with all the relics of this infernal scene, Pélage well knew he had before him a frightful



episode of the war that was desolating his country; he knew that it could only be through some act of incendiarism, some massacre, some sudden and unexpected invasion of a habitation of the whites, that this child had fallen into the hands of these infamous wretches, and he could not shut his heart against the bitter reflections such a thought inspired.

It was almost night when *Pelage* emerged from the narrow defile into a savannah, whose borders extended as far as the town of *Sainte Anne*. It was at that rapid hour in the colonies of the passage of light to darkness. One quarter of the heavens, on the side where the sun had just sunk, was still radiant with large zones of saffron, orange, and vermillion, whilst the rest of the immense cupola was already enveloped in the total obscurity. He felt himself more at ease whilst respiring the aromatic air of the savannah, and his gaze, even before it was practicable for him to take in all the perceptible points of the vast horizon which extended itself before him, reverted with an insurmountable anxiety towards the height on which the dwelling of *Popingère* was built. There was in this movement somewhat of the feeling which possesses the mind of the traveller, when he beholds at a short distance the termination of his fatigues, and hails it with delight.

Suddenly a vivid light, which could no longer be an accident of the setting sun, that fantastic artist of the tropics, a red blaze, accompanied by a long and dense column of smoke, showed itself directly over the spot where the white planter's house was situated. Above this glare, whose intensity momentarily increased, showers of sparks mounted and fell in fiery rain—then came a bold spout of flame springing suddenly up into the air, long and pointed as the tongue of a serpent. There was no mistaking it further: the dwelling of *Popingère* was a prey to the incendiary.

# x.

Some hours before nightfall, a small band of negroes, a species of outlaws of the colony, had fallen unexpectedly on the habitation of *Popingère*, allured by the attraction of pillage and vengeance; for among these insurgents were found a considerable number of *M. de Popingère's* slaves, who had come, sword and

torch in hand, to settle accounts with their master, and discharge a long arrears of bad treatment. The issue of their enterprise did not appear doubtful to them for an instant.

On their arrival, they found *Jemmy* and his little troop under arms, occupying a very favourable position. A fire from their files, regularly sustained, failed not to open a passage in the ranks of the former, and to throw disorder and terror among the undisciplined negroes. Stunned at such an unexpected reception, they retired at first in the greatest confusion; but recovering from their surprise, they rallied, and ashamed of having retreated before a handful of men like these, they returned to the attack with more fury than before.

*Jemmy*, thinking of the danger that menaced *Leonie*, had profited by this moment of disorder to change his plan of defence. He caused the interior of the house to be occupied by a party of men, of which *M. de Popingère* took the command, whilst he maintained himself with the remainder, intrenched behind the palisades and plantations which entirely covered them.

Amongst the runaway negroes, some were only armed with old guns, scarcely of any use to them. They saw their party falling every moment, without the engagement taking any turn in their favour. Rendered desperate by a resistance that baffled their hopes, they set themselves to utter terrific yells, in the endeavour to throw terror among their adversaries; at the same time they rushed *en masse* upon the house: it was a last effort of rage. Against this shock, the men who protected the approaches to the house gave way, or fell massacred, permitting the bandits to penetrate into the lower apartments. It was then *Jemmy* quitted the position he occupied, and fell upon them. Whilst the combat prolonged itself in the interior, the sabre and bayonet were hacking and piercing their victims, until the blood covered the floors in large pools, other negroes outside set fire to the building, in order that at least there might remain a trace of their path, a memento of their vengeance, an expiatory monument to the manes of their slaughtered comrades.

A part of the house had already fallen in under the devouring avidity of the flames, where they were still slaying one

another. Cries of women mingled themselves with the roaring of the fire, the crackling of timbers, and report of fire-arms, for the flame in its ascending progress mounted until it gained the chamber where Leonie was shut up with several devoted negroesses. The furniture and ornaments of porcelain and glass cracked from their expansion; the beams and rafters blazed, and consumed themselves in a thousand little flames, which spouted forth like jets of gas emitted from volumes of thick, black smoke. Outside the house, the remorseless element caught the parasitical plants and arbustives, that tapestried the walls, ran madly and rapidly through all the ramifications of their branches, carrying the conflagration to the very roof.

It was at this moment that a furious and terrible being appeared on the threshold of the doorway. With glaring eye, menacing voice, and implacable arm, he struck down and slew, without mercy, every bandit negro. He strode over their heaped bodies, or clove himself a passage through them. At the mournful cries of the women for help, he had rushed towards the staircase, the balustrade of which, twisting and swaying under the action of the fire, fell with a crash.

Leonie, at the sight of the flames licking and splitting asunder the doors of her apartment, and the increasing yells of the negroes, had swooned, for death presented itself to her in all its hideousness; either by falling into their power, or from being stifled and burned.

The women surrounding her uttered a cry of hope, on recognising Pélage. He approached Leonie, and, as she was totally insensible to every thing passing around, he took her in his arms and rapidly bore her through the smoking corridor.

The fugitive negroes had effected their retreat. They had given way on seeing their chief struck down by a ball. Silence had suddenly succeeded to the yelling shouts of insubordination and discharge of fire-arms.

"My angel! my angel!" repeated Pélage, pressing Leonie to his heart, "open thine eyes unto me, Pélage—Pélage is at your side. Hearst thou not, Leonie? It is the voice of Pélage that thou hearst."

"Thou art the man," said Leonie, eyes upon the young man.

"In my life, my angel, all danger has passed away."

"Oh, yes, it is indeed Pélage! indeed it is he, and so near, so near, I cannot thou hither."

"I have saved thee, Leonie; saved thee from the flames, from a white, from a negro."

"Thou hast saved me? thou Pélage! oh! repeat the words, for it was thee I implored Heaven to send to my assistance, when death was there and menaced me. It has granted my prayer, thanks, thanks!"

Pélage had deposited his precious burden upon the fresh leaves of a banana-tree, a few paces near to the mansion, and was bending affectionately over her, when M. de Poppingere rushed in, followed by his faithful domestics, all eagerly pressing round him, begging to see Madame Leonie.

They placed her in a hammock, and carried her to another little mansion of her father's, nearer the town of Sainte Anne.

These events renewed the ties that formerly existed between Pierre Louis and M. de Poppingere. Gratitude, for a moment, was on an equality with pride in the breast of the white planter. He felt that Pélage, to whom alone he owed his life, the safety of his daughter, and the preservation of his property, had secured claims upon his friendship.

The intimacy of these recently resumed relations, failed not to give birth to a multitude of reports and conjectures. Some, pretending to know more of the matter than they did, asserted that yielding to the temporary necessity of circumstances, the white planter would not long withhold his consent to the union of Leonie and Pélage, but M. de Poppingere, to whom this tale was a profound secret, had taken no resolution of such a nature, and had he been acquainted with it, would have considered it a sacrilegious pride of the white planter, who would never have stooped to such a sacrifice.

Pélage formed within himself an exact estimation of the obstacles he would have to overcome, and as these obstacles only arose from the prejudices of caste, he expected that it would be necessary to reveal the secret to some influential person, that he would have some influence in the new political institutions of the colony, and had passed their lives over the heads of the two families.

In the calculation of reason, this event was inevitable: all was working the acceleration of its march. In this country it was human reason with its powerful language, that ever eventually succeeds in tearing asunder the veil of human errors; in France it was the national convention. Perceiving no remedy for the evils which desolated the colonies, but in an access of evil they decreed the absolute overthrow of their system of government. On the 4th of February, 1794, slavery was abolished, and "all men without distinction, dwelling in the colonies, were declared French citizens."

But whilst the metropolis thus regulated the condition of the colonies, the white planters had not discontinued the pursuit of their own measures, and the course of their intrigues with the English, endeavouring to stimulate their desire for conquest, and excite them to a decisive attack; so that on the very day on which the national convention in France passed its decree of general emancipation, a formidable English expedition, under the command of Admiral Jervis, presented itself before Martinique and Guadeloupe.

The evening preceding the day on which the long line of English ships, covering a large section of the horizon, displayed their sails to the eyes of the astonished islanders dwelling by the shore, Pélage and Leonie, having met at the Roche Rouge, were indulged in that sweet discourse of lovers, which flatters and nourishes the predominant sentiment of the soul. They found themselves again on the same spot where they had experienced the first palpitations of the heart, where they exchanged the first words of love, in presence of the blue hebe and bright flowers that appeared to smile upon their reunion.

With more freedom than they had ever possessed before, their soft dialogues prolonged themselves hour after hour, uninterrupted by paternal surveillance. M. de Pélagie grew daily less and less exacting. The interrupted with political events, many concerning his property, separated from his son, from whom he heard but seldom, he gradually, with regard to Pélage, in one of those difficult positions of life, was forced by contrary ideas and opposing interests, to remain amiable to appear at a distance, without violating a feeling of respect, and being remote. M. de Pélagie left it

to time and events to work their chances, he awaited their results.

When I find myself at your side, Leonie; when I feel the pressure of your hand within my own; when the breeze passing over your bright hair wafts me its perfume mingled with your soft breath, I felt all the saddening remembrances of the past effaced from my mind. Whether foolish or wise, I deliver myself up to the consoling thought that we shall soon reach the end of our sufferings. Tell me, dearest angel, thinkst thou as I do, that the phantoms which separate us are soon about to be dissipated. Dost thou repose confident upon that inspiring conviction, whose charm possesses somewhat of the supernatural?

"Oh! who then now would dare to interrupt our happiness? Believe me, he who should attempt it would be an insane. I belong to thee; my life I enjoy at thy hands, for I should have perished but for thee—of a most horrible death. Let them kill me—let them tear this existence from thine—they may do so if it be their pleasure, but my soul is still yours. Pélage, until the present moment I have been a timid and unhappy girl; their prejudices have long terrified my heart; I believed—oh! pardon me—I believed myself guilty of wrong in loving thee; but gratitude and reason have triumphed over and banished those prejudices in which they tutored me. In loving thee, I have yielded to a volition more powerful than my father—more powerful still than the wrath of my brother. Thou seest then plainly that they would essay in vain to disunite us; but let them not attempt it. If thou knowest what it has cost me to preserve my secret, I will keep it, it overwhelms me this mystery of our love; and I feel that at every instant it is on the eve of escaping from my lips."

I reserve it still, Leonie—yet a little longer, the hour for divulging it has not arrived. I will wait, and till then, let us still, and remain as we are, anticipating the future. If then thou seest me, I am content. I love thee, Pélage, whether our paths intersect in radiant smiles, or, amidst the clouds, it presents a chaste and distant future.

The next day dawned rosy from the

bells answered one another from town to town all round the coast; drums beat to quarters, and the cry of "To arms" resounded on every side; pieces of artillery with their caissons were heard rolling with a dull and heavy sound over the sand; men half naked, and badly armed, mustered themselves in troops upon the shore; women and children abandoning their habitations, sought their way to the woods and mountains. The universal cry was "To arms!" A horrible confusion reigned among that population, exhausted by strife, without money, without resources of any kind to sustain a foreign war or struggle against the imposing force that England had dispatched with the design of crushing the French colonies.

Pélage had endeavoured to collect together men enough to oppose the landing of the expedition, but a sudden and invincible terror which seized upon them at the colossal force of the English, paralyzed his heroic efforts. He fought on the retreat; with the few soldiers who stood their ground within reach of the formidable broadsides of the fleet. A handful of determined men, braving certain death with all the abnegation of heroism, took upon themselves to hold the Fort Fleur de l'Épée until the wreck of the little national army was enabled to gather itself together, and give battle to the enemy.

The fort was carried by assault, the garrison mercilessly slaughtered at the point of the sword by the whites, who manifested an insatiable vengeance.

Charles de Popingère at the head of a company, excited the ardour of the soldiers he commanded, by shouting: "No pity to them, kill all you meet with! for-ward, my dear fellows."

Both English and French historians in speaking of this expedition, state that through the determined spirit manifested by the English in this first effort, all the other forts that were in the possession of the national party were abandoned, so that in the space of a few days the English became masters of all the military positions of the island. So sanguinary an effort had had its effect.

It was from now imposed its weight upon the distressed colony. An important step was taken to silence the voices of their countrymen, filling a dull stupor to suppress the agitating turmoil of re-

The colonists, still thirsting for vengeance, aided the policy of Great Britain by causing themselves to be invested with the title of *Colonists*.

Charles de Popingère had obtained the investment of this political position among the number of those first protectors, he hastened to inherit the name of *Baron* Louis and Pélage; among the property condemned to sequestration, he took especial care theirs should be included; he wished to get rid of them, cost what it might, he was anxious to free himself from those importunate creditors upon the gratitude of his family, and upon this occasion his motives were more powerful than ever.

### XLII.

During the time passed by Charles de Popingère in emigration, charged by his party with full powers to negotiate with the British Government, he was intimately leagued with a personage, whose influence was great in the expeditionary army. He was one of those mysterious beings met with at all points of the globe where diplomacy has its interests to debate, a political ascendancy to exercise. They are commonly decorated with a title, wear an embroidered coat, are profuse in their expenditure, but whence they derive their resources no one knows, their origin is an enigma, their social position a perfect problem.

This inexplicable personage, an Italian by birth, and who was known by the name of Dr. M———, had promptly recognised in Charles de Popingère all the exaggeration, all the impetuosity, all that facility of infatuation natural to the creole character. He found it, therefore, an easy matter to secure his confidence, by curbing some of his prejudices, and by showing himself devoted to the part of his government to the cause of colonial emigration.

In the calculating schemes of Charles, no less an idea entered his mind than that of giving the hand of his niece to this stranger, who would thus be forever attached to his family. The mystery of his habits appeared to him. The latter, skillfully profiting by the favourable disposition for the dramatic and romantic creole, had succeeded in making him acknowledge the influence was the sole motive of his conduct, the secret of the support which he had given to the interests of the white colonists,

and the recompense he expected from the friendship of Charles.

By the air, with which Leonie had welcomed this stranger, when her brother presented him at the paternal mansion, one might have felt certain that she had dismissed his projects. Her manner wore all the indifference resulting from a pre-existing love. Her whole soul was a prey to the inquietude with which the fate of Pélage inspired her.

Pélage, although menaced by proscription, could not, however, bring himself to the determination of flying the colony, to exile himself from the country which held Leonie; retired among the inaccessible mountains of Grande Terre, at the head of some few followers under the same ban, he occupied himself with the task of organising a band of resolute patriots, unceasingly to harass the English forces. Until that moment, the negroes had only taken partial intervention in the bloody struggles which then tore asunder Guadeloupe. The vital questions which attached themselves to the interest of their feeble caste, had only been agitated in a very secondary manner. They had figured in the scenes and revolutionary *melées* rather through an impulsive instinct than by any reflective determination. Thus we shall shortly see that the unexpected arrival of the news of the abolition of slavery concurred to bring about one of the most astonishing political reactions of which history has preserved the remembrance.

Leonie knew well that life of peril that fugitive existence Pélage was leading, and worse than all, her terrified mind perceived that no chance of a termination to it was at hand. In this situation, at times she entertained the most sinister projects. She felt herself devoid of the persevering and audacious energy necessary to break every link that attached her to her family, in order to share the exile of Pélage. Her heart would have broken under such a trial. But meanwhile her susceptible and ardent temperament might, in a sudden paroxysm, hurry her on to the last excess of frenzy and despair.

The first occasion on which Charles acquainted his sister with his projects, Leonie, without tears or emotion, displayed a firmness of resolution that perfectly astonished her brother. He an-

dered to penetrate the cherished secret of her heart. Suppleness of mind, insinuating craft, harshness, menace, all by turns were employed, he strove to touch upon, and bring into play every spring of the human heart. But she remained impenetrable, opposing manfully to her brother's importunities a refusal, unaccompanied by any explanation. Charles, on his part worked up to the highest pitch of indignation, broke off their colloquy, fearing the name of it might be marked by some explosion of his hardly-suppressed wrath. He denounced his rage for the moment, without renouncing, however, a determination to, overcome the obstinacy of Leonie. They both kept themselves on the defensive; and though he had not succeeded in obtaining any revelation from his sister's inflexibility, he had encountered one in the inspirations of his anger. There he saw the image of Pélage ever present in the midst of them, invariably directing all the resolutions of Leonie.

Pélage! he! that offspring of a mulatto, barring with an insurmountable obstacle one of his combinations of happiness! He, the ruler of his sister's mind! reigning over that portion of the name of Poppigera! Oh! hell itself had not a torture for such a crime; a native even of the colonies could not devise punishment sufficient to avenge such an affront. And moreover, he knew Pélage to be hard by, among the mountains, menacing at every moment destruction to the tottering framework of power that he was labouring to re-construct. Easily, then, may it be imagined how, prompted by such resentment, he thirsted for the death of that Pélage, that he might disencumber the soil of Guadeloupe of him for ever. The very existence of that young man poisoned his own. It was an undying fire that consumed him, the talon of the vulture that tore his very entrails.

In his thirst for vengeance, he occupied himself with ardour in endeavouring to persuade the English commanders to attempt an expedition against the rebels of the mountains. But it was in vain that he continually agitated the question: common prudence forbade such an undertaking, without that acquaintance with the motives that made him urge his sedition, he had often spoken of this expedition as means, among several others, of consolidating the colonial authority.

and he had engaged him to use all his influence with the governor to bring him to a conviction of its urgency.

But unforeseen events, of which history in its annals has carefully registered the circumstances and consequences, brought about that species of hand-to-hand strife, after which he had so long agitated, and stirred up with it also far higher than ever the hatred and passions of mankind.

At this epoch of general conflagration, when maritime communications were but few, the committee of public safety in France, ignorant of the fate of the Windward Islands, had flattered itself at least with preserving Guadeloupe, by dispatching a small force to its assistance. It gave orders that all the land and sea forces disposable for that purpose should unite themselves at Rochefort. A little expedition was consequently formed, consisting of two frigates, a brig, and five transports.

After fitting out in the island of Aix, it received orders to sail for Guadeloupe, to avoid an engagement with a superior force, and to proceed towards the United States of America, if it should find it impracticable to attempt an advantageous attack upon the colonies.

After a voyage of forty days this French expedition was signalled from the shores of Guadeloupe; it showed itself upon the 2d of June, 1794, to the surprised gaze of the white colonists, who scarcely found a month elapsed since they had been re-invested with all their rights and privileges.

Although the English squadron had then momentarily quitted the shores of Guadeloupe, the planters beheld with jeering indifference the appearance of this feeble armament of republican France. They even thought it might afford them excellent sport, dare it risk an engagement with the English forces, composed of troops the most inured to that climate of any in the British service, and who might be supported by a fleet of thirty-two ships of war of all sizes.

But the feelings to which it had given rise among other classes of the population were of very different character. All felt their hearts bound with hope, and secretly resolved to become soldiers when the moment for action should arrive, in which they might free themselves from the combined tyranny of the English and

The fugitive bands of Pélage kindled huge fires, indicative of their joy, upon the heights, where they had taken refuge. These fires, scattered along the distant mountains, appeared like so many volcanoes during erections, ready to annihilate the neighbouring dwellings with their flaming lava. The men danced in the circles round the fires, and all was joy, song, and delicious joy upon the mountains.

The night was devoted to preparations for the attack. It had been determined by a council of the assembled chiefs that, in order to facilitate the attack of the fleet, a diversion should be made the day by directing battle to the troops ordered to cover the shore.

Those even who saw the republican bands of France rush to the frontiers, hurried, hastily armed, having only for auxiliaries their own bravery and hatred of the enemy—would scarcely have formed an idea of the exact condition of these determined men, who thus marched to confront soldiers well equipped, well drilled, confident in their military experience, and the skilful strategy of their officers.

The greater part—spite of the stings of flies and mosquitoes, the long thorns of the lemon-trees and logwood—were naked from head to foot, wearing at most only cotton drawers. The ball with them could never glance along the belt, or fall, repelled by the hard brass-plate of the schako; the lead reached its mark, and penetrated wherever it struck, into their smooth skin, as if fired upon a liquid surface.

During the entire night Pélage remained plunged in a deep and sombre melancholy. After having given orders and instructions to the men he commanded, harassed with fatigue and inquietude, he had thrown himself upon a heap of leaves before the fire—his head propped upon his hands, he thus maintained for a long space that attitude so favourable to the concentration of all our thoughts upon one sole subject.

Jemmy was at his side, silent and collected; not that he was a prey to gloomy apprehensions, or to any sinister presentiment; but by a sort of habit, as well as physical dependence—his mind captive like his body—modelled themselves upon those of his master.

"Jemmy," he inquired of his favourite negro, "are my arms ready?"

"Here they are, massa."

"'Tis well: to-morrow our columns will descend into the savannahs of Grands Fonds. The fleet will await the signal from our musketry to land in Du Gozier Bay. It is within an hour's march, at most, of the Forts l'Epée and de l'Union. All our dispositions are well taken; the rest is in the hands of Heaven. It may chance, however, that our cause will fail; in that case, Jemmy, if you see our brave fellows fall to rise no more, if you judge that all is lost, and Heaven has spared your life, repair to Salines (Salt River) with a canoe: I will join you there, and we will together quit for ever this land of humiliation and woe. Jemmy, if I do not come to seek you, you will comprehend what my absence means. I shall be no more of this world, and then —"

The breast of the poor negro was fearfully oppressed. His master's words tore every fibre of his heart. Pélage grasped his hand, and shook it affectionately; both thereupon became silent and serious. The former allowed his head again to droop between his hands; the negro, sorrowful and motionless, remained with his eyes fixed on his master.

XV.

The English and the white colonists, warned by their spies of the military plan of the proscribed bands, had made the necessary dispositions to receive them. Under favour of the darkness of night, they had secretly ambushed their artillery upon the skirts of a wood, which commanded a little savannah, the sole practicable issue from the mountains.

The next morning, at break of day, the mulattoes and negroes descended from their retreat in column,—grave, mute, noiseless, and without precipitation. Those long, dark files of men winding through the narrow and sinuous pathways, formed in their march spiral rings, which, among the declivities of the mountains, bore resemblance to the gigantic boas of Africa, twirling in the sun.

The columns concentrated themselves at the entrance of the savannah, and were found all re-united in open day. Scarcely had they ranged themselves in order of battle, when the English unmasked their batteries, and then commenced a frightful concert from their brazen wombs. Their detonations went bounding from height to height, and vibrated long

among the sonorous branches of the neighbouring woods. The artillerymen, be assured, had no occasion to rectify their aim; it was a point-blank cannonade, that scorched the outlaws with its very blaze.

"Malediction! do they not see that the land-wind blows with a violence as great as if a hurricane were rising, and drives the ships before it away from the coast. No report of a gun, no signal in the air, announces the attack of the fleet. It is now far off the shore, fearing the rocks and sands, against which their rudders and bowsprits would shiver like glass."

And what has become then of all those men descended from the mountains? Almost as many are stretched along the ground as just now were standing on it: the rest have taken flight. In the savannah the congealed blood has formed a dark lake, like the waters of a muddy marsh; the panting flesh still trembles; the scattered members yet shiver: one would have said, on beholding the remains of organic life which still animated them, that there were passion and resentment even in these very relics of humanity.

It was upon a Friday that this combat took place,—an unlucky day, as every one knows, and to the influence of which the negroes failed not to attribute the fatal issue of the affair. "Had we fought on Saturday," said they, "we should be now at the Pointe, for the wind would not have dispersed the fleet."

XVI.

It was a dark and dreary night. The English and the planters, heated with success, pursued with slaughter the scattered remnant of the conquered. During the course of that day, Leonie, at the report of every cannon wafted to her by the wind, felt ready to swoon; her blood rushed back to her heart, her lips became pale and discoloured.

Consumed by the fever engendered by these violent mental agitations, she arose to throw open the windows of her apartment, in the endeavour to catch some distant noise,—some vague indication which yet identified itself with the events occupying her mind. The sky was lowering; a strong wind had risen; large drops of tepid rain fell heavily upon the foliage of the trees; vivid flashes of lightning here and there illuminated the horizon; all around gave symptoms of an approaching tempest.

Suddenly a feeble and agonised voice made her start by pronouncing her name.

"Leonie! Leonie!"

"Is it thou who call'st me?"

Bewildered and almost beside herself at recognising that voice, she descended in the utmost haste, and ran forth to meet Pélage.

He had wished to see her once again ere he quitted Guadaloupe; proscribed, tracked on every side, to take this step was the sole remaining chance of saving his life.

"Well, if it must be so, thou shalt not fly alone; I will follow thee," cried Leonie in the accents of despair.

"Oh! impossible! the country all around is filled with soldiers in pursuit of me." Pélage had been wounded severely by grape-shot.

"Some linen only to stanch this blood, the loss of which enfeebles me, and then adieu, Leonie, adieu, until happier days shall dawn for us."

"Wounded! bleeding! thou shalt not leave me thus: come in with me; come, or I will call for assistance."

Pélage did not long resist the entreaties of Leonie. His wound was a deep one; he had bled profusely, and felt too surely by his decreasing strength the impossibility of proceeding far in the condition in which he found himself.

A few moments afterwards, a great noise was heard throughout the house, occasioned by the domestics running backwards and forwards. The voices of Charles de Poppingère and Dr. M——i were heard giving orders.

Pélage would have made his escape, but could not longer walk. His right leg, inflamed by the presence of lead in the flesh, was unable to support the weight of his body; the effort he had made to raise himself was too violent, and he had fallen back upon his chair in a swoon.

At that moment Charles de Poppingère and his favourite entered Leonie's apartment. She had only time to thrust the fauteuil into which Pélage had fallen under the thick mosquito-netting of her couch.

"Mercy! mercy! O my brother! have mercy on him! Oh! do not deliver him up!" Then addressing herself to the doctor: "Heaven has sent you hither, sir, to save an unfortunate wounded man."

"What are you talking about?" inquired Charles, unable to comprehend anything from this scene of tears and entreaties.

M——i's cold and imperturbable glance sought around to discover an explanation of this despair; perceiving nothing in the apartment to produce it, he advanced towards the alcoved couch, and raising the thick fold of the curtains, discovered Pélage, who, nevertheless, pallid, with his head fallen over the back of the fauteuil, appeared resigned to all the consequences of his situation.

"Wretched girl!" cries Charles, grasping his sister's arm so forcibly as to make her shriek aloud, "will you explain the presence of this mulatto here?"

"Pity him, Charles! oh, pity him! you see that he is wounded and in agony." Pélage, startled from his stupor by the loud and angry voice of the young planter, exclaimed,

"You are inflicting harm upon your sister, monsieur."

"Infernal discovery! woe to thee, Leonie! woe to him!" and so saying, Charles laid his hand upon his sword.

"Ah! I throw myself at your feet, my brother. Consider well, that man has preserved my life, our habitation, has saved our parent."

Charles, at these words, felt his wrath forsake him. Eager to avenge that which his prejudices taught him to consider as a spot of infamy upon his name, his arm was arrested by the magic power of a grateful remembrance.

M. de Poppingère, drawn thither by the noise of this scene, entered with several negroes, and hastened to withdraw him from the apartment.

But the Italian, with a penetrating and imperturbable scrutiny, had arrived at a perfect explanation of all these events. He had pierced with a single glance the mystery of Leonie's heart. He had his rival within his grasp: that obstacle of flesh and blood which opposed itself to his projects of fortune; and he was not the man to allow such an opportunity to escape him.

"There is no time to be lost," said he, turning towards Leonie. "Will you accept my services, young man?"—then addressing the wounded outlaw.

Pélage, comprehending the offer of M——i, thanked him for his interest in his behalf by a feeble inclination of the head.

"He gives his assent," continued he, with an expression of feigned but indefinable delight.

He went out, and after an absence of



considerable length, returned with his surgical instruments. He moreover carried in his hand a small phial, the sight of which caused Leonie an involuntary shudder.

Then commenced a most infernal scene.

He strongly steeped a shred of linen in the liquid which the phial contained, and applied it to the fresh and bleeding wound. A few moments after the application of this dressing, Pélage exhibited signs of suffering the sharpest torture, the muscles of his face being fearfully contracted.

"The wounded man," said M——i, addressing himself to Leonie, "is on the point of experiencing a crisis; let us hope it may not be fatal to him." And, as if anxious to allay his agony, he steeped the linen afresh in the liquor of the phial, and covered the wound with it. Immediately after, the patient manifested symptoms of the most intolerable anguish; his countenance became livid, his lips frozen, he lost all power of articulating a word, his limbs grew rigid as iron, and his stiffened body slid from the fauteuil, letting the head fall upon, and rebound from the floor, with a hollow and heavy sound. The famous poison of Java, the *lupas-tenté*,\* rapid as the thunder-stroke, had wrought its deadly effect; its juice, in which is steeped the weapon destined for merciless slaughter, had carried death into the veins of Pélage.

Leonie perceived these horrible pre-

\* "The *upas*, or famous poison-tree of Java, has long attracted the curiosity of naturalists, and has been the subject of many wonderful and, as now appears, fabulous tales. It is one of the largest trees in the forests of Java, and rises with a completely naked stem to the perpendicular height of sixty, seventy, and eighty feet; when it sends off a few stout branches. The bark, which in old trees is almost half an inch thick, on being cut, yields a milky juice, from which a poison is prepared, equal in fatality to the strongest animal poisons hitherto known. The inner bark resembles a coarse piece of linen, which is worked into ropes, and which—after much bruising, washing, and immersion in water—is worn by the lower classes when working in the fields. But it is remarkable that, after being exposed to a shower of rain, this dress produces an intolerable itching, the effect of a small portion of the poison still adhering to the bark. The story of the tree poisoning the surrounding atmosphere is altogether a fable."—*Encyclopædia Metropolitana*. Article—*Java*. See also "Mémoir by M. Leschenault, in the *Annales du Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle*," Cap. xi. and xii., p. 457.

cursors of dissolution; that struggle, in which all the resistance of a youthful and healthy organization exhausted itself in useless efforts against the potency of the poison. She kept her swollen and burning eyes rivetted upon the features of Pélage, but recently so placid, and now rendered incapable of recognition through the fearful distortion of convulsions. At one moment weeping, at another praying the protection of Heaven for Pélage; then casting herself at the feet of M——i, whom she earnestly besought to save him. Her love by turns assumed every expression of grief, exhausted all the language of supplication, employed every interpretation of despair.

The night was already far advanced, and that long agony still continued. M——i, nevertheless, with a calm voice, had just declared to Leonie that his skill was unavailing, and that the death of Pélage was inevitable, when the report of cannon was heard booming heavily above the storm then raging with terrific violence.

An announcement had just reached the mansion that the republican expedition was preparing to land its troops. The intelligence it brought of the total abolition of slavery had propagated itself rapidly and terribly as the flame of the incendiary; all the negroes had deserted the white party, and had declared themselves free in the name of the National Convention.

Charles and M——i repaired with the utmost haste to Fort Fleür de l'Épée, and scarcely had they taken their departure, when a band of negroes, headed by Jemmy, fell upon, and effected an entrance into, the dwelling of Popingère, in search of the two chiefs of the white party.

They surrounded the body of Pélage, who had just expired.

"Massa! my massa!" cried Jemmy, "he has died from poison!"

On hearing the events detailed, which had transpired during that horrible night, he made those around him swear to protect the dwelling of M. de Popingère, for the sake of Mademoiselle Leonie, who had so truly loved his poor master, and to give no quarter to either Charles, or to the author of the crime.

This oath was proffered over Pélage's body, by the light of waxen tapers, which mingled their trembling radiance with

the faint and far-off glimmering of the rising sun.

## XVII.

History thus relates the consequences of the French squadron disembarking. On the 6th of June, the Fort Fleur de l'Epée was carried by assault at midnight, by the republican generals, Cartier and Roger. The enemy, petrified at their audacious temerity, fled with a panic terror, abandoning all its positions, and attributing its defeat to the want of discipline among the royalists who served under its banners, together with their paralytic fear. At break of day, the negroes and republican troops entered Pointe-à-Pitre, and took without resistance eighty-seven ships of every class then lying in port.

Fugitives chased for their lives. Charles de Poppingère, and Dr. M——, favoured by a disguise, traversed the sea-shore in search of a vessel by which they might be enabled to quit the colony, and join the English fleet, which they calculated on falling in with at some little distance off the coast, towards the south-west. They had vainly followed all the capricious slopes and windings of Du Gozier and Sainte Anne's shores, when, on rounding the Salt River rock, they discovered, and took advantage of, the canoe of Jemmy—that canoe, which, it will be remembered, was destined to convey Pélage and his faithful negro from their native island.

## SOLUTION

*Of the Enigma which appeared in the Lady's Magazine, &c., March, 1838.*

BY MRS. GEORGE NORMAN.

Tho' all unnamed, and hid with wily tongue,  
'Tis but the praise of Echo thou hast sung:  
She is the life of many an emerald vale,  
Stealing the song and panting on the gale!  
O'er the flood gliding, whispering sigh for sigh  
Echo pursues her flight, and yet is nigh,  
Where is the spot, with nature's beauties crowned,  
But in it's bosom Echo may be found,  
Ready to welcome each with syren song  
Ranging the hills and sunny glades along.  
Nor life, nor tongue, her flute-toned speech supply,  
Her voice, her dwelling, all is mystery.  
Yet when old Winter rears his snow-wreathed head,  
Glad Echo wakes from out her mossy bed,  
Greeting with merry voice the frosty skies,  
Then sinking softly, in a whisper dies.  
Fitting the woods whose summer hue is gone,  
With mimic blasts, long wound, of fairy tone,  
Mocking the bugle of the hunter free,  
ECHO, what mystic power can ever equal thee!

## SOLUTION BY "E. P."

Sweet Echo! Sweet Echo! how soft the reply,  
Sweet Echo, sweet Echo, returns to my sigh;  
The silvery cadence subsides into air,  
And I listen entranc'd, as if fairies were there:  
For tho' I call forth each sigh and each sound,  
And my own voice, alone, reverberates round;  
Yet so soften'd, so mellow'd, it comes to my ear,  
It seems like a voice from a heavenly sphere;  
E'en silence is charm'd, and lends her soft wing,  
For ECHO to float on and sweetly to sing.

*Notis., March 3, 1838.*

*For further particulars, we beg to refer our readers to the back of the page of contents.*

## FASHION INTELLIGENCE OF PARIS, FOR APRIL, 1838.

## DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

No. 7.—*Plate of Details.*—1st Bust.—Dress of rich figured satin. Corsage with a long point, and three deep folds of the material of the dress, forming draperies à la Sévigné. (See plate.) Short tight sleeve, with two loose, but not deep, puffs put on at the bottom, and finished with a single blonde ruffle, à la Louis XIV. At the inner part of the bend of the arm the puffs are drawn up to a point, and retained by a bow of satin ribbon to match the dress. Smaller rosette bows are placed at the top of the centre of the corsage, back and front, and at the top of each sleeve, retaining the folds of the draperies in proper form. Coiffure, the front hair drawn to the sides of the head, where it falls in thick tufts of ringlets, is à la Mancini; the back in imitation of the Grecian style, a *torsade* (roll) of hair goes round the head, and crosses the brow, and a bouquet of large flowers is retained at the left side of the back of the head by a golden arrow; pearl necklace, with an enamelled locket suspended from it.

2nd Bust.—Dress of gros de Naples; corsage quite plain, and à pointe, with a flat blonde tucker put on round the bosom; the corsage has also a slight point at back. Short tight sleeves, with two deep frills, and finished with a deep blonde ruffle; a bow of satin ribbon with long ends is placed immediately over the highest frill, on the outside of the sleeve. The hair is much in the style of the one just described, with the exception of blonde lappets being fastened into the back coiffure, instead of flowers; the back hair is in *torsades*; the ornaments are gold, richly wrought. (See plate.)

3rd Bust.—Dinner dress.—Dress of satin, plain corsage, with a double fold of the material round the bosom; a new and pretty finish to the top of a dress. Tight short sleeves, with two rows of fluted trimming at bottom, and finished by a deep and rich ruffle, à la Louis XV.; the fluted-trimming is composed of tulle or crape. The bows on the sleeves and the ceinture, which is fastened in front with a small bow, and two long ends of ribbon, are of satin ribbon. Blonde cap, ornamented with flowers and marabouts; the crown of the cap is small, round, and high; a deep rich blonde forms a standing border at the centre of the front, but is replaced at the sides by a wreath of marabouts, which droop on the neck at the left side, but do not fall quite so low at the right. A light and beautiful

wreath of full-blown roses, intermixed with buds and foliage, goes between the face and the marabouts, and forms one of the most elegant and becoming coiffures, that can possibly be imagined. The cap is finished at the back by a standing border of blonde (see plate), beneath which is a full bow of satin ribbon.

4th Bust.—Gives the back of the cap just described. Pink satin dress, low corsage, and long sleeves. Mantelet scarf of *filet* (netting), trimmed all round with a deep full blonde.

Revers or tuckers for putting round the bosoms of dresses.

The first is of clear cambric, with deep frill at bottom, festooned at the edge; at top is a quilling of narrow pink satin ribbon, standing up. A narrow Valenciennes is run on the top edge of the ribbon; the bow in front may be white or coloured.

The second is two falls of blonde put on to a piece of plain blonde, cut in the shape of a pelerine *décolleté*, rather deep, and pointed at back, and quite cut away in front; a coloured ribbon is merely laid under the upper frill, with a plait here and there to bring it into form; a bow of figured satin ribbon in centre of the front.

The third, at left side of plate, is a drapery in the Sévigné style. It is made of tulle, and brought in regular folds or plaits, trimmed top and bottom with a narrow lace; a rosette of ribbon with long ends in front. The one opposite is for morning wear, toilette d'interieur. It forms a kind of open pelerine or *fichu*, and is much adapted to a silk or mousseline de laine dress. A quilling of tulle forms the trimming; rosette of satin ribbon with long ends.

The fifth revers is made of satin, with a piping at the edge, and a trimming of satin ribbon; a narrow blonde is put on top and bottom. A revers of this description made of pink or blue satin, with ceinture, flowers, shoes, &c. to match, and worn with a dress of white crape, gauze, or book muslin, would form one of the prettiest and simplest toilettes imaginable for a young lady.

Reboule of rich striped satin, square, with the points merely taken off at the corners.

No. 8. *Toilettes de Promenade.*—Fashions for Long-Champs. Hat of pink *poux de sole*; the front large, coming low at the sides, where it is rounded off; low crown,

trimmed with rich satin ribbon and blonde; a bouquet of white lilac is placed at each side, under the front of the bonnet. Dress of gros de Naples, plain, low corsage, tight sleeves, the bottom of the dress ornamented with three flounces. *Arab Mantelet*.—This we give, not for its beauty exactly, but to convince our fair readers that we give them the newest fashions, whilst still only adopted by the French court, consequently, months before such articles are to be seen commonly worn in Paris, or displayed in the shop windows. This mantelet or shawl, may be made of cashmere, satin, velvet, or even clear muslin for summer.

At back, it has the appearance of a shawl, the point descends low, it is sloped out at the neck, so as to fit without a wrinkle: a small collar, rounded at back, adds much to its appearance; the shape of the mantelet in front can be easily cut from our plate. The guirlande, all round, is embroidered in floss silks or worsteds.

Second Figure.—Drawn capotte of gros de Naples, the front large, crown small and round; a bouquet of roses is placed a little at the left side, and retains an *esprit*. High dress of cashmere, with a single deep flounce, mantelet of *fillet*, trimmed with blonde.

Paris, March 22, 1835.

I find, my dear friend, by your letter just received, that your London season is about to commence. It will no doubt be the most brilliant you will have had for some years, being under the auspices of your young and lovely Queen. I have been at a number of routs and soirées lately, and this week have been round to nearly all our celebrated dress-makers and milliners, with some of my friends, so as to be enabled to give you the greatest novelties from the fountain head.

I told you in my last, that the corsages à *pointe* were in vogue, and so they still continue. Some points are long, some shorter, and others having little more than the semblance of a point; the draperies, à la *Sévigné*, are frequently replaced by *revers*, which you can easily get made from the patterns I send. The sleeves are still undecided as to any particular fashion or form. For full dress, the sleeve is, however, plain and tight; the frills, slashes, puffings, and falls of blonde, are quite to the taste of the wearer, or her *couturière*. This is fortunate, that we are not forced to wear an ugly or unbecoming sleeve, merely because it is the fashion; this I have always thought an absurdity: frequently it is not the sleeve that is ugly, but it is the sleeve that is unbecoming to the figure of the wearer. A sleeve may suit one arm, one figure, and completely disfigure another. So now we are free, let us therefore make use of our emancipation from the thralldom of fashion, to set ourselves off to the best advantage. Rich deep blonde flounces are much in requisition, in full dress. The waists are long, the skirts very long, in fact, short trains are frequently to be seen, especially when the dress is composed of velvet, damask, rich brocade, or figured satin; and when made to open in front, with corsage à l'*antique*: the corsage covered with jewels, the skirt looped back with the same, a rich satin petticoat underneath, with a splendid

blonde flounce going across the front to where it is met at the sides by the antique dress; to such as this, a train has now become nearly indispensable. But for dancing dresses, or those worn by very young ladies, married or unmarried, *no trains!* The younger ladies, as they must have a fashion of their own, have adopted *tunics*. This very elegant eastern fashion has become very general amongst our Parisian belles. A long dress of white or coloured satin is worn underneath; the tunic is composed of blonde, tulle, tulle illusion, crape, gauze, or even organde; it may only reach to the knees, or may be a little longer; the lower part of the satin petticoat may be ornamented with a rich blonde flounce, and a light wreath of roses or mixed flowers may be put at the edge of the tunic; this forming a heading to the blonde, gives the most delightful effect possible to the dress. I saw some of these tunics at the last ball at the Tuilleries, the corsages were half high, à la *vestale*, or à la *Grecque*, cut square at the bosom, and full to the waist; a simple *chef en or*, (row of gold lace trimming,) round the bottom of the tunic, ceinture to match; to complete this truly eastern costume, the front hair in simple bands, the back à la *Grecque*, intermixed with pearls, a *feronniere* to match; nothing could possibly exceed the lightness, elegance, or beauty of these most simple costumes.

I have seen some very pretty velvet hats for full dress; the crown is quite low, and quite round, the leaf large and round, a long feather is placed so as to droop over the neck at the left side; in putting on the hat, it is put low at that side, and worn very much raised at the other side of the head; or rather to explain more clearly, the leaf of the hat is not turned up, but the hat is placed quite on the left side of the head; two or three very short full lappets of blonde, embroidered in gold, are a great improvement to the appearance of the hat,

one falls over the right ear, the other two merely reach the back of the neck. A flower or a small bow of velvet, with a jewel in the centre, forms a beautiful finish, if placed over the right temple. A confure of plain bandeaux will not suit this hat: the hair should be in ringlets. I forgot to say, that a small chain of diamonds round the lower part of the crown is a wonderful improvement, even a little torsade of gold might replace the diamonds; a bird of Paradise might also be adopted in place of the feather.

In full dress, shoes the colour of the dress or of the ribbons are frequently to be seen, they are less pointed at the toe than they were. For gloves and their trimmings, I refer you to my last. A gold bracelet is often worn just above the glove.

For walking and carriage costume, dresses of velvet, levantine, satin, or repa, are adopted; they have mantelets made to match, or the large shawl mantelets rather, wadded and lined, and which I fully described to you in my last letter; they are still trimmed with fur, fringe or black lace.

Mousselines de laine and de soie will again be fashionable this spring. Mantelets and mantelet shawls will be worn. Brodequins, the colour and, as much as possible, the material of the dress, are prevalent. Frills I described most fully last month, have you made any of them?

Cuffs and ruffles of every description continue fashionable, and will be worn all the spring and summer.

The hats continue large, the fronts particularly; they descend low at the sides, and are rounded off; the crowns are not at all high, and are placed so as to sit far back. Velvet, satin, and watered gros de Naples are the only materials employed for hats at present. Feathers are still worn, and

flowers seem to become still more prevalent as spring approaches.

The modistes say that drawn capottes will again be in favour; they are certainly most agreeable in summer.

The pocket handkerchiefs are without hems, but have rich *rivieres* of open work all round. The lace worn on the handkerchiefs at present is excessively deep, and put on very full. Muslim pelerines, embroidered will be worn, as soon as the season permits. Pelerines, also, of mousselines de laine, gros de Naples, gingham or coloured muslin, to match the dress, will again be in vogue; indeed, these pelerines are too pretty a fashion to be abandoned; they will, it is said, be made after the fashion of those of last year, rather pointed at back, to reach as low as the ceinture, and to cross at front, the ends fastening just beneath the ceinture; a frill all round, and the pelerine not to meet, nor quite close at the neck; a pelerine of this form, with a frill, such as I described in my last, with a coloured ribbon inserted into the bullion at top, cannot fail to set off a dress to advantage.

**Colours for Hats.**—Green, grenat, pink, and paille.

**For Dresses.**—Dark green, grenat, and bleu du roi (purple), with every possible shade of grey; as silver grey, pearl grey, lapis grey, lilac grey, blue grey, and *gris cendre*: this latter colour is more what you would call drab or dust colour, than grey.

For crape dresses, the colours I have seen most adopted, were lemon, pink, and light blue.

Now, my dear friend; that I have done my best, to contribute to the beauty and elegance of your costume, I shall wish you adieu for the present.

Je t-embrasse de tout coeur,

L. de F——.

**A Soldier's Reply.**—When the Hon. Colonel Cathcart (the veteran Earl Cathcart's son) waited on Lord Hill a few days since, the General commanding in Chief asked, "What time Colonel Cathcart would require to prepare himself for active service, and proceed to Canada with despatches?" The gallant officer, after musing a moment, replied, "Half an hour, my lord; but, if necessary, I will be ready in twenty minutes."

**American respect for His late Majesty.** His late Majesty William IV. and Queen Adelaide, having presented their portraits to the Goldsmiths' Company, they were, on the 25th ult., for the first time exhibited to the liverymen of the company, when a dinner was given. Sir

Thomas Usher, a guest, remarked that the Government of the United States, hearing of His Majesty's decease, ordered the colours of all ships in their ports to be lowered half mast, a tribute of respect seldom paid to the memory of kings.

M. David is charged with the execution of the tomb which filial piety is about to erect to the memory of Hortense (Ex-Queen of Holland), in the church of Rueil. The daughter of Josephine will be represented thereon as pined, in a similar attitude to that of her mother upon the mausoleum by Cartelier, already raised in the same church, bearing this inscription:—"Et Josephine, Eugene et Hortense."

## Monthly Critic.

*Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Nos. 23 and 24. Scandinavia, Ancient and Modern.*  
By ANDREW CRAICHTON, LL.D., author of "History of Arabia," &c., and HENRY WHEATON, LL.D., author of "History of the Northmen," &c. Oliver and Boyd.

The "Edinburgh Cabinet Library," beyond all comparison, issues the best works of its class, and its publishers have besides the happy tact of discovering what is most needed by the public; of the truth of this observation, the present work is an undeniable instance. Where in this world could any one purchase, if he searched for it ever so anxiously, a complete history of the Scandinavian Peninsula? Assuredly, then, such a history was a desideratum in the vast body of English literature. For our parts we were always forced to refer to a pair of pet quartos published by subscription in the reign of Queen Anne, which could not be had for love or money. These were of course minus the history of nearly a century and a half, leaving the fiery Swede, Charles the Twelfth, in the midst of his victories.

The present publication is written in a nervous, compact style, replete with information, and very attractive to the reader. The histories of Sweden and Denmark are as closely united as those of England and Scotland; and the rise and progress of both states are fully and luminously traced in these volumes, proceeding in a parallel narrative from their first dawn, when their invading tribes went forth to renovate degenerate Europe by a transfusion of savage energy, down to the reign of Bernadotte and the present Danish king.

The earlier annals of our country are entirely occupied with the exploits and unwelcome visitations of the sea-kings from Scandinavia, when they went forth from the rocky bays and head-lands of Sweden and Norway, to seek, according to their own Runic war-song,

"The low-lying shores of a beautiful land."

In the spirited translation of the lamented Mothersill (one of the greatest

of our modern poets), a royal leader of the Northmen, sung this spirited strain as he stood on the poop of his galley, scudding before a sharp spring gale; for these predatory gentry usually visited England with the gales of Easter.

Onward Sigurda's battle flag  
Streams onward to the strand!  
The warriors of the world are forth  
To choose another land!

Every inhabitant of our islands at all interested in the history of his country should attentively peruse these excellent volumes, for without an acquaintance with the origin and statistics of our Saxon and Danish progenitors, our own annals are dark and confused.

The first volume commences with a geographical view of the Scandinavian peninsula; then follow the fabulous and the heroic ages of the countries of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, and an account of their institutions and manners: this section is exceedingly entertaining. Witness this curious passage:—

"In the Saga of Egill, son of Skallagrim, there is a curious and picturesque account of a civil trial in Norway, in the reign of Erik Blodaxe, respecting part of an inheritance claimed by that chieftain in right of his wife, but which had been entirely taken possession of by his brother-in-law, Bergamund, whose suit was backed by the interest of the king, and his queen Gunhilda. The question was tried at the Gula Ting assizes, where both parties appeared, attended by numerous bands of followers and friends. The court, which was held in the midst of a large field, consisted of an enclosure surrounded and fenced with hazel-twigs, fastened together with a cord, called the rebond, or sacred band. Within this circle sat the judges, thirty-six in number; three districts having returned twelve each. The pleadings commenced in due form, and Bergamund asserted that Egill's wife, being the child of a slave, could not inherit the property in dispute. But his assertions were denied by Arnbiorn, who produced the oaths of twelve compurgators that she was of ingenuous birth; and, as the judges were about to pronounce sentence, the queen, apprehending the result might be favourable to Egill, with whom she was at enmity, caused her kinsmen to cut the sacred cord, by which the court was broken up in confusion.

"The disappointed chieftain challenged his adversary to single combat, and denounced vengeance against all who should dare to interfere. Erik was greatly incensed at this presumption; but as nobody, not even the king or his champions, were allowed to come armed to the assizes, Egill made his escape to Iceland in a bark with thirty men, provided by his faithful companion Arinbjorn. Before setting sail he had found an opportunity of satiating his revenge, by killing, not only his adversary, Bergmund, but Erik's son, Rognvald, whom he had accidentally encountered at a convivial meeting. As a memorial of his indignation on quitting Norway, he stuck one of the oars of his ship in a cleft of the rock, surmounted with a horse's head, and bearing the following imprecation, carved in Runic characters:—'I direct this curse against the tutelary deities who built this land, that they shall for ever wander, and find no rest nor abiding-place until they have expelled King Erik and Queen Gunhilda.'"

The author of this department of the work we suppose to be Mr. Henry Wheaton. He traces Norman customs, and the first rise of our constitution when cradled among these northern mountains and forests whence they originated: we follow him with delight, and promise our readers a rich intellectual treat from the perusal of his pages.

We get into the broad stream of history with Canute the Great, well known in our Saxon Chronicles; the first volume closes with the successful struggle of Gustavus Vasa. Among the first pages of the second volume, we meet

"In consequence of this superstitious reverence of forms, the Scandinavian code embraced all living things. Brutes were included in the social compact, and dealt with as if they had been rational creatures. If a beaver was killed, by the laws of Hakon the Good, a fine of three marks was paid to the owner of the ground, 'both for bloodwite and hamesucken;' thus recognising the animal's rights as an inhabitant of the soil. The old Norwegian statutes decreed that 'the bear and wolf shall be outlaws in every place' (*Biorn og ulf skal hvervetna utlaga vera*). Yet even Bruin was entitled to his judicial privileges; for if he had robbed or injured his two-legged countrymen, it was necessary to summon a Tinwald court, and pronounce him liable to punishment in due form. In the Saga of Finbog, himon Rama, the grizzly offender is challenged to a duel, and slain by Finbog with all the courtesies of chivalry. Werlauff, the editor of this saga (Copenhagen, 1812), says, the opinion that Bears have a reasonable knowledge of Danish is still prevalent in Norway. From these practices, perhaps, arose the idea prevalent in the dark ages, that ghosts and fiends could be laid by the sentence of a magistrate; and that noxious vermin, such as rats, mice, and even insects, might be punished by a decree of the civil tribunal."

with the best of the embellishments; an admirably cut portrait of that royal hero; but our author has neglected to inform us whence he derived this treasure, a circumstance which should never be omitted in the introduction of a rare historical portrait. The drawing is spirited and beautiful, and the noble pride of the features, grandeur of the brow, loftiness of the head, and august bearing of the person, give us a true notion of the hero who made adverse fortune bow before his patriot throne. It is a painful contemplation to see the last of his royal line possessing all his moral worth and undaunted courage, die an exile in poverty and loneliness, because, like Prince Hamlet, whom he so closely resembled,

"his noble and most sovereign reason Was like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh."

Our author, whom we now suppose is Mr. Andrew Crichton, touches the infirmity of the unfortunate Gustavus the Fourth, with a humane and tender hand, he says—

"Meantime a revolution was secretly fermenting in different parts of Sweden, which gave a new aspect to political affairs, and ultimately led to an alteration in the line of the regal succession. Various causes appear to have contributed towards the accomplishment of this event, amongst which the most influential were the public acts and personal failings of the king himself. In many respects he resembled the best of his progenitors. His private life was unimpeachable, and his zeal for the social and domestic improvement of his people unwearied. His devoted patriotism and inflexible honour were manifested in the resolute perseverance with which he alone of all the continental sovereigns rejected the offers and defied the power of the French conqueror. But there was in his constitution that family disease which had displayed itself in the eccentricities of Christina and the military madness of Charles XII. His unreasonable obstinacy, his capricious sallies of passion, his conduct towards Sir John Moore, and his whole system of policy in the Finnish and Norwegian campaigns, were all symptoms of that mental derangement which rendered it necessary for the interests of the kingdom to put an end to his reign."

The constant intermarriages with the families of Holstein and Brandenburg had no doubt produced insanity, which displayed itself in the exaggeration of the nobler faculties in the case of Gustavus, whose truth, justice, moral virtue and courage, make us lament that he had

fallen on the evil days of the nineteenth century, by some perverse chance his soul must have wandered from its destination in the sixteenth century, when what was madness in our days would have been lauded to the skies. All his romance seems to have been cherished by his great father, Gustavus the Third; and he was taught to look back fondly to the exploits of his heroic ancestors, instead of progressing with the times. In the sketch of the Dalecarlians, we find his father had given him a nurse from that country.

"The Dalecarlians are a hardy, bold, and industrious race; they have been always remarkable for their inextinguishable loyalty, and their name is celebrated in the historic page of Sweden. In consequence of their tried patriotism, and the many services they have rendered the government, they enjoy the flattering privilege of taking the king's hand whenever they meet him; and it may be mentioned, as another compliment to their loyalty, that the nurse selected for Gustavus IV. was the wife of a Dalecarlian peasant, lineally descended from the heroine Barbara Stigsdotter, who saved the life of the great Wasa from the murderers sent in pursuit of him by Christian. It is perhaps the recollection of these exploits that makes the inhabitants of this province so vain of their superiority that, in their own opinion, no people on earth can compare with them."

Some months ago, we gave our readers the translation of a drama written by the accomplished father of this unfortunate monarch.\* Gustavus the Fourth was likewise a literary character. About a twelvemonth since his sad career closed, and it is to be hoped his moral virtues and ardent piety will find him rest in a kindlier world than that in which he wore for a time a thorny crown.

The political history of Sweden closes with the visit of the son of Bernadotte to the Emperor Nicholas in 1830, and the remainder of the volume, about a hundred pages, is devoted to the modern customs and statistics of the Scandinavian peninsula and islands, and a clever digest of its natural history, well worth the attention of the reader.

The map is excellent. The wood-cuts rather useful than ornamental, with the exception of the portrait of Gustavus Vasa, which is a beautiful and perfect work of art.

\* See March, 1836, p. 176, *Lady's Magazine* and *Museum*.

*Diary of the Times of George the Fourth.* In two vols. (For review of vol. i., see p. 299, March.) Colburn. There is an evident resemblance of style between the first and second volumes of this extraordinary work. The last volume is more feeble in execution, and less evil in spirit than its predecessor, and even some of the remarks in the text are sensible and humane. We notice the apologising manner which pervades the notes of the first volume whenever the text is more than usually daring, while the notes in the second are rather more redolent of scandal than the text. There is some defect of editorial arrangement throughout, for the narrative, illustrated by letters and documents, does not proceed in proper chronological order: for instance, we see the unhappy princess embarked for her final visit to the continent early in the second volume, which brings the reader back again to her residence in England.

The second volume must confirm every one in the notion that the whole emanates from Lady Charlotte Bury and her connexions. In fact, we consider her to be the editor of the first volume, and the historian of the second. Confirmatory of this opinion, we draw the attention of our readers to the frequent allusions and sketches of the visiting circle of the Duke of Argyll, the anecdotes of himself and his guests, and habituées at his country seats, and above all the peculiar character of the negotiation between the Princess of Wales and Lady Charlotte Bury, regarding the appointment of the young daughter of that lady (Miss Campbell) as bedchamber-woman to the Princess. We do not make an extract of it, for the matter is of too private a nature to interest the general reader, farther than to assist him in tracing the source from which this far-famed work proceeds; but we request them to turn to page 165 of the second volume, and read the French letter of the Princess on the subject, and the note by the editor, in which the mother of the young lady stands fully revealed.

At this point of the work, the Princess was for the last time residing on the continent; many pages later, the stream of narration rather awkwardly rolls back to the time when the Princess was at Kensington, illustrative of which we find the



following extraordinary letters from her royal pen.

"Dear —,

"I resume my pen again. By the franc which you received on Tuesday, you have seen that Lord Byron was of the party on Sunday; and he was really the hero of the party, for he was in very high spirits, free like a bird in the air, having just got rid of his chains.\* He intended still to go abroad, but where, how, and with whom, he is quite unsettled in his mind about it. I am sorry to mention, that his last poem upon 'The Decadence of Bonaparte,' is worthy neither his pen nor his muse. So much about him. We sat down to seventeen, and the dinner was as merry as any party of the sort could go off. Every body was determined to be good humoured and witty. Even old Borringdon did 'son petit possible.' After we had left the gentlemen, and we ladies sat round the fire equal in numbers to the nine Muses, a German flute-player, of the name of Foust, came to assume the place of the demigod Pan. He worked much upon the feelings of Lady Anne, who was quite enraptured. She went close to the sounds of his flute, looking strangely into his face, as if looking him through and through. Upon the other virgin's heart, Miss Hayman, he had also much effect. She took out her pair of spectacles, and went to the piano-forte to accompany this bewitching flute. Lady Anne acted the pantomime the whole time the music continued. I could admire neither the one nor the other. This heathen god is deaf upon one ear, which occasioned him to produce a great many false notes, and I was too happy when released from this cacaphony.

"On Monday, as I mentioned to you, I had a little children's ball in honour of my nephew, little Prince William.† Twenty couple never were better fitted for dancing, for beauty, and skill. Lady Anne presided at the head of the large table appropriated for the children. There was no dancing after supper, but fireworks, which made

\* There is a deadly venom in his most sublime strains, not like the calm melancholy of feeling and reflection, but like the stinging of the worm that never dies. In his most ribald poems, the sneer of the comic mask but ill conceals the culture that is preying on his heart."

† Prince William, now the hero of mustachios and balloons, a sort of dandy mufli. Of this young cockcomb it is related that the Turkish ambassador was observed one day to examine him with peculiar curiosity, and after seeing him for a length of time looking with intense interest into his hat, and then twirling his mustachios with infinite care and grace, discovered that the object of his contemplation was his own face reflected in a mirror, which was fixed in the crown of his hat."

the conclusion of the evening. I confess I was as tired as if I had danced also, from the noise and from the total want of any real good conversation with the grown people. I think, in general, people are grown more old and dull since the two years I have not met them. Nothing but she wine at table exhilarates their spirits, and the high dishes takes them out of their [word wanting]. But I am glad to assure you that I have now done my duty for this year, and shall not be troubled again. I wish to God for 'never with any sight of them.

"Yesterday I made morning visits to Lady Glenbervie and Lady Charlotte, at the Pheasantry; this evening I go to Covent Garden, and to-morrow to Drury Lane, to amuse Willy, and to take away from the dreadful dreary and long evenings I passed with *La Puelle d'Orleans*. Every body of my acquaintance almost is gone to Paris. Mr. Ward went on Monday; the Pools went, like conjugal felicity, to Paris also, and took their only petit fruit d'amour, Emily, with them. Lord Lucan has sold his house in Hamilton-place to Lord Wellington; the former is going abroad for three years, with his whole baggage of children. I say amen, as probably I shall never see them again, for which I shall not weep. The Emperor of Russia is expected in the course of a fortnight, and as he has visited the Empress Josephine at Malmesbury, he can have no objection to visit the Regent's wife at Kensington.

"Miss B— intends to pay you a visit with the brothers. I wish I could as easily as my thoughts do, convey myself to you. You may say a hundred things to a person, but it is impossible to put them all upon paper. You can express your thoughts, but not your feelings, which is my present case. What do you think of the 'Wardour,' by Madame D'Arblais? It has only proved to us that she forgot her English; and the same suspicion has arisen again in my mind, that 'Evelina' was written, or at least corrected, by Dr. Johnson. There is nothing out worth recommending in either language. I understand that Madame de Stael has been much offended at the Regent not inviting her the evening Louis XVIII. was at Carlton-house. She now laments much that she never came to pay me a visit, and sacrificed me entirely to pay her court to him. She is a very time-serving person. She is going to Paris immediately. A long letter of congratulation was written by her to Louis XVIII., and paying all possible compliments, after having abused them, and done the Bourbons all the mischief in her power. She is a very worldly person, and it is no loss whatever to me never to have made her acquaintance. I shall return to my little nutshell next.

Saturday, the 30th, and shall feel myself much more comfortable, and not so damp, as in my present habitation, and to live like 'La dame de qualité qui s'est retiré du monde. Adieu, and believe me

"Yours most sincerely,  
(Signed) "C. P.—"

Extract of another letter from her royal highness to the same.

"I wish you would persuade Lady Augusta Charteris to come and be my lady of the bedchamber for six months; and in case a great change in my situation should take place, which would enable me to go abroad, to take her then with me, she would either take the six months waiting at once, or divide them in three months, just as it would be convenient to her, as I have good reasons to think of preparing myself, one day or another, for my journey abroad. The late great events on the continent enable now every body to go over there, and the living there will be so much less expensive. I can only assure you, that 2000*l.* of English money would make 12,000*l.* upon the continent. I had lately occasion to transact some money matters abroad; 300 dollars just make 50*l.* English money, so that I could be very well and very comfortable in a fine warm climate, and liberty into the bargain. I came to the royal menagerie on Tuesday, the 19th, not from idle want of variety, but from duty mixed with very little inclination to be civil to the very uncivilized society of the metropolis. The following day I had a great dinner of twenty people. The chief objects in the picture\* were the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Sophia, and the Greys, Lansdownes, Cowpers, &c. In the evening, every one who left their names at Connaught House, though many repented of their civility, and sent shilly-shally excuses for not attending the party. Thank God, the dreadful bore was over by twelve o'clock; the curtain dropped, and I retired in the green-room to my solitary den.

\* Lord G—'s high aristocratic bearing is proverbial, and though there is a tincture of inward uneasiness of mind on his countenance, it is a countenance, nevertheless, that is peculiarly fascinating to women. The curious story told in all the public papers of the day, a few years ago, seems to imply that some cause of sorrow or dissatisfaction preys upon him, and probably occasions that delusive state of fancy which conjured up the vision of a terrible head, which was related to have been seen by his lordship more than once. It is well known that there are many persons afflicted with an optical disease, which induces them to believe they see all kinds of apparitions, though at the same time they are aware it is a delirium of their senses; but it does not seem in this instance, that the head seen by Lord G— was owing to this diseased organization, as some of his lordship's daughters have also (if report speaks truth) beheld the spectre's head."

2 O.—VOL. XII.—APRIL.

"The other three days I saw nobody except the Prince Condé, who was the only gentleman who showed the least urbanity in taking leave of me. I did not hear or see any thing of the farce with the white cockades, neither que 'le Saint Esprit' à été offert au Tyran de Syracuse. I think it is a dreadful epigram upon the Regent, 'comme si on avoit douté que l'esprit et la sainteté lui manquoit.' Every body wore white favours for three days following, and any stranger arriving in the metropolis would have supposed that the whole country had been married, and I have said que c'étoit le mariage du saint et de l'esprit, uni pour la première fois en 'Pall-mall. We have now a right to expect wonders from that quarter, so much about nothing. You may easily imagine I have not seen the Duchess of Oldenburgh, and I have also no curiosity to see a Kalmuck face. I shall have to-day Mr. Canning's party to dinner, which will enable me to get a *franc* for all this random of mine. To-morrow I give a children's ball for my little nephew, whose birthday it is. I have invited all the fathers and mothers who have children for that occasion. I am afraid it will be dreadfully dull for the old folks; and then I have concluded for this year of our Lord 1814, with the great and dull world, and shall only devote my hours and days to my especial friends. The Ossulstons have followed Louis XVIII. Mr. Craven is gone in the same packet, commanded by Sir J. Beresford, in which the king is lodged, to Paris. His mother sends him to the King of Prussia for the pension as Dowager Margravine to be paid, and even the arrears. His stay will be six weeks, but I am afraid unsuccessful with regard to his commission. Heaven bless you, my dear—.

(Signed) "C. P."

Among other anecdotes of individuals, the story of the late Duchess of Devonshire and her reputed son is once more dishied up for the amusement of the public. It seems, indeed, a species of suicide for a member of the aristocracy to give such a work to the world, but the eager admirers of private anecdotes have certainly been regaled with a more racy treat than they have enjoyed for some time. Sir W. G—l (we leave our readers to fill up the initials) has contributed his share of satire to these pages: his unfortunate royal friend is thus caricatured in the witty but unprincipled lampoon from which we quote a morceau.

"At one great distance off, and one great while ago,  
I lived safe wit my fader at Brunswick, ye know;

And although it be not the most favoured of lands.  
 Because 'tis surrounded with deserts and sands,  
 Yet many fine things may still Brunswick adorn,  
 Though the stupidest place that God ever did born;  
 And de mens might be brave, and de women be good,  
 Though they feed on sour-kraut in a palace of wood.  
 So my *fader* took part in all wars and all quarrels,  
 And my *moder* she scold and take care of my morals;  
 So she gave me the Bible, but pinn'd up some pages,  
 Not suited, she said, to all girls, nor all ages;  
 But I knew all good Christians should read all dat book,  
 So I unpinned the pages and ventured to look.  
 Then she call me one day, and she tell me fine tales,  
 Of how I should surely be Princess *von Vales*.  
 I talk of my heart, but she tell me 'twas just like de preach to de wind, for 'twas fixed, and I must;  
 But she tell me my husband not send for me yet,  
 Till the nation consented to pay off his debt.  
 So I soon found my hopes and my pride tumble down,  
 And was sold to my husband for less than a crown.  
 So I leave old mamma, which I like very well,  
 And quit, without crying, both Brunswick and Zell;  
 Forget Rostock, and Klopstock, and Weimar, and Schiller,  
 With Professor Fonfrarius, and learned Von Miller;  
 And I tink to myself, though the thought was in vain,  
 I'll be whipt if ye catch me among ye again."

The supplementary letters we look upon in the light of regular filling-up stuff; there is scarcely a passage which arrests the attention of the reader, with the exception of this clever graphic sketch of an odd fact.

"Nature often mixes up the sublime and the ridiculous heedlessly, as it would seem; and I met to-day with a curious instance of her indifference. I forget how it happened; but I was driven accidentally against a curtain, and saw, in consequence, beyond it Lord Castlereagh sitting on a stair by himself, holding his hand to his ear to keep the sound and words of the evidence which the witness under examination at the bar was giving. Notwithstanding the moody wrath

of my rumination, I could not help laughing at the discovery; and his lordship looked equally amused, and was quite as much decomposed. He smiled, and I withdrew. I met him afterwards in the lobby of the House of Commons, when he again smiled, as if we had, as Lord Byron says, 'met in another state of being.'"

We have now closely scanned this extraordinary publication, which will attract more attention than esteem from its readers. The time will come, when the present generation has passed away, when copies of it will be eagerly sought after, for the purpose of throwing light on the characters and conduct of many of the royal and aristocratic personages who composed the court of the regency of George the Fourth.

*Raff Hall.* By ROBERT SULLIVAN, Esq. In three vols. Colburn.

Many detached passages in the first volume of "*Raff Hall*" fully prove the genius of its author. The characters and situations of the ruined family of the house of Maltravers are cleverly drawn; Mr. Sullivan has thrown round the dreary hall and the lonely student of the temple an overpowering interest. We are strongly disposed to question whether the second and third volumes are really the production of the same mind that sketched the bold outlines of the jockey heir of Maltravers, his singular father, or the self-educated hero of the work, and we are inclined to pronounce that it is a literary impossibility. The first volume is not free from faults. Mr. Block is a bore of enormous dimensions, and his wife not much better; yet we follow the story with eagerness, and if it had been sustained with equal power, we must have pronounced "*Raff Hall*" a great and original work. At present we look upon it as a clever fragment, a coarse ordinary gabardine with a rich sable cape, a Spencer of Genoa velvet with a druggist skirt, a grand melody on the organ concluded by a waltz on the bagpipes; but why multiply similes, the witty, the observant, the acute Sullivan could not have written the dull, dull last volumes of "*Raff Hall*" if he had tried to do so.

The portion of the work which belongs to critical surveillance opens with the reception of the orphan nephew of Sir Hector Maltravers by his heir; the scene is admirable, and all the degradations

which the stable and the betting-booth effect in the character of a young man of rank, without better pursuits, are depicted to the very life. At last John Maltravers prepares to ride a favourite black animal as his own jockey. The scene on the course is well done, minute and life-like, as the reader will judge by this extract.

"Presently the bell sounded again, and there was an eager exclamation from a thousand voices at once—'They're off! they're off!' Then there was the rapid but measured tramp of hoofs at a steady gallop, and then came the highbred cattle; Rattler taking the lead in scarlet and black, and Beelzebub grinding his teeth indignantly in the rear. As they passed by there was a cry—'Rattler against the field;' but some gentlemen in the next carriage gladdened my heart by observing that the black one also looked very like a winner. As soon as they turned the first corner, I again caught sight of them, going in the same order as at first. "'Beelzebub,' said another gentleman, 'goes in good style, and seems to be very well jockeyed.'

"I was within an ace of crying 'That's my cousin;' but the temptation was resisted, and I continued to look on silent and breathless, whilst my fair friends, mounted tip-toe upon the seats, let loose their tongues like a nest of hungry magpies. They were all sweethearts of the young squire, and were in despair at seeing him last; but somebody said that they had to go twice round, and that the black one was lying-by. I saw them till they approached the next corner, which was to put them straight towards the winning-post.

"'Beelzebub will bolt at that corner,' said one in the stand; 'the boy cannot hold him.'

"My pulse stopped beating.

"'No,' resumed the gentleman, 'he's safe round; I'll take three to one he wins it!'

"The blood rushed through my veins as though they would have burst.

"In a moment the horsemen who kept the course galloped along, cracking their whips again, and crying 'stand back!' with all their might. Then again came the regular but accelerated tramp of the racers: Rattler still foremost, stretching out like a greyhound, and Beelzebub last, with his mouth bleeding, and his eye flashing flames. It was clear to me now that my cousin required no bird-lime; he stuck like a forest fly, and looked as determined as his horse; but the perspiration, which I had latterly not been able to get out of him with half-a-dozen blankets, poured down his face in streams.

"When they had performed about half of the last round, the horses which had occu-

ped the space between the two favourites began to change places. Presently Beelzebub, who never seemed to quicken his pace, had two or three astern of him, and Miss Dolly exclaimed, in high glee, that the squire would not be last at all events. Again we lost sight of them, and listened eagerly to what was said in the stand. Every body cried, 'What a capital race,' and several horses were alternately said to be winning. Again the bell announced that they were round the corner, and the betting was loud and rapid. The course was cleared; every neck stretched, and every eye strained. Some shouted 'Rattler!' some swore by 'Spinning Jenny,' and others cried 'Beelzebub! hollow!' When they appeared they were all three of a row, with the rest close behind. In a stride or two Spinning Jenny dropped back, and Rattler began to flag. Then was the time for Beelzebub, who suddenly feeling his reins slackened, and his sides touched with the spur, dashed through the applauding throng like his namesake on his nine days' journey, and won by half a length.

"'Capital! Famous!' was the general cry; and the steward demanded who was the jockey. I could forbear no longer, and called out in the pride of my heart that the jockey was my cousin Jack.

"As soon as he had power to pull up, he was led back, the picture of death, to the weighing machine, to prove that he had not ridden too light. Here was another tremor for us. Miss Sally declared that all his hopes lay in the saddle and bridle, for the squire weighed nothing at all; and Miss Polly, who had a high situation, and could peep over the enclosure, vowed, when they placed him in the scale, that he looked for all the world like a bundle of matches. But we soon found our fears were vain, for, with the help of a large stable key, he had not only made himself full weight, but had more than an ounce to spare.

"I will say nothing of the congratulations he received when he appeared at the carriage, bearing the silver cup in his hands. How the two Miss Pollys, who were well read, called his pink and yellow cap the cap of Fortunatus, which had transported him at a wish to the JAIL of his hopes; nor how Bob Buttercup filled the prize with brown stout, and made us all take a drop to good luck in future. I was so full of the race that my mind could find no room to store up any thing that happened after it.

"Alas! when I look back to the period of which I have been talking, my heart thrills with compunction that it ever beat with triumph. Had Beelzebub but bolted and run away a thousand miles, it had been the luckiest event that could have happened. My cousin's success brought him in collision with a race of vagabonds infinitely more dangerous than those whom he had left as a legacy to me, because their better education

made them more seductive, and their calling was more connected with the operations of the mind. Wherever there was any sport at which he could be cheated, thither he was sure to be tempted."

Mr. Sullivan has been the first to initiate us into the mysteries of Temple dinners, and truly the black-robed gentlemen are little to be envied, if all their repasts are as inviting as that seriously given in the following humorous description.

"At last the long vacation was over, and my solitude was somewhat broken by the necessity of dining 'in Hall' to keep my first term. I was introduced to an old sharp-eyed attorney, who looked like a starved cormorant, as a sort of protector and master of the ceremonies on the occasion. At four o'clock the black-robed tenants of these mazy passages were seen darting round the corners, like evil spirits amongst the catacombs. They were all going to dinner; and my guide hurried me along to get a good place. A tap at something like the door of a chapel gained us admission to a passage, at a table in which stood an undertaker-like man, before a book which would have held the sins of the world from the time of Adam. This book I found contained nothing but the names of lawyers—a sad indication that the profession had good need to make work for one another. A cross was put against my name, as a voucher that I was at all events one dinner towards the conclusion of my noviciate. My unlearned garments, as well as those of the cormorant, were then enveloped in a sable robe, and we entered the Hall for our share in 'the feast of reason.'

"The walls were lofty, arched like a chapel, and abundantly enriched with simply carved oak, in which was inserted the arms of the numberless worthies who had there eaten their way to the bench. There was a long table on each side; one for the students, and all below the bar, and the other for the barristers; at the upper end was a cross-table for the elders, who being better judges, took good care to get a better dinner. When we had all taken our places there was a loud smack at the upper table, like the crack of a hunting whip, and I found this to be the signal for grace, which was said or read by one in a black gown, just as if he was pleading to the judge for his life, with the rope already round his neck. It appeared to me that he need not have been in such a hurry, for he was only an understrapper, who was to get no dinner for his pains. When he had done his long story, of which I never could catch a single word, he raised a large book which he held in his hands and gave the table another smack, by way of signal to fall to.

"My friend informed me that our long double row was divided into messes of four

persons each, the first of whom had the first cut, then came the turn of the knife and fork opposite; afterwards the maltreated joint re-crossed the table diagonally, and then again, as at first, the bones were passed direct. Altogether it was something like a country-dance, where the person who stands last has the worst sport. That last person happened to be the luckless stranger, and the first was my experienced guide, whose black drapery and bloated visage, crowned by an upright top-knot of grey hair, gave him very much the appearance of a Poland cock. The first dish that ran the gauntlet was a raw leg of mutton, which, being stripped of the eatable parts by my three predecessors, could have tempted nothing short of a cannibal. The wine that washed down this treat, and enlivened my considerate friends for the rest of the day, and some part of the night, was furnished as a footing by the victim who got none of it. The second course was a roasted chanticleer, whose drum-sticks stuck out long and strong as the shafts of a tilbury, and who seemed to cut up as tough as if he had roused his neighbourhood for the last dozen years. My cormorant had here also the first cut, and gave himself a wing and all that side of the breast: his opposite neighbour did the same; and, by the time the poor old pride of the farm-yard had 'changed sides and back again,' he had but one leg to stand upon. This was all I got: and as I tugged away at his shew, I thought he would have clawed my eyes out. The repast finished with an apple-tart, which I have no doubt was exceedingly good for those who could crack the crust; but for my own part I was afraid of my teeth. Before it was quite discussed, I saw the personage who had gabbled grace consulting one of the judges with the large book which had been used to smack the table. I had the curiosity to ask what was the matter, and my messmates informed me that the old gentleman was ordering dinner for the next day. This, when his mouth was still full, was cruelly trying to the feelings of one who had obtained nothing but an ineffectual bite; but I thought it was the way to learn the law, and hoped for better things to-morrow. Another smack and another gabble gave us notice to quit as soon as we pleased; and, leaving my mess to the enjoyment of bad wine and worse jokes, both at my expense, I returned to my gloom with something very like disgust."

Up to the last page the first volume is replete with clever description, witty remarks, and original views of social life; when all of a sudden the author's spell is broken, the characters are whisked off to the continent, where they play a series of confused melo-dramatic tricks in the masquerade of brigands, till we cease to care what becomes of them.

The style is also as much changed as the tenor of the story; an inextricable confusion pervades the remainder of the novel, which reminds us of the efforts people make to read volumes when half asleep. We can discover no gleam of the power that enchanted us in the commencement of the work, for from the moment the characters leave England, the interest we took in "Raff Hall" is broken never to be renewed. We would say to our readers the moment that Italy or Switzerland is named as the future scene of action, in a modern novel, shut the book, the author has really done with his tale, and a system of common-place road-book boring is about to be commenced. In support of our criticism, let the readers of modern fiction recall the failure of interest when wound up to the highest pitch by the change of scene in Lady Morgan's powerful opening of the romance of the "Princess," and the chapters of verbiage which follow in the author's struggles after the interest she abdicated with so little judgment. Even Lady Charlotte Bury's recent clever novel of "Love" is greatly injured by this process. We could produce many more instances. Perhaps "Pelham" is the only work which is not ruined by the change in the scene of action. The ancients were not such bad judges after all, when they recommended their unities of scene, time, and place.

*The Poet's Daughter.* In three vols. Macrone.

Eloquent language, imaginativeness, pathos, and even discrimination of character, occasionally strike the reader of "The Poet's Daughter." The author is evidently endowed with all those excellent materials for the composition of a good work, if she possessed professional skill of working them up together into a complete and beautiful whole; but the present novel is, we think, the first she has ever published, and we are disposed to think the first she has ever written. The usual fault of young writers is conspicuous in the pages of "The Poet's Daughter:" this is the introduction of ten times more personages than can be employed in the natural course of a story. We strongly recommend the fair writer to study how to effect a concentrated interest by means of a few well-sustained original characters, avoiding the waste of strength and spirit

which inefficient supernumeraries always occasion. Above all, the fair writer ought to turn her attention from the treacherous commendations of puff reviewers, which praise actual faults as excellences, merely because they are the most prominent features in the execution of an unskilfully written novel. Such criticisms always speak in praise of an author who introduces a multiplicity of personages whom they are pleased to call characters, forgetting that names are more easily written than characters defined and embodied. Misled by the delusive puff praises which are mere advertisements, young authors aim at filling their pages with a numerous *dramatis personæ*, for which they can find no proper employment, and these men and women of straw become regular nuisances, which neither author nor reader know how to get rid of. Hence the failure of many productions which in detached passages, actually display genius.

The author of the work we are examining displays most power in scenes of sorrow and terror; mirth and comic satire are far from the bent of her genius, and her attempt at the latter in the introduction of Miss Williams is an utter failure. Domestic scenes and the tragedy of home life are evidently her forte; she should tame down her Byronic flights, and study the minute workings of passion in the realities of life, where the sufferers are not occupied by affectation and exaggeration of feeling, which are indeed the chief faults both of society and fiction in the present day.

The extract we offer to our readers, though a frightful instance of ungoverned passion verging on insanity, is a specimen which shows that the writer possesses power if she knew what to do with it.

"Mortals, who, like Jéssé Bently, have given themselves up to the dominion of their own passions, and have neglected to seek the Divine assistance and protection, are thus left defenceless, and exposed to the horrible suggestions of the tempter, who sometimes seizes suddenly on his prey, and hurls them instantaneously into the abyss of crime. During her silent drive home, a terrible thought entered Jessy's soul—she knew not whence it came, but suddenly it was before her in hideous clearness, and she felt as though an unknown and mighty power had taken possession of her. Vainly did she struggle against the fearful dominion;—vainly attempt to shake off this appalling night-mare of the soul; there it remained in startling distinctness, till, hurried on by a

mysterious impulse, she began to analyse it. A voice of unearthly sound seemed to whisper in her ear—'Sedley loves you, and were you free, you might yet be blessed;—free—free—again and again did that word sound in her ear in hoarse murmurs, and haunt her brain to madness. Bently was the only bar between her and happiness, and were he dead, happiness would woo her with open arms. By degrees her mind was worked up to a pitch of frenzy, and a horrible design formed, with clearness and method often found in madness. They arrived at home at last, and the Major alighting from the carriage, offered his hand to Jessy to assist her in descending the steps, but with violence she pushed it from her, and, with a shuddering scream, fled rapidly into the house. Major Bently followed her in alarm, and found her sitting near a table, resting her head on her arms, and rocking her body to and fro, while she moaned as if in pain. Gently he approached her, and inquired if she felt ill.

"At the sound of his voice she again started from her position, and gazing wildly at him, repeated slowly, and in a deep, terrible voice—'Ill!—yes,—I am ill indeed!' Bently was shocked to the utmost, as the light of a lamp revealed to him the expression of her countenance. A lock of her jet black hair hung wildly over her face, her eyes glittered with a cold deadly look which curdled his blood, her cheeks were of an ashy paleness, and her thin bloodless lips were closely compressed, while her hands were alternately firmly clenched or rapidly passed over her brow, on which stood the large drops of mental agony. The veins on her temples and in her throat were swelled almost to bursting, and her breath came with a hissing sound.

"For some moments Major Bently stood appalled and in silence, contemplating this fearful spectacle; at length he exclaimed in hurried accents—'For God's sake, Jessy, tell me what thus agitates you!' By a violent effort Jessy assumed a calm, quiet appearance, and assured her husband that it was nothing but a violent nervous headache, to which he knew she was frequently a martyr; and she entreated him to leave her for the night, as she felt that nothing but perfect quiet would restore her. Major Bently felt re-assured in some measure, and when it was arranged that she should pass the night on a couch in her dressing-room, and he had insisted on her taking a composing draught, he parted from her, and in the space of an hour slept the sleep of a tranquil conscience.

"The whole house was hushed and still, and the only sound to be heard in it was the loud ticking of a large clock on one of the landings, which ever and anon chimed the quarters. All slept, save one,—the frenzied Jessy. Fixed and motionless she sat in her dressing-room; having bolted the door; and

her black velvet dress suited well with the tragical expression of her countenance and attitude, as the flickering light of a dim lamp fell on her. It seemed as though life had fled from her inanimate form, so marbly pale and rigid were her features, and so still was the stare of her distended eyes. Suddenly the clock chimed a quarter past twelve, and its cheerful tones fell in startling discord on her ear, and aroused her from her attitude. Her countenance underwent an extraordinary change, and, hastily rising, she threw herself on her knees, and held up her arms to heaven.

"Gradually a faint colour revisited her pale cheeks, the muscles of her mouth quivered violently, the wildness and dark fire of her eyes were clouded and quenched in tears, her breast heaved convulsively, and a violent paroxysm of grief shook her frame. In this lucid interval the memory of her late thoughts came upon her like a hideous dream, and she tried to persuade herself that she had indeed been sleeping. She pressed her hands upon her temples to still their quick throbbing, and closed her eyes tightly, as though she would shut out some terrible image, then throwing her arms across the couch by which she was kneeling, she dashed her head against them in mute despair. Something struck against her forehead and gave her acute pain; she raised her head hastily, and looking to ascertain the cause, found that the gold setting of a splendid bracelet on one of her wrists had cut her brow—the bracelet contained a miniature of her mother! As she gazed on it in stupefied grief, a drop of blood oozed from her wound, and fell on the benign features of the miniature. Jessy shuddered at the sight, and hastily rubbing off the spot, she continued to contemplate that face which she remembered as having smiled upon her in innocent childhood—those mild eyes which had so often wept over her waywardness and unkindness—those lips, which had so often called down blessings on her head. The powerful tide of filial love rolled back on her heart, and with it came anew the remorse which had well-nigh killed her on that tender mother's death.

"Again, she saw her bending over her in sickness, and refusing to seek the rest denied to her darling child; again she felt on her cheek the warm maternal kiss, which had blessed her morning and evening in the joyous days of early youth. By degrees her imagination grew heated, and images of past times arose thick and fast, and visions of the mourned and dead flitted before her eyes. Her parents stood near her, and appeared to gaze on her with looks of tender pity and mild reproach; but when she stretched her arms towards them, and strove to clasp the dear forms, they suddenly vanished. These friendly visions were succeeded by dark figures, which flitted in frightful indistinct-

ness across the chamber, and beckoned her to follow; voices whispered in her ear the talismanic name of Sedley, and with that name came courage to nerve her wavering resolution, and hope to cheer the prospects of the future, when one terrible hour should be passed.

"With a convulsive shuddering she unclapsed from her arm the bracelet containing her mother's miniature, and without once venturing to look at the gentle features, she placed it on her toilet; a lamp stood on the table, and on glancing casually at herself in the glass, she started back, and held up the light, to ascertain whether it were indeed herself, or some fearful vision she saw therein reflected. Her hair hung over one cheek, and the other was ghastly pale, save where the blood had trickled from the wound in her forehead, and had left dark stains; her eyes were distended and fixed, and a fiend seemed to look out from their depths; her features were pinched and compressed, and the last few minutes of mental anguish had wrought the work of years in her face. Madness and crime had set their mark on it, and the joyous bright expression of youth had fled *for ever*. Again passing her hand hurriedly across her forehead, and drawing a long, shuddering breath, she crossed the apartment with swift and noiseless steps, and opening the door, paused on the landing, and stood opposite the clock, on which she unconsciously fixed her eyes. Another quarter struck, and she proceeded to descend the stairs. With surprising method and coolness she entered the drawing-room, and took from one of the tables a curiously wrought dagger, which usually lay there as a valuable antique; slowly she drew the weapon from its sheath and examined the point, then sheathing it again, she passed from the room and ascended the staircase, without once pausing, till she reached the door of her husband's room. Stealthily and noiselessly she turned the handle and entered the room, then depositing her lamp at the foot of the bed, she stole round to the side of it.

"Bently was in a profound sleep, and the light falling full on his features, revealed their calm and peaceful expression.

"He lay on his back, with his face upturned, and for many seconds the unhappy maniac stood contemplating her intended victim, the husband who had loved and trusted her, and selected her, a portionless orphan, from the rest of the world, to be his solace and blessing.

"A table stood by the bedside, and on it lay the open Bible, which Bently was in the habit of reading every night on retiring to rest. Jessy's eye rested for a moment on the pages of the holy book, and these words were before her:—'*I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.*'

"This sentence made her blood creep and

her teeth chatter; she turned hurriedly away from it, and looked again on the calm sleeper, who slumbered under Divine protection.

"As her eyes wandered wildly over his countenance, they gradually re-assumed the frightful glare of insanity. A slight movement of the sleeper caused her to retreat behind the curtain for a few moments, but again all was still, and she stole from her hiding-place and returned to her former position, and bending down over his face her frame shook as with an inward convulsion, and a hissing sound came from between her clenched teeth.

"She then arose from her recumbent posture, and with trembling hands unsheathed the weapon and prepared to strike with it; but her arm felt powerless, and a complete paralysis appeared creeping over her faculties. She repeated to herself the name of Sedley, and her energies returned.

"With terrible accuracy she placed the dagger's point on Bently's heart; for an instant she paused, and glanced around, and shuddered, then drawing in her breath heavily, she flung her whole weight on its hilt, and forced it through the body of her unhappy husband."

#### *Gems from British Poets.* Vol. 1.

"Chaucer to Goldsmith." 2. "Falconer to Campbell." 3. "Living Poets." 4. "Sacred Poetry." Warren. These are four pretty looking little volumes, they tempt the buyer by neatness of appearance, moderate price, and opportunity of separate purchase.

"Sacred Poetry" is a well-selected little volume; selections from "Falconer to Campbell" well worth attention. Those comprising selections from the old and living British poets present a failure of editorial knowledge and judgment. A proof of the first fault appears on the first page of the older poetry. What can we say to an editor who quotes Dryden's interpolated paraphrase of "Chaucer's Pilgrims" as a specimen of the versification of the fourteenth century? We strongly recommend future selectors to read the original works of the poets from whom they extract as an indispensable preparation for such an undertaking.

As for the "Living Poets," meaning we presume the writings of poets alive, or lately in existence, that little volume is compiled strictly according to the modern recipe for such things, and means a bundle of the worst verses of the compiler's own *clique*, or how could the names and productions of Chapman, Herand, and Ferrers get into a collection of Living



Poets? One poem well chosen from the works of every real poet of the present day might have formed an acceptable volume.

From the book we have blamed, we select one true poem, which possesses more of the spirit of lyric verse than is often offered to living royalty. The fact on which it was founded was full of inherent poetry, and the author of these lines has put the circumstance in a proper light, without flattery or exaggeration.

#### VICTORIA'S TEARS.

"O maiden, heir of kings,  
A king has left his place;  
The majesty of death has swept  
All other from his face.  
And thou, upon thy mother's breast,  
No longer lean adown—  
But take the glory for the rest,  
And rule the land that loves thee best."  
The maiden wept;  
She wept, to wear a crown.  
They decked her courtly halls—  
They reined her hundred steeds—  
They shouted at her palace gate,  
"A noble Queen succeeds!"  
Her name has stirred the mountains' sleep,  
Her praise has filled the town;  
And mourners, God had stricken deep,  
Look'd hearkening up, and did not weep!  
Alone she wept,  
Who wept, to wear a crown!  
She saw no purple shine,  
For tears had dimmed her eyes:  
She only knew her childhood's flowers  
Were happier pageantries!  
And while the heralds played their part  
For million shouts to drown—  
"God save the Queen," from hill to mart—  
She heard through all, her beating heart,  
And turned and wept!  
She wept, to wear a crown.  
God save thee, weeping Queen,  
Thou shalt be well beloved!  
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move,  
As those pure tears have moved!  
The nature, in thine eyes we see,  
Which tyrants cannot own—  
The love that guardeth liberties;  
Strange blessing on the nation lies,  
Whose sovereign wept,  
Yea, wept, to wear its crown.  
God bless thee, weeping Queen,  
With blessing more divine;  
And fill with better love than earth's  
That tender heart of thine:  
That when the thrones of earth shall be  
As low as graves, brought down,  
A pierced hand may give to thee,  
The crown which angels wept to see,  
Thou wilt not weep,  
To wear that heavenly crown.

*The River and the Desert.* In two volumes. By Miss PARDOE, author of the *City of the Sultan*. Colburn.

An afternoon may be pleasantly whiled away in the perusal of these light, lively volumes. Miss Pardoe's style is pretty and lady-like: even her little egotisms are entertaining. If there be no great depth or originality in her observations, yet she skims gracefully over the surface, and gathers here a flower and there a sentiment, in a way which pleases many female readers, more than valuable information would.

The "*River and the Desert*" is a work for the boudoir, and its proper place is to repose on the perfumed cushions of satin divans, during the morning visits of courtly belles, ready to afford a pleasant turn to conversation, especially, when the fair readers have travelled on the same route which Miss Pardoe describes—and there are few among the aristocracy who have not, for the "*River and the Desert*" when interpreted, in parlance simply means a tour in the south of France: the work is by no means connected with the oriental travels of the fair authoress; the River is the 'arrowy' Rhone, the Desert the Grande Chartreuse; readers must not therefore expect the scenery of rivers in the fair, but trodden land beyond the celebrated iron gates, or deserts which stretch themselves beneath the sway of the sultan. No matter, Miss Pardoe views every thing with true poetic feeling, and casts the prismatic colourings of her own brilliant imagination on whatever meets her gaze. The south of France, which she describes with all a poet's ardour, will be perfectly new to the indolent, the careless, and unobserving; while those who are as lively and full of traveller's enterprise as herself will join with pleasure in this record of their doings. The same courage which carried Miss Pardoe in disguise into a mosque, seems to have been exerted in her visit to the cemetery of the cholera at Marseilles; her description is full of poetic feeling and colouring.

"Imagine a space of ground, somewhat exceeding six acres, devoted to the victims of one deadly malady! At first each body was committed singly to the grave—it had its own little spot of earth—its own distinguishing cross—its own garland of *immortelles*. Affection and regret had yet a resting-place for the imagination—the tears of tenderness could be wept upon the tomb of

the beloved and lost. But this 'luxury of woe' endured not long; the number of victims increased, not only daily, but hourly—the city streets became one vast funeral procession—the population which had thronged the walks now crowded the burial-place—and, too frequently, they who dug the graves died as they hollowed them, and shared them with their employers.

"Others, as they plied their frightful task, recognised among the victims some friend, or relative, or parent; and with the partial insanity of despair, sickening at the sight of their own hurried and imperfect work, sought to violate the prouder tombs around them, in order to deposit within their recesses the remains of these who had been dear to them!

"Then came the second and still more revolting stage of the hallucination of misery. It was on one of the most fatal days of the disease—a bright sunshiny morning of July, when sea and sky were blue and beautiful, and nature, pranked out in her garb of loveliness, seemed to mock at human suffering, that, suddenly as the city groaned with victims, those who had hitherto laden the death-cart, and carried them forth to burial, withdrew despairingly from the task, and literally left the dead to bury their dead.

"For a brief interval the panic was frightful; the scorching heat of the unclouded sun,—the rapid effects of the disease upon the bodies,—the difficulty of procuring substitutes for the revolting duty,—all conspired to excite the most intense alarm, lest the effluvia of putrefaction should be superadded to the miasma which was already feeding the malady.

"In this extremity, the mayor of the town addressed himself to three young men, of whose courage and resolution he had a high opinion, and who instantly consented to devote themselves to the preservation of their fellow-citizens. The sexton, measuring and hollowing out his narrow space of earth, was replaced by workmen flinging up the soil from deep trenches, extending some hundred feet in length; while the courageous trio, who had undertaken to transport the bodies, speedily filled up the common grave which was thus prepared for them.

"The same prayer was murmured over a score; the tinkling of the same little bell marked the service performed for a hundred, whose sealed ears heard not the sound; and for a while the work went on in silence. But that silence was at length rudely and strangely broken. Human nature, wrought up to its last point of endurance, acknowledged no authority—spurned at all duty,—and the tools of the workmen were cast down as they sprang out of the trenches, and refused to pursue their task.

"It must have been a frightful scene, and one never to be forgotten, when the gleaming of bayonets was apparent within the walls of the grave-yard, and the troops

stood silently along the edge of the trenches, partially heaped with dead, compelling, by the mute eloquence of their arms, the labours of the living! And this in a burial-place! where all should be still, and solemn, and sacred!

"The compulsory work was completed, and I stood yesterday upon this spot of frightful memories, beside the long, deep, common graves of upwards of four thousand of the plague-smitten. The sun was shining upon them,—insects were humming about them,—on those which had been first filled up, the rapid vegetation of this fine climate had already shed a faint tinge of verdure; above them spread a sky of the brightest blue without a cloud; on one side the eye rested on the distant city, and the ear caught the busy hum of its streets; on the other, swelling hills and rich vineyards stretched far into the distance; but *they* lay there, long, and silent, and saddening,—the mute records of a visitation which has steeped the city in tears of blood.

"It was awful, as I paused beside these vast tumuli, to remember that two short months had peopled them—to stand there, and to picture to myself the anguish and the suffering, the terror and the despair, amid which they were wrought; to know that within their hidden recesses were piled indiscriminately the aged and the young, the nursing and the strong man, the matron and the maiden; and, above all, it was affecting to trace the hand of surviving tenderness which had planted the record-cross, and the tributary wreath, upon some spot of the vast sepulchre, which was believed to cover the regretted one. I say *believed*; for who could measure with his eye that fatal trench, and make sure note of the narrow space where his own lost one lay, above, or beneath, or in the midst of that hour's victims?

"Would you endeavour to divest yourself of these revolting images, they are brought back upon you with tenfold force, as you pause at the germination of the trenches; for there your eye falls on a tall black cross, crowned with *immortelles*, and bearing the inscription:—

#### *Cholériques du Mois de Juillet.*

"You turn away with the blood quivering in your veins; and a second cross, wreathed and fashioned like the first, marks the graves of the

#### *Cholériques d'Avant et Septembre.*

"And here, thanks to an all-gracious Providence! the last-formed trench yet yawns hollow and empty for full two-thirds of its length. The Destroying Angel slowly furls his wings,—Death, glutted with prey, pauses in his work of devastation—

"I do not think that I shall again have courage to enter the cemetery."

Miss Pardoe's talents are of an order far more suited to the successful cultivation of fashionable poetry, than to the establishment as a certain and enduring fame as a sensible prose writer. We believe her assertion that an ornate style is natural to her, and comes without labour; but at the same time we would recommend her to study to restrain its flowery exuberance which leads her to write such passages as the following, where she describes the amphitheatre of Nismes, or rather her own sensations when there.

"I lingered hour after hour about the building, shivering with that strange chill which is ever the *atmospheric concomitant* of ruin, and with that ringing silence in my ears which must be felt ere it can be understood."

There is good poetic thought lurking among the inconsistencies of this flighty sentence, which would have been appropriate if well expressed in verse, but it is a deformity in a prose work on reality: solidity of thought and utility of purpose are vigorously exacted by the present reading public from all writers who step out of the bounds of imaginative prose. *Cui bono?* is a question constantly demanded by all classes, excepting the courtly and *far niente* fair ones to whose notice we have strenuously recommended the pretty pages of the "River and the Desert."

*Yarrell's British Reptiles.* By T. BELL, Esq. Part 1. *Yarrell's British Birds.* Part 5. Van Voorst.

Public attention has been deservedly attracted by the high finish and intrinsic worth of the publications issued by Van Voorst. We have now a first number of another beautifully illustrated work on natural history. This naturalist's name is sufficient to recommend the work.

The number commences with strayed turtles which have been captured on our coasts. By this arrangement Mr. Bell furnishes the student with food to consider the curious gradations of the tortoise tribe to that of the lizard, and thence from the slow-worm to snakes.

A spirited wood-cut of the gaily marked ringed snake concludes the number, and we can answer for the correct likeness of this startling, but really harmless creature, which sometimes intrudes on our woodland walks; indeed, we may observe to

our fair readers, that a due study of natural history would dissipate many idle horrors regarding snakes and slow-worms, creatures that really are far less noxious than gnats, and less venomous than horse flies.

Part 5 of "Yarrell's British Birds" will be a favourite, for it commences with some of the most interesting of our native songsters.

Robins, blackbirds, and the redstart are very well drawn, and the literature will be read with pleasure. This number is a desirable companion in an early spring walk, for country ladies are better acquainted with some birds by name than by view, as these charming creatures sing from their leafy bowers entirely concealed from sight.

Every bird's history ought to be accompanied by a representation of its nest and eggs, which suggestion we offer to the consideration of the conductor of the work as an improvement.

*The King's Wager.* An Original Drama. By T. E. WILKS, Esq. Strange.

We think Mr. Wilks has produced his masterpiece, the characters of Lilac Lovel and his tutor Buckingham are both in the true spirit of the times: the second and third acts are really elegant and full of spirit, and we bespeak for it an enduring popularity. One little mistake he has made in the situation of Flora, which may be easily rectified, who might very well be a maid of honour's lady's-maid, but not maid of honour to Catherine of Braganza, Queen of England. Royal etiquette was still more strict in the seventeenth century than it is in the nineteenth, and would no more have permitted the advancement of Tybbe, the watchman's daughter, to such a station, than her present Majesty would choose a new policeman's daughter to fill the office of Lady Flora Hastings. We recommend Mr. Wilks to study the rank, duties, and office of a maid of honour, for, indeed, we cannot suffer Miss Flora to pass muster as such in the Court Magazine, and we beg that for the time to come she may take rank according to her degree; but she is a pretty lively flirt, not a wit too exalted in intellect for a lady's-maid.

*Amilie; or the Love Test.* Composed by W. M. ROOKE. Duff and Hodgson.

In January, we accorded' the highest praise to Mr. Rooke's opera of "Amilie; or, the Love Test;" which the beauty of the music justly merited.

We have now the pleasing task of reviewing the several melodies with which the composition abounds.

Recitative and Air, (Mr. Wilson,) "*Who has not marked.*" A true Alpine melody, (Andante), redolent of the free joyous air of the mountain top, introduced by a short, but bold and appropriate recitative, (Allegro,) easy of execution, and brilliant in effect.

Hymn (Miss Shirreff) "*Rest, Spirit, rest.*" A composition of great purity, but requiring dramatic accessories to give it full effect.

Air, "*Come to the Vine-feast.*" An arch, lively allegretto, in triple time; very prettily sung in the opera, by the very pretty Miss P. Horton.

Recitative and Air (Mr. Phillips), "*My Boyhood's Home.*" A plaintive melody, very expressively and touchingly sung by Mr. Phillips. A severe and chastened style characterises this composition; the words of which are given in our January number.

"*Oh! I remember.*" Sung by Miss Shirreff. To which we can apply the same remarks as in the preceding air.

"*Dare the Foe invade our Land.*" A trio, in the good old style of English glee composition—simple, nervous, and spirit-stirring, as a trumpet call, even without the accompaniment: Amateurs will be delighted with this effective piece.

The "*Tyrolean Yager Song.*" (Mr. Wilson and Chorus.) The chorus, "*To the Mountain away,*" and national song and chorus, "*Sound, sound the Horn,*" are concerted pieces of equal vigour, whether as regards instrumentation or vocalization, but requiring orchestral accompaniments to do them full justice.

"*When the Morning first Dawns.*" (Allegretto.) A charming little Tyrolean air of Miss Shirreff's, requiring only moderate powers of execution, to render it

pleasing and brilliant, as a chamber-song—not its least recommendation. For the words of this song, see January number, p. 109.

"*Under the Trec.*" A strikingly-original song; sung with very good taste, by Mr. Manvers, in the opera; but among the solos, perhaps, the gem is,—"*What is the Spell.*" A truly beautiful andante, ushered in by a most graceful violoncello solo, given as symphony in the piano-forte arrangement. This song may be fairly taken as a test of the sterling character of Mr. Rooke's genius for melodic composition, apart from the sound instrumental harmonies, by which that gentleman's conceptions are invariably seconded. We consider that music, of such a character as this, must tend to give to the modern English school, an impulse, hitherto so long needed.

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#### *A. Grammar of the German Language.*

By Professor DONATTI. Cox.

The German student, who has been assisted by the first edition of Donatti's *Grammar*, will perceive that many valuable improvements have been effected in the new impression, besides which all the typographical errors in the former edition have been carefully corrected, the whole getting up is likewise considerably improved; the work now deserves to be considered as a standard manual, and as such we can recommend it to our readers.

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LECTURES ON DANTÆ.—Signor A. C. Albites commences, on the 23rd of April, at half-after two o'clock, at Willis's Rooms, a series of six lectures, which, on so inviting a subject, cannot fail to obtain him much patronage.

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HER MAJESTY'S PORTRAIT.—Mr. Boys has succeeded to the utmost of reasonable expectation in the elegant and light finish which has been given to Her Majesty's Portrait, by W. Lane, Esq., R.A. in his drawing upon the stone. The coloured and plain will make very agreeable company.

## THEATRES.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—The season commenced at this house, on Saturday, the 24th, with Bellini's opera "*La Sonnambula*," and Deshayes' Ballet of "*Masaniello*." Madame Persiani appeared as *Amina*, a dangerous part, after Grisi, and the lamented Malibran. Persiani seemed, however, to give perfect satisfaction; and the difficult finale, "*Ah non giunge uman Pensiero*," was twice called for repetition. Persiani's voice is of extraordinary compass, and her execution easy. Madame is not beautiful, but exhibits a pleasing intelligence of countenance.

Signor Borrani, a barytone, and Signor Tati, a tenor, were also new candidates for favour, and they are an acquisition to the stage, though not likely to be stars of the first magnitude. In the ballet of "*Masaniello*," a Mademoiselle Bellon also made her first appearance. Her style is light, agreeable, and graceful.

The house was very full; the arrangements in the orchestra are improved, and the house patched up, but not beautified.

The company this season will consist of Grisi, Persiani, Albertazzi, Elizi, Eckerlin, Assaudri.—Signors Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, Borrani, Morelli, De Angioli, and Galli. Moriani, the new tenor, as stated last month, will appear in the course of the season.

Rubini and Lablache both retire from the stage at the termination of the season.

In the Ballet department, we are to have Duvernay, Bellon, Forster, Copere, Giubelei, and Fanny and Theresa Elsler; Monsieur Dor, Couston, Coralli Coulon, C. Mabilie, and most likely Taglioni.

On the 5th instant, Donizetti's new opera, "*Lucia di Lammermoor*," will be produced. The other novelties will be "*Parisina*," "*Il Giuramento*," "*Inez di Castro*," and a new Opera by Balfe, together with a new Ballet, and the "*Nozze di Figaro*" will be revived.

**DRURY LANE.**—We have now seen Mr. Charles Kean in his third character, and although we still withhold final judgment, we are not at all inclined to withdraw the several, though brief, remarks made in our former critiques. Mr. Kean showed great good sense in selecting the character of Hamlet for his debut before a London audience; as, perhaps, more adapted to his physical powers, than any other part in the whole range of popular plays, and success crowned his exertions. He had never seen his father perform in Hamlet: his personation therefore of the character, was the result of his own study and capabilities. "*Richard*" was next, and in this character

he had witnessed the performance of the great actor; it was therefore but natural to expect that many of the hits would be imitations; and there is no small merit in following a good example; nevertheless, in Richard, he was not half so successful as in Hamlet. Mr. Kean, or his advisers, next made choice of a character, which merely portrays certain passions, without being clothed in the beautiful garb in which Shakespeare (the pride of every English heart) has set the heroes of history upon the stage, as well as the children of his own fancy. Sir Giles Overreach never has been a favourite character with the public, nor with men of learning, and yet "*A New Way to Pay Old Debts*" is called a stock-piece. Why actors have chosen it as a trial of their abilities, we cannot conceive; for although it may be true, that the last act nearly redeems the play, yet it is ill-pleasing to an audience to sit through four tedious acts for this alone: could not, therefore, some play have been chosen suited to Mr. Kean's genius, where the piece itself, in all its bearings, took a natural and favourable hold of the audience? Why not try his skill in Othello, Macbeth, or Lear?

It is not required for us to speak much of Massinger's comedy of "*A New Way to Pay Old Debts*," except as regards the acting of Mr. Charles Kean; and it is not until nearly the end of the play, that the part of Sir Giles Overreach becomes conspicuous. Mr. Compton, however, who is nearly new to a London audience, having only last season made his debut at the Lyceum, must not be forgotten. In the character of Marall, Compton has proved himself one of the first comedians on the stage; and in "*A New Way to Pay Old Debts*," he more than divided the applause with Mr. Kean. The scenes are excellent, wherein, after having recommended Wellborn, the spendthrift, to hang himself, he adds—

"Or if you dare not do the feat yourself,  
But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,

Is there no purse to be cut? house to be broken?  
Or market-woman with eggs that you may murder,

And so despatch the business?"

And his increasing astonishment, when Wellborn, instead of accepting any of his kind proposals, asks him to dine with him at the Lady Allworth's; and again, in particular, when he meets Lady Allworth.

We are glad that Mr. Compton is shortly to take the part of *Jerry Sneak*, in the "*Mayor of Garratt*;" when we hope to have further occasion to praise him.

The striking parts of Mr. Kean's Sir Giles, exclusive of nearly the whole of the fifth act, which is admirably played, are at the commencement of the second act, when he suggests to Marall, that in order to obtain his neighbour's property, which cannot be bought, and is a blemish to Sir Giles's estates—

"I'll therefore buy some cottage, near his manor ; Which done, I'll make my men break ope his fences,

Ride o'er his standing corn ; and, in the night, Set fire to his barns, or break his cattle's legs ; These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expenses,

Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him. When I have harried him thus two or three years, Though he sue in *forma pauperis*, in spite Of all his shrift and care, he'll grow behind-hand."

In the third act, when instigating his daughter Margaret (Miss Poole) to marry Lord Lovell, ending with, when she suggests that such a husband might forsake her—

"How ! forsake thee ?

Do I wear a sword for fashion ? or is this arm Shrunk up, or wither'd ? Does there live a man, Of that large list I have encounter'd with, Can truly say, I e'er gave inch of ground Not purchas'd with his blood, that did oppose me ?

Forsake thee ! He dares not. Though all his captains—echoes to his will— Stood arm'd by his side, to justify the wrong, And he himself, at the head of his bold troop ; Spite of his lordship, and his colonelship, I'd make him render A bloody and a strict account, and force him, By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour. Meg, I have said it."

Indeed, for excellence of acting, we should have quoted the whole scene, were the language "fit for ears polite."

Again, part of his interview with Lord Lovell, respecting his daughter's marriage, is good ; but the speech at his exit bad.

Again, the part in the fifth act, of which his father made so much—

"There's a certain buzz of a stolen marriage— do you hear ! of a stolen marriage ; In which, 'tis said, there's somebody hath been cozen'd ; I name no parties."

And then to the end of the play, with the exception of—

"Ha ! I'm feeble :

Some undone widow sits upon mine arm, and takes away the use of't."

Which wanted the feeble sweetness which the language required. The play ends with the death of Sir Giles ; it having, we presume, been thought expedient to omit the moral, with which Massinger made it to conclude.

We cannot, however, leave Mr. Kean, for whose welfare, from a knowledge of his private virtues, we cannot but be anxious, without pointing out a few errors which might easily be avoided. The consummation of art is, after all, simple nature. The long pauses in which Mr. Kean indulges, are then unnatural—the forced tone of voice (an imitation used by his father), in which he delivers many speeches, is unnatural—*na*, also, the manner in which, when in a fury, he stamps the stage. But now-a-day, the works of the poet must give way to those of the musician. Nevertheless, we earnestly hope that next month we shall be enabled to follow Mr. Kean through the character of Macbeth ; which is decidedly one of the most interesting and beautiful of Shakespeare's conceptions.

On the 10th ult., Mozart's "*Zauberflöte*, or, The Magic Flute," was produced to a crowded audience. We witnessed the performance of this opera, in 1833, when the German company was in England ; Schröder Devrient taking the part of *Pamina* ; Herr Huitzinger, that of *Tamino* ; Herr Dobler, *Serastro* ; and Herr Uetz, *Papageno*, the *Bird-catcher*. It has now been remodelled, and got up with great splendour ; due regard being held to the dresses, properties, &c. The plot, however, is so mystical, that we will venture to affirm, that not ten of any audience ever understood the meaning of all they saw. We will, however, endeavour to enlighten ourselves and the public, first, by an extract from the book of the opera, the words of which are by Mr. Planché.

"According to Plutarch, the Egyptians held two principles ; one good, the other evil. The good principle consisted of three persons, Usiris, Isis, and Orus, their son : the evil principle was Typhon, to whom all bad passions, diseases, tempests, and earthquakes were imputed ; Osiris was synonymous with reason or light ; Typhon with the passions, without reason or darkness ; and the whole plot of this opera turns upon the struggle between these two oldest of contending parties for the mastery of Pamina, the daughter of an Egyptian enchantress, and priestess of Typhon, celeped the Queen of Night. The Magic Flute, by the agency of which Tamino is destined to acquire an influence over the mind of Pamina, has the power of inspiring love, the most potent of human passions. Bestowed on him by the powers of darkness and evil, it is of course merely sensual—purified by the powers of light and reason : its magic is made subservient to the best and holiest of purposes, and guides the faithful pair through all worldly dangers, to the knowledge of heavenly Truth, as typified by their initiation into the mysteries of Isis."

Many of the airs are old favourites on our barrel organs ; witness the "*Manly Heart*," the words to which now are :—

**DUET.**—**PAMINA** (Miss Romer) and **PAPAGENO** (Mr. Balfe).

*Pamina* —Soft pity first the heart invading,  
For love will soon an entrance find.

*Papageno*—My heart ne'er needed such persuading,  
To love 'twas always first inclin'd.

*Both* —In vain would mortals love forswear,  
His gentle chain all hearts must bear.

*Pamina* —Two souls that gentle passion sharing,  
Must surely make a heaven below.

*Papageno*—In spring time, when the birds are pairing,  
I always think exactly so.

*Both* —Yes—mortals here, and gods above,  
Own "Love is Heav'n and Heav'n is Love."

And "Away with Melancholy," which may be said to be the air of the opera.

Miss Romer, as *Pamina*; Balfe, as *Papageno*, the *Bird-catcher*; Phillips, as *Sarastro*, the *Priest-King of Memphis*; and Templeton, as *Tamino*, are all deserving of praise. We would, however, advise Mr. Templeton, if he will dress in pink, not to stand in front of the pink tower, which in one scene is placed to the right, at the back of the stage; as bad-sighted people might mistake one for the other.

We must not omit to add, that the scenery is most beautifully painted, and if Mr. Bunn continues to give two such first-rate attractions in one evening, we hope to see the house as it has been, *full at full price*, every night.

**COVENT-GARDEN.**—We last month fell into a mistake common to *all* the periodicals and newspapers, (owing to the ambiguous manner in which the authorship was hinted at in certain channels prior to its advent,) by ascribing the new drama, entitled the "*Lady of Lyons*," to Mr. Chorley. It is from the pen of Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer; but although it has gained a footing with the public, we still consider the plot of the piece to be most improbable and unnatural, and the play altogether unworthy of its author.

The tragedy of "*Coriolanus*" has been revived with much splendour. Macready taking the part of *Caius Marcius*. We cannot help remarking the judicious regard now paid to costume and scenery at both Majors; a critic of the olden time would be astonished to witness the taste and skill here displayed in these matters. The scenery of Rome is beautifully painted, attention having been minutely paid to the precise era in which the tragedy is cast.

No other novelty has been produced during the month, and we hear that in consequence of the attraction of the "*Lady of Lyons*," Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's new tragedy will not be brought out until after Easter.

**ST. JAMES'S.**—"Jenny Jones," on *St. David's-day*, visited the *St. James's Theatre*. Whether *St. James* or *St. David* was the attraction we are not bound to tell; however, Jenny brought with her two new faces, viz. a Mr. and Mrs. Caulfield, of whom we have no reason to complain. The piece is an amusing little trifle, we select the following as specimens of the words:—

**BALLAD.—JENNY JONES.**

MISS CAUFIELD.

Cupid, he has lots of flowers,  
Roses, pinks, and blue-bells gay,  
Stolen from his mother's bawlers,  
To entice young hearts away;  
Spurn him, maides when he offers,  
And for others let him range,  
Since he takes for what he offers,  
Beauty's two lips in exchange.

He is false, fair maide, believe me,  
False when he would seem to please,  
Giving "rue" but to deceive ye,  
In exchange for young "heart's-ease."  
He deceived sweet William ally,  
William was, I own, too bold;  
William ask'd for Venus ivy,  
But was left with marygold.

**SONG.—EDWARD MORGAN.**

MR. CAUFIELD.

*The Smile of Yesterday.*

Though time may fly, though years may roll,  
Thine image next my raptured soul,  
Will cast a bright, a sunny ray,  
As though we met but yesterday.  
Not ages pass'd on Afric's soil,  
A life of labour, care, and toil,  
Will three sweet accents dear remove,  
Which gently whisper'd first "I love."

Believe me then, as fondly o'er  
Thy form I hang to part no more,  
I bless that bright, that sunny ray,  
As tho' it shone but yesterday.  
Birds on the spray—birds on the bloom,  
Burst forth to hail the queen of June;  
But cold as winter will be May,  
Without the smile of yesterday.

On the 5th, Auber's opera, "*L'Ambasadrice*," was played for the first time in this country with considerable success. The plot (which often recalled to our minds the opera of "*The Postilion*," brought out at this establishment last season) is intended merely as a conveyance for the music, as, in fact, there is scarcely any plot at all. Braham and Miss Rainforth were encored in several pieces, and the music is altogether worthy of the pen of Auber.

**OLYMPIC.**—Last month the *young widow* had not brought new supplies for the theatrical market, but no sooner had the new month commenced, than she *marched* forward with increased force, and produced the new burletta entitled "*You can't Marry your Grandmother*." We should like to know if this is a quiz upon Charles Mathews, who we hear has, or is about to lead Madame to the hymeneal altar! Whether or no, it is a capital piece for fun, and is cast in the

strongest possible manner—nearly every talented member of Vestris's unique company appearing in it. The plot is simply that *Sir Rose Bloomly* (Farren) has a charming ward, *Emma Melville* (Vestris), and together with the young lady is much annoyed that his grandson *Algernon* (C. Matthews) will not prefer her to the number of beauties with whom he is continually flirting. *Sir Rose* takes the notion that jealousy may give power to the little sleeping God of Love. He accordingly pretends that he has married *Emma* himself, persuades her to join in the plot, and not only makes his grandson sensible that he (the grandson) is really in love with *Emma*, but nearly drives him to distraction. However, the worst part of the business is that *Bloomly* senior is so delighted with his character of bridegroom, as to wish *Emma* to marry him in real earnest. But he is forced to abandon his suit on *Algernon's* throwing himself at the lady's feet, who immediately declares a decided predilection in favour of the younger *Bloomly*. There is an amusing underplot formed by the amours of *Tom Small* (Keeley), a page, and *Ready* (J. Vining), a footman, who are rivals for the affection of *Mrs. Trim* (Mrs. Orger), a lady's-maid.

The excellent acting of all parties is likely to ensure this piece a successful run.

Another amusing trifle is a burletta, from the pen of Mr. Oxenford, entitled "What have I done?" which, if it be true that Charles has married his grandmother, ought to have been uttered by him instead of Farren, into whose mouth the exclamation is put. As the plot is novel we will endeavour to find room for it. *Bounceable* (Mr. Keeley) has married *Julia* (Miss Murray), who before her marriage to him, has been courted by *Ensign Jenkins* (Mr. Stoker). *Jenkins*, who is in possession of certain love-letters, which, of course, *Julia* is anxious to have returned to her, proceeds to Rochester in the stage in order to procure them. *Mr. Peter Perkins* (Farren), an old bachelor, chances to be her fellow traveller, and is on his way to Maidstone to attend the sale of a farm which is to be put up at one o'clock. He is, however, detained at Rochester by the importunities of *Julia*, who, without explaining the precise object of her excursion, entreats his protection and assistance. Meanwhile *Bounceable* himself arrives at Rochester, meets *Jenkins*, reproaches him with his be-

haviour in exhibiting to a room of company the portrait of another man's wife, and finally challenges him, at the same time telling him his life is not worth a rush as he is a dead shot, noted at the shooting galleries for "removing cataracts from the bull's eye." *Perkins*, without knowing what is going on, and perfectly innocent of any evil intent, is reviled by all parties. In vain he asks, "What have I done?" He is threatened with the united vengeance of every one as a hoary-headed sinner. In this state he enters the house of *Colonel Stanley* (W. Vining) with *Mrs. Bounceable*. The Colonel's lady (*Mrs. Macnamara*) becomes jealous of the attention the Colonel shows to *Mrs. Bounceable*, and demands from *Perkins*, who has promised her his protection, an explanation, which he is unable to give. The duel takes place; *Jenkins* is wounded, and *Bounceable* rejoices. The whole affair is then explained, every body is satisfied, and all shake *Perkins* by the hand, who still perfectly ignorant of the influence his conduct has had on the catastrophe, reiterates, as the curtain closes, his oft-repeated interrogation, "What have I done?"

ADELPHI.—Mr. Power and the old pieces have proved so attractive at this theatre that not a single novelty has been produced during the month, besides which, for the Wednesdays and Fridays of Lent, Yates has not precisely *lent* but sent his company over to the Surrey.

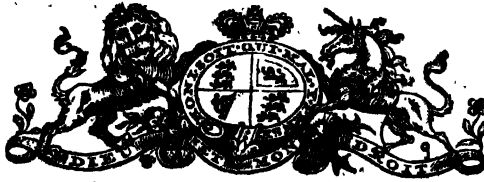
SURREY.—As we have above stated, the Adelphi company have been performing here on Wednesdays and Fridays, the house has been a complete warm-bath, from which doubtless many of its visitors have caught (as is often the case after similar indulgences) very bad colds.

VICTORIA.—The old pieces have produced good houses at this theatre every evening, and especially when those of the metropolis were closed.

GARRICK.—Mr. Parry the comedian has opened this little house with a very fair company. *Mrs. Stirling* takes several of her favourite characters; and a Miss Honner from the Haymarket is a very promising vocalist. The theatre is much frequented by the children of Israel.

NORTON FOLGATE.—Continues to prosper, but no novelty worth mentioning has appeared. Honey would do well to follow Vestris's example, and not attempt 'opera.'





# QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

## VIVAT REGINA.

Feb. 23.—The royal dinner party included Viscount Melbourne, Right Hon. Sir George Byng, Sir George Anson, &c. The band of the Grenadier Guards were in attendance.

24.—The Duke of Sussex visited Her Majesty. The royal dinner party included Count Pozzo di Borgo, Russian Ambassador, Countess Sebastiana, Ibrahim Sarim Effendi, the Ottoman Ambassador, Marquis and Marchioness Lansdowne, Viscount Palmerston, Lord and Lady Ashley, Sir Robert and Lady Peel, Lady Fanny Cowper, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Secretary to the Turkish Ambassador. The band of the Royal Horse Guards were in attendance.

25.—Her Majesty and her august mother attended divine service at the new palace; the Dean of Hereford officiated. The Duke of Cambridge visited her Majesty.

26.—Her Majesty held a Privy Council at two o'clock; it was attended by the Lord President, Lord Chancellor, First Lord of the Treasury, Secretaries of State for the Home, Foreign, and Colonial Departments, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, President of the Board of Control, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Secretary at War, Lord Steward, Lord Chamberlain, and Master of the Horse. The Princess Sophia Matilda arrived in town, and visited her Majesty at the new palace. A new sovereign, having her Majesty's effigy, was submitted and approved of. The royal dinner party included Marquis Anglesey, Ladies Mary and Eleanor Paget, Earl and Countess of Uxbridge, Treasurer of the Household, and Lord Alfred Paget. The band of the Royal Horse Guards were in attendance.

28.—The royal dinner party included H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, attended by Lady G. Bathurst, Earl Courtown, Earl and Countess Albemarle, Earl of Errol, Viscount Melbourne, Lord and Lady Wharfedale, Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, Sir John Hobhouse, Sir Henry Wheatley, Col. and Mrs. Anson. The band of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards were in attendance.

March 1.—Her Majesty honoured the performance of Mr. Kean, in Richard the Third, at Drury-lane Theatre, with her presence, soon after eight o'clock, attended by the Duchess of Sutherland, Marchioness Tavistock, Miss Spring Rice, the Lord Chamberlain, Earl of Uxbridge, Hon. Col. Cavendish, and Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Otway. Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, and H.R.H. the Princess Augusta, arrived in town at half-past four o'clock, from St. Leonard's; her Majesty alighted at Marlborough-house, the Princess at St. James's Palace. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge visited the Princess after her arrival.

2.—The royal dinner party, at the new palace, included the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Viscount Palmerston, Viscount and Viscountess Howick, Marquis Headfort, and the Right Hon. C. P. Thomson. The band of the Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards were in attendance. The Duke of Cambridge, Princesses Augusta and Mary of Cambridge, and Prince George of Cambridge, visited the Princess Augusta at St. James's Palace.

3.—Her Majesty, accompanied by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, attended by the Duchess of Sutherland, Marchioness of Tavistock, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Hon. Colonel Cavendish, honoured Covent-garden Theatre with her presence.

4.—Her Majesty and her august mother attended divine service in the new palace. The Dean of Hereford officiated, and the Bishop of London preached. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, and H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, attended divine service, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended divine service in Grosvenor Chapel. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager at Marlborough-house. The Duchess of Kent visited the Princess Augusta at St. James's Palace. The Duchess of Cambridge visited the Duchess of Kent at the new palace. The Princess Augusta visited the Duke of Sussex at Kensington Palace.

5.—The Queen Dowager and the

Princess Augusta visited Her Majesty at the new palace. The band of the Royal Horse Guards were in attendance. The Duchess of Gloucester visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager at Marlborough-house.

6.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of Her Majesty. Her Majesty, attended by Lady Caroline Barrington, took an airing in an open carriage and four, with outriders, in the Parks. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, honoured Covent Garden Theatre, at half-past seven o'clock, with her presence, attended by Countess Charlemont, Lady Caroline Barrington, the Lord Chamberlain, Earl of Fingal, Hon. Colonel Cavendish, and Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Otway. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager and H.R.H. the Princess Augusta visited the Duke of Sussex and the Princess Sophia at Kensington Palace.

7.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of Her Majesty. Her Majesty rode out on horseback for two hours, attended by Miss Cavendish, Baroness Lehzen, the Earl of Uxbridge, and the Hon. Col. Cavendish. At the royal dinner party, the Lord Steward, Viscount Melbourne, Lord Foley, and Lord Lilford. The band of the Scots Fusilier Guards attended. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager took an airing in an open carriage. Countess Charlemont succeeded the Marchioness Tavistock as Lady in Waiting; and Earl Fingall and the Hon. William Cowper, the Earl of Uxbridge and Sir Robert Otway as Lords and Grooms in Waiting. The Duke and Duchess and Prince George of Cambridge, &c., honoured Viscount and Viscountess Beresford with their company at dinner: the Duchess of Gloucester joined the party during the evening.

—Her Majesty held a Privy Council at two o'clock at the new palace. Her Majesty gave audience to the Lord President, Viscount Melbourne, the Lord Chancellor, Lord John Russell, Lord Hill, Lord Glenelg, and Viscount Palmerston. The Controller of the Household, the Hon. Col. and Mrs. Cavendish, Miss Cavendish, and Col. Buckley joined the royal dinner party. The Horse Guards band attended. The Princess Augusta and Sophia Matilda visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager at Marlborough-house.

9.—Her Majesty had a dinner party at the new palace. The company consisted of the Belgian minister, Earl and Countess of Surrey, Earl Chester, Viscount Melbourne, Lord Clements, and the Hon. F. Grey. The Duchess of Gloucester visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager at Marlborough-house.

10.—Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, attended by Baroness Leh-

zen, Earl of Uxbridge, Hon. Col. Cavendish, and Sir George Quentin, rode out on horseback. Among the company at Her Majesty's dinner party were the Baron Munchausen, the Hanoverian minister, the Lord Chancellor, Earl and Countess Grey, Lady Georgiana Grey, Earl and Countess Rosebery, Earl of Uxbridge, Lord Mahon, Lord Ossulston, Sir W. and Lady Maria Sommerville, and Mr. C. Greville. The band of the Coldstream Guards were in attendance. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and Prince George honoured the Duchess of Sutherland with their company to dinner.

11.—Her Majesty and her august mother attended divine service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager and H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge also attended the service.

12.—Her Majesty rode out on horseback for two hours, attended by Baroness Lehzen, Earl of Uxbridge, Hon. Col. Cavendish, and Sir Frederick Stovin. The Duke of Cambridge visited Her Majesty. Viscount Melbourne, Lord Glenelg, Lord Russell, Hon. Edward Ellice, and the Hon. Spencer Cowper, had the honour of dining with Her Majesty.

13.—The royal dinner party included the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, Lady C. Lennox, the Lord Steward, Earl of Shelburne, Lord John Russell, Sir George Grey, Mr. Backhouse, and Col. Fox. The band of the Coldstream Guards were in attendance. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager drove out in the Parks, and visited St. James's Palace. The Princess Sophia Matilda visited the Duchess of Cambridge.

14.—Her Majesty held a levee at St. James's Palace. Her Majesty, attended by the Marchioness Lansdowne, Countess Charlemont, Countess Durham, Earl Fingall, Hon. Col. Cavendish, and Sir Frederick Stovin, arrived from the new palace, escorted by a party of the Life Guards. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge attended the levee.

The following are among some of the addresses and petitions presented to the Queen:—

Lord Brougham, accompanied by Captain Hansard, R.N., Mr. J. Sturge, and the Rev. T. Scates—an address on behalf of the Negro Apprentices in the British Colonies, adopted at a numerous meeting of the friends of the Negro, held in Exeter-hall, on Wednesday, March 14, 1838, representing the wrongs of the Negro population in the British Colonies, and imploring her Majesty's gracious interposition in their behalf, in order that the system of Negro Apprenticeship in those colonies may terminate on or before the 1st of August next.

Rev. J. Burnet, Rev. W. M. Bunting, Rev. P. Clare, W. D. Crewdson—an address from the females of Manchester and Salford, on behalf of the Negro Apprentices in the British

Colonies, signed by 28,386 females, praying her Majesty to bestow a gracious consideration upon the state of the Negro Apprentices of the British Colonies, for the purpose of promoting their full and complete freedom.

Earl Stanhope—an address from Hull, praying for a remission of sentence on the Glasgow cotton-spinners.

Mr. W. A. Williams, M. P. for Monmouthshire—an address from the Ladies of Chepstow, in favour of the entire freedom of the West India Apprentices.

Mr. Haughton—an address from Carlow town.

Sir F. Treuch—an address from the Spitalfields Weavers.

Mr. Vereker—an address of Congratulation from the Corporation of Limerick.

Lieutenant-General Thornton—an address from himself, imploring the Queen, as Supreme Head of the Church, to direct both Morning and Evening Prayer to be constantly performed on every Sunday in all churches and chapels belonging to the Established Church.

The following noblemen and gentlemen were presented to her Majesty:—

The Marquis of Queensberry, on succeeding to his title, and upon his appointment to the Lieutenancy of Dumfriesshire.

The Duke of Marlborough, by Viscount Melbourne.

Mr. Campbell, of Islay, by the Duke of Argyll.

The Earl of Carnarvon, by the Earl of Denbigh.

The Earl of Plymouth, by Lord Colville.

The Earl of Wicklow, by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Earl Cowper, by Earl de Grey.

Viscount Drumlanrig, on his appointment to the 92d Highlanders, by Major-General Sir J. Macdonald, Adjutant-General.

Mr. H. Busk, on termination of office, as High Sheriff of the county of Radnor, by the Marquis of Sligo.

Mr. W. Tooke, by the Duke of Sutherland.

Mr. M. A. Goldsmid, by Sir H. Seymour.

Mr. Strutt, by the Bishop of Chichester.

Mr. A. Warburton, by the Earl of Rose.

Rev. W. M. Bunting, of London, by the Right Hon. C. P. Thomson.

Sir S. Heward, by the Right Hon. Sir J. C. Hobhouse.

Hon. and Rev. A. S. Phipps, on his marriage, by the Earl of Euston.

Right Hon. T. Lefroy, M. P., by Viscount Lorton.

Hon. C. Scarlett, by Lord Abinger.

Hon. G. Hamilton, by the Duke of Cleveland.

Hon. F. Villiers, Coldstream Guards, by the Earl of Jersey.

The Rev. Dr. Card, by the Bishop of London.

Mr. W. P. Matthews, Treasurer and Secretary to Board of Charitable Bequests, Ireland, by Viscount Morpeth.

Lieutenant Clifford, on going to Canada, by Colonel D'Oyley.

Mr. Boteler, Queen's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Kindersley, one of her Majesty's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. J. Wigram, one of her Majesty's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. A. E. Chalon, R. A., on his appointment of Portrait-painter in Water-colours to her Majesty, by Sir Martin Archer Shee, P. R. A.

Mr. G. Winchester, on appointment to the hon. corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, by Lord Foley.

Mr. Pemberton, Queen's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

The Bishop of Derry, by Earl Grey.

Lord de Tabley, by Lord Hill.

Lord Lifford, by Lord Sandon.

Lord Sandon, by Lord Wharmcliffe.

Lord Eliot, by the Duke of Sutherland.

Lord Carteret, by Earl Cawdor.

Mr. D. Pollock, on his appointment as her Majesty's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Spence, one of her Majesty's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. F. L. Holt, Queen's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

Lieutenant-Colonel F. V. Harcourt, Grenadier Guards, on his marriage, by the Archbishop of York.

Sir J. Wrottesley, by the Duke of Sutherland.

Sir H. Fletcher, by Major-General Sir Patrick Ross.

Sir H. Smyth, Bart., M. P., by Viscount Maynard.

Sir R. B. Philips, by the Right Hon. Sir H. Vivian.

Sir M. Wood, by Lord J. Russell.

The Hon. J. Howard, by Viscount Palmerston.

Mr. J. H. Hawkins, by Mr. E. W. Pendarves, M.P.

The Rev. Dr. Bowles, by his Grace the Duke of Norfolk.

Hon. Colonel Grant, M.P., her Majesty's Lieutenant, Inverness-shire, by the Bishop of Rochester.

Lord Melgund, by Lord Minto.

Hon. H. Legg, by the Right Hon. Sir C. Bagot.

Captain G. Elliot, R. N., by Lord Minto.

The Hon. L. H. King, by Viscount Lorton.

Rev. Dr. Spry, Prebendary of Canterbury, by the Earl of Devon.

Mr. C. Courtenay, by his father, the Earl of Devon.

Rev. H. Courtenay, by his father, the Earl of Devon.

Rev. A. Fitzroy, by the Earl of Euston.

Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel W. Stratford, by General Viscount Lorton.

The Rev. G. Burrard, Chaplain in Ordinary, by Admiral Sir H. Burrard Neale, Bart.

Mr. West, by the Earl of Devon.

Rev. G. Stopford, by the Earl of Courtown.

Hon. W. Duncombe, by the Hon. Sir E. Cust.

Rev. R. W. Browne, by the Bishop of Chichester.

Hon. J. S. S. Jerningham, Secretary to her Majesty's Legation at Lisbon, by Viscount Palmerston.

The Dean of Lincoln, by Lord Carteret.

Mr. Staveley, by Viscount Morpeth.

Mr. Houstoun, M. P., by the Hon. Colonel Grant.

Mr. H. Davis, jun., by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mr. Burge, Queen's Counsel, as agent for Jamaica, by Lord Glenelg.

Earl of Romney, by Viscount Sydney.

Mr. Baring, by Viscount Melbourne.

Mr. Seale Hayne, by Lieutenant-Colonel Seale, M. P.

Mr. Asheton Yates, by Lord Morpeth.

Mr. P. R. Welch, by Lord Morpeth.

The Venerable Archdeacon Glover, by the Duke of Sussex.

Lord George Quin, on his return from the Continent, by the Marquis of Headfort.

Mr. Samuel Anthony, by Sir James Eyre.

Mr. Gurdon Rebow, by the Earl of Albemarle.

Mr. Augustus O'Brien, by the Earl of Euston.

Mr. Edward Pardoe, by Col. Scott, Scots Fusilier Guards.

Mr. Leonard Edmunds, Clerk of the Crown, by Lord Brougham.

The Rev. Edward Repton, by the Bishop of London.

The Rev. S. Demainbray, Chaplain in Ordinary, by the Bishop of London.

Rev. Thomas Seales, by Lord Brougham.

Dr. Stormont, Surgeon R. N., by Captain Berkeley, R. N.

The Rev. Henry Ryder, by Lord Sandon.

Dr. William Hall, by the Earl of Carnarvon.

Mr. Martin Smith, by the Right Hon. T. S. Rice.

Mr. Clementson, by the Marquis of Headfort.

Mr. Hope Johnstone, by the Marquis of Queensberry.

Mr. Samuel Platt, by Sir Felix Booth.

Mr. Frederick Hodgson, M. P., by Lord Henniker.

Dr. Phillimore, D.C.L., the Queen's Professor of Civil Law in the University of Oxford, by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Herbert Jones, on his appointment as Solicitor-General for Van Diemen's Land, by Lord Glenelg.

Mr. George Farren, to present his work on the Mortalities of Musicians, dedicated by her Majesty's special permission to the Queen, by Lord Lyndhurst.

Mr. William S. Sands, of St. John's, New Brunswick, by the Marquis of Downshire.

Mr. Bethell, M. P., by the Lord Bishop of Bangor.

Mr. Gillon, M. P., by the Duke of Argyll.

Mr. Seton, on his appointment as one of the Puisne Judges at Calcutta, by Sir John Hobhouse.

Mr. Walbanke Childers, M. P., by Lord J. Russell.

Mr. Clay, M. P., by Lord J. Russell.

Mr. Spencer Stanhope, by Lord Carteret.

Mr. Henry Coe Coape, Deputy-Lieutenant of the county of Essex, by Viscount Lorton.

Lieutenant H. Cumming, by Lieutenant-General Sir H. Cumming.

Hon. Captain Cust, by the Hon. Sir E. Cust.

Captain Brennan, by Lord Morpeth.

Colonel Sir H. Seymour, on being appointed Extra Equerry to her Majesty the Queen Dowager, by the Earl of Denbigh.

Mr. Vigors, M. P. county of Carlow, Mr. D. Roche, and Mr. A. French, by Lord Morpeth.

Ensign Miller, by Sir J. M'Grigor, Bart.

Ensign Kearney, by Lieut.-Gen. Vincent.

Ensign H. B. Norman, by General Sir T. Hammond.

Captain Ebrington, by Colonel Fremantle.

Lieutenant Boyce, by Colonel Greenwood.

General Viscount Lorton, by the Marquis of Thomond.

Captain Wood, by Colonel Wood.

Captain Long, M.P., by Lord Lifford.

Captain Isham, by Major Hyde.

Mr. G. Burrard, by Admiral Sir H. Burrard Neale, Bart.

Mr. Duff, M.P., by Viscount Palmerston.

Mr. W. Blennerhassett, by Col. Fitzgibbon.

Mr. Miller, by Sir J. M'Grigor, Bart.

Mr. Moore, Gentleman of her Majesty's Most Hon. Privy Chamber, by Earl Fingall.

Mr. Evans, M.P., by Sir H. Parnell, Bart.

Mr. Hall, M.P., by Lord Fitzalan.

Mr. W. F. White, by his father, Gen. White.

Mr. A. Lefroy, by Viscount Lorton.

Mr. Gosselin, by his father, Vice-Admiral Gosselin.

Mr. W. Addams Williams, M. P. for Monmouthshire, by Lord J. Russell.

Mr. Haughton, by Lord Morpeth.

Mr. Vereker, by Sir John Elley.

Lieut.-Gen. Thornton, by General White.

Captain Hunsard, R. N., Joseph Sturge, Esq., and the Rev. Thomas Seales, by Lord Brougham.

The Rev. John Burnet, the Rev. W. M. Bunting, the Rev. Peter Clare, and the Rev. William Dilworth Crewdson, by the Right Hon. C. P. Thomson.

Dr. Boisragon, by Lord Melvin.

Major Johnstone, by Sir George Murray.

Colonel Grant, Lieutenant-Colonels Perceval, Crauford, Clive, S. Stanhope, Greenwood, Sir J. R. Eastace, and Barnard; Captains Thornton, Hon. J. Lindsay, Torrens, Jodrell, Coulson, Ridley, Lewis, Nicholson, Cadogan, Hon. W. Leicester, Cox, and Wilbraham; Lieutenants Clifford, Gordon, Lambert, Dawson, Purves, Mitchell, E. Wynyard, Hon. H. Percy, and Mr. J. D. Wright, on going to Canada, by Colonel D'Oyley.

Colonels Shawe and Bowles; Lieutenant-Colonels Wigram, S. Balfour, Chaplin, M. P., and Hope; Captains Boyle, Hulse, and Tollenmache; Lieutenants Munday, Tierney, Milman, Perceval, Hons. L. Hope and A. Graves, and Mr. Clayton, on going to Canada, by Col. Fremantle.

Admirals Lawford and Sir W. Hargood; Vice-Admirals Poyntz and Hall; Rear Admirals Young and Sir G. Mundy; Captains P. Wallis, Baynes, Herringham, Lapidge, and Sir J. Coghill; Commanders G. Elliot and Reed, on promotion and return from the East Indies; and Lieutenants Seggave and Keys, by Lord Minto.

Generals F. Maitland, Sir H. Pigot, Lieutenant-General Sir R. Darling, Major-General the Marquis of Tweeddale, Colonels Wood, Sir R. Harvey, Sir E. R. Williams, a Court, Captain Close, and Lieutenant the Hon. C. Maynard, by Lord Hill.

Captains W. G. White, More; Lieutenants J. Macdonnell and Calland, by Sir James Hobhouse.

Majora H. Blackley, E. Jackson, Captain

**Knatchbull, Lieutenants H. Fyers and S. H. Lefroy, by Sir H. Vivian.**

**Colonel Beatty, Captain Calamy, Lieutenants Piers, W. Wood, and Wade, by Colonel Wingrove.**

**Captains Bruce and T. Martin, by Sir E. Bruce.**

**Colonels Shuldham, Sutherland, Major G. Allan, Captain J. Spence, Lieutenant Pyner, and Ensign Colville, by General Sir C. Colville.**

**Captains Windham, Dent, Vansittart, Lieutenant Bathurst, and Mr. F. Gilder, by Colonel Fremantle.**

**Major Kelly, Captain R. Williams, and Lieutenant Kelly, by General Sir P. Ross.**

**Major Scarlett and Lieutenant Grignon, by Lord Abinger.**

**Lieutenants Stephenson and C. Seymour, by Colonel Scott.**

**Lieutenant-General Sir A. De Butts and Colonel Daniell, by Sir H. Vivian.**

**Major W. Lloyd and Cornet G. Lloyd, by Lord J. Russell.**

**Captains M. Willoughby, Last, and C. Parr, by Lieut.-Gen. Sir H. Keating.**

**Major-General Dyson, and Ensign E. Tickell, by Lieut.-Gen. Sir C. Halkett.**

**Captains Goodman and Trick, by Lord F. Somerset.**

**Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. P. Butler, M. P., and Captain Bryan, M. P., by the Earl of Fingall.**

**Captain Knox and Lieutenant E. Scott, by Colonel Brotherton.**

**Colonel D. Damer, by Sir G. Seymour.**

**Colonel Home, by Sir J. Lushington.**

**Major Pipon, by Gen. Sir L. Widdrington.**

**Major Boileau, by Sir D. Gilmour.**

**Ensign C. Coape, on his appointment, by Viscount Lorton.**

**Captain J. L. White, by Gen. Sir T. Pritzler.**

**Cornet E. Barnett, on his appointment, by Sir R. Ferguson.**

**Captain Archer, by Sir G. Anson.**

**Major-General Thackeray, by General Sir F. M'Lean.**

**Ensign Cavendish, by Colonel Cavendish.**

**Captain Sir L. Curtis, Bart., by Sir G. Cockburn.**

**Lieutenant J. B. Maunsell, by Mr. Maunsell, M. P.**

**Major-General the Hon. Sir H. King, by Viscount Lorton.**

**Colonel Paty, by General Sir W. Houstoun.**

**Captain H. Vyse, on promotion, by Colonel Greenwood.**

**Captain Richardson, by General the Hon. B. Lygon.**

**Captain Fletcher, by the Duke of Sussex.**

**Captain Stack, on return from India, by Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Pringle.**

**Major Baron Schmiedern, by Lord Uxbridge.**

**Major W. Stopford, by Lord Courtown.**

**Captain Hooper, on return from abroad, by Sir J. Mordaunt.**

**Captain Sir J. Phillimore, by Admiral Sir W. Parker.**

**Mr. W. Clifford, by Sir R. Price.**

**Mr. Colquhoun, M. P., by Lord Lilford.**

**Mr. T. Bateson, on appointment to the 60th Rifles, by Sir R. Bateson.**

**Mr. Hargreaves, by the Duke of Hamilton.**

**N. Morrihney, by Sir G. Anson.**

**Mr. Barry, M. P., by Lord Morpeth.**

**Mr. Plunket, by Lord Fingall.**

**Messrs. W. Miles and P. W. J. Miles, by the Earl of Ilchester.**

15. Her Majesty rode out on horseback in the Parks, attended by Lady Mary Stopford, Baroness Lehzen, Miss Cavendish, Earl Fingall, Earl of Uxbridge, Hon. Col. Cavendish, and Col. Buckley. The royal dinner party consisted of the Bishop of London, Earl and Countess Stanhope, Lady W. Stanhope, Viscount Melbourne, Lord and Lady Cowley, Hon. Miss Walsley, the Master of the Horse, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Stanley, and the Hon. W. Fox Strangways. The band of the Royal Horse Guards were in attendance. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager took an airing in a carriage and four. The Duchess of Kent visited the Queen Dowager at Marlborough-house.

16.—Her Majesty rode out on horseback, attended by Lady Mary Stopford, Baroness Lehzen, Miss Cavendish, Earl Fingall, Earl of Uxbridge, Lord Lilford, Hon. Col. Cavendish, and Sir Frederick Stovin. The royal dinner party included Viscount Melbourne, the Treasurer of the Household, Hon. Charles Gore, and Mr. Rich, M. P. The Princess Augusta and the Duchess of Cambridge visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

17.—The royal dinner party included the Marquis of Headfort, Earl of Uxbridge, Hon. Mrs. and Miss Cavendish, and the Hon. C. Murray. The band of the Coldstream Guards were in attendance. The Duke of Sussex had a dinner party at Kensington Palace, H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge was present.

18.—Her Majesty and her august mother attended divine service at the new palace. The Rev. Dr. Short officiated, and the Bishop of London preached. The Duchess of Gloucester visited Her Majesty. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager attended divine service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, accompanied by Lady Clinton, Miss Hudson, and Earl Howe.

19.—Her Majesty took an airing on horseback in the Parks, attended by Miss Cavendish, Baroness Lehzen, Lady Mary Stopford, Marquis Conyngham, Earl Fingall, Earl of Uxbridge, Hon. Col. Cavendish, and Sir George Quentin. The royal dinner party were joined by Viscount Melbourne, Treasurer of the Household, Lords Alfred and George Paget, and the Hon. Gen. Arthur Upton. The band of Scots Fusileers were in attendance. The Princess Augusta, Duke and Duchess and Prince George of Cambridge, visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager at Marlborough-house.

20.—The Lord Steward, Lord Chamberlain, and the Earl of Ilchester joined the royal dinner party. The Countess of Dur-

ham and Lady Harriet Clive succeeded the Countess Charlemont and the Hon. Mrs. Geo. Campbell as Ladies in Waiting, and Lord Byron and the Hon. C. Murray, the Earl of Fingall and Sir F. Stovin, as Lords and Grooms in Waiting to the Queen. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager took an airing in a carriage and four.

21.—Her Majesty held a levee at St. James's Palace, attended by the Marchioness of Lansdowne, Countess of Charlemont, the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Byron, Hon. Col. Cavendish, Sir F. Stovin, and Master Cavendish, Page of Honour. Her Majesty was escorted by a party of the Royal Horse Guards. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge attended the levee. Baron Frederick de Zaudt, Chamberlain to the King of Bavaria, was presented to Her Majesty by Baron de Cetto, the Bavarian minister.

The following noblemen and gentlemen were presented to the Queen :—

Viscount Grimston, by the Earl of Verulam.  
Marquis of Downshire, by the Duke of Wellington.

Lord Crofton, by the Right Hon. G. Byng.  
Lord Alexander, Coldstream Guards, by Lord Stewart de Rothesay.

Lord Vaux, of Harrowden, on obtaining the Barony, by Lord Bexley.

The Hon. Baron Dimsdale, by Viscount Melbourne.

The Hon. Francis Scott, by the Marquis of Lothian.

The Bishop of Lichfield, by the Bishop of London.

Hon. Lieutenant Kerr, R.N., by Vice-Admiral Lord Mark Kerr.

Sir John Shelley, by the Earl of Albemarle.  
Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard, by the Earl of Albemarle.

Sir Frederick Pollock, as Queen's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

The Rev. Dr. Schwabe, by Baron Bulow, the Prussian Minister.

The Rev. Mr. Bridges, by his father, Sir Henry Bridges.

The Rev. Charles Martyn, by Sir James Flower, Bart.

Dr. Gordon, by Sir Henry Hallford, Bart.  
Mr. Wingfield, as Master in Chancery and Queen's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Simkinson, upon being appointed one of Her Majesty's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Whitmarsh, one of Her Majesty's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Wakefield, on his appointment of Queen's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Henry Charles Hoare, by the Earl of Denbigh.

Mr. George Edward Anson, on his marriage, by Viscount Melbourne.

Mr. W. Evans, M.P., by the Duke of Devonshire.

Mr. Y. F. Beltz, K.H., Lancaster Herald, &c., Gentleman Usher of the Order of the Bath, by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal.

Mr. H. C. Singleton, by the Earl of Hun-

Mr. Richard Hotham Pigeon, Treasurer of Christ's Hospital, by the Earl of Bechester.

Mr. R. A. Gray, jun., on appointment as one of Her Majesty's Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, by the Right Hon. Lord Foley.

Mr. Henry Baskerville, Madras Civil Service, on his return from India and change of name, by Sir John C. Hobhouse, Bart.

Mr. Thomson Hankey, jun., by the Governor of the Bank of England.

Mr. Bannerman, by Viscount Melbourne.

Mr. Brereton Trelawny, by Sir F. Stovin.

Mr. John Gallibrand Hubbard, by the Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston.

Mr. Phillips, R.A., by Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A.

Major-General Ellice, Commanding Western District, by General Lord Hill.

Mr. Lynch, on being appointed Master in Chancery, by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Macleod, M.P., Her Majesty's Lieutenant of Cromarty, by Lord Melbourne.

Mr. Ferguson, M.P., as Lieutenant of Fife, by Lord Melbourne.

Mr. Jevon Perry, by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.

Major Frederick Johnston, unattached, by the Adjutant-General.

Lord Norreys, by the Archbishop of York.

Captain Barton, 6th Bengal Cavalry, on his return from India, by Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Barton.

Captain Barton, unattached, by Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Barton.

Captain Lord F. Gordon, 1st Life Guards, on promotion, by the Hon. Colonel Cavendish.

Lieutenant Domville, Royal Artillery, by the Master-General of the Ordnance.

Lieutenant G. W. Denys, on going abroad, by Major-General Sir William Gomm.

Lieutenant H. B. O. Savile, Royal Artillery, by the Master-General of the Ordnance.

Lieutenant Edward Battye, 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, by Sir Henry Wheatley.

Cornet John Roden, 3rd Dragoon Guards, by Lieutenant-General Sir S. Hawker.

Cornet Robert Pollock, on his return from India, by his father, Sir Frederick Pollock.

Captain Pring, R.N., of Her Majesty's Ship Inconstant, on his return from Halifax, by Lord Minto.

Capt. Basil Hall, R.N., by the Earl of Minto.

The Marquis of Bredalbane, by Viscount Melbourne.

The Marquis of Northampton.

Marquis of Carmarthen, by the Marquis Conyngham.

Viscount Maidstone, by the Marquis Chandos.

The Earl of Orkney, by the Marquis of Lansdowne.

Sir Henry Bridges, by the Earl of Erroll.

The Archdeacon of Derby, by the Duke of Devonshire.

The Dean of Chichester, by the Bishop of London.

Sir Archibald Murray, by Lord Lynedoch.

Sir Robert Bateson, Bart., M.P., by the Marquis of Downshire.

Archdeacon Spencer, by Lord H. J. Spencer Churchill.

Lord Vallerot, as Queen's Aide-de-Camp, by Lord Hill.

Lord Henry Cholmondeley, by the Marquis of Cholmondeley.

Lord George Paget, by the Marquis Conyngham.

Lord Clements, by Lord Conyngham.

Lord Emlyn, by the Earl of Ilchester.

Sir George Staunton, M.P. for Portsmouth, by Earl Amherst.

Sir George Philips, by the Marquis of Lansdowne.

Sir John Mordaunt, Bart., by the Earl of Brecknock.

Hon. John Elliot, M.P., by the Earl of Minto.

Hon. Octavius Duncombe, 1st Life Guards, by the Hon. Colonel Cavendish.

Hon. Edward Stewart, Deputy Chairman of the Customs, by Viscount Hawarden.

The Rev. R. Wardlaw, D.D., the Rev. H. Heugh, D.D., the Rev. D. King, and Mr. George Thompson, by Lord John Russell.

Mr. Senior, Master in Chancery, by the Lord Chancellor.

Rev. Dr. D'Oyly, by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Rev. Dr. Parish, on his return from India, by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Rev. Dr. Maddy, Chaplain in Ordinary to Her Majesty, by the Bishop of London.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Charles Wellesley, by the Duke of Wellington.

Hon. Captain Rous, R.N., by Marquis Conyngham.

Hon. Philip Bouverie.

Rev. Dr. Beattie, of Glasgow, by the Earl of Durham.

Hon. Captain Best, R. N., by Lord Kenyon.

Rev. Dr. Frederick Nolan, by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Mr. Dickinson, by the Earl of Ilchester.

Mr. Addison, by the Earl of Lichfield.

Mr. Stonor, by the Earl of Shrewsbury.

Mr. Gilbert Heathcote, by the Earl of Surrey.

Mr. Lucas, by Viscount Templetown.

Mr. John Alexander Hankey, by the Right Hon. C. Poulett Thomson, President of the Board of Trade.

Mr. Kingsmill, by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Mr. James Morier, by Lord Palmerston.

Mr. Frederick Calvert, by Lord William Bentinck.

Mr. Grainger, by the Marquis of Headfort.

Mr. Staunton Kirwan, Deputy-Lieutenant of the county of Galway, by Viscount Morpeth.

Mr. Dumergue, Surgeon Dentist to the Queen, by the Lord Chamberlain.

Mr. Harris, by the Earl of Devon.

Captain Maher, by His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.

Mr. Ellis, M.P., Q.O.R.S.Y., by the Marquis of Downshire.

Captain Erskine Wemyss, R.N., by Admiral Sir Robert Otway.

Mr. Pakington, M.P., Queen's Own Worcestershire Yeomanry, by the Hon. R. H. Clive, M.P.

Ensign Frederick Moor, 1st Royals, by Col. Sir Samuel G. Higgins.

Lieutenant Thomas Harcourt Powell, on his appointment to the Scots Fusileer Guards, by Colonel Aitchison.

Colonel Meyrick, by the Duke of Cleveland.

Major Hon. G. Keppel, by the Earl of Albemarle.

Lieutenant O'Callaghan, R.N., on return from foreign service, by Sir C. Adam.

Major Tinling, by the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.

Captain Russell, R.N., by the Duke of Cleveland.

Captain Moorsom, on promotion, by Colonel Aitchison.

Captain Campbell, by Lord Foley.

Lieut.-Col. Wigram, by Colonel Fremantle.

Lieut.-Col. Hall, on promotion, by Colonel Cavendish.

Colonel Sir De Lacy Evans, on being appointed a Commander of the Bath.

Ensign Browne, on his appointment to the 68th Regiment, by his father, Lieutenant-Colonel G. Browne.

Lieutenant Balfour, by Viscount Cole.

Mr. Kinloch, by Sir G. Anson, G.C.B.

Lieutenant Kinloch, by the Adjutant-Gen.

Captain Campbell, 7th Queen's Own Hussars, by Marquis Conyngham.

Lieutenant Lucas, by Mr. Hawkes, M.P.

Lieutenant Watt, by Lieutenant-General Sir S. Hawker.

Lieutenant Roberts, Royal Engineers, by Sir F. Mulcaster.

Lieutenant Augustus H. S. Young, 45th Regiment, by Lieutenant-General Sir William Pringle, on return from India.

Commissary-General Adams, by General Sir William Houstoun, on promotion.

Captain Henry Hume Spence, R.N., by Vice-Admiral Lord Mark Kerr.

Captain Sir Spence Vassall, R.N., on receiving the honour of Knighthood, by Lord Holland.

Mr. Speirs, M.P. for Richmond, by the Duke of Hamilton.

Dr. Andrew Baird, late Naval and Medical Inspector, by Rear-Admiral Sir William Parker.

Captain J. E. Alexander, K.L.S., on returning from an African expedition of discovery, by Lieutenant-General Sir Rufane Donkin, G.C.H.

Captain Charles Robinson, Royal Marines, by Colonel Wingrove.

Lieutenant-Colonel R.Y. Butler, Aide-de-Camp to his Excellency Major-General Sir Murray McGregor, Governor-General of the Windward Islands.

The Rev. J. Delafeld, by the Earl of Limerick.

Mr. Penry Williams, one of Her Majesty's Deputy Lieutenants for the county of Brecon, by Colonel Wood.

Lieutenant-Colonel Studd, by Lord Hill.

Lieutenant-Colonel Daly, by Lord Hill.

Colonel Aitchison, by Lord Hill.

Colonel Pasley, by Lieutenant-General Sir Hussey Vivian.

Colonel Egerton, by Lord Hill.

Lieutenant-Colonel Paul Phipps, K.H., by Sir Hussey Vivian.

Lieutenant-Colonel Paske, by Sir John Hobhouse.

Mr. Silvertop, by the Duke of Cleveland.

Mr. Michael Jones, by the Earl of Shrewsbury.

Mr. Chichester, M.P., and Mr. Wilbraham, by Lord Ebrington.

Rear-Admiral Rowley, on promotion; Captain George Martin, on return from foreign ser-

vice; Ed. Lloyd, Commanders H. B. Young and G. Daniell, by Admiral Sir J. Rowley.

Mr. Geary and Mr. Hussey, by the Earl of Brecknock.

Mr. Thornton and Mr. Richmond, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mr. John Tyndale and Captain Sir J. Marshall, by the Marquis of Lansdowne.

Captains P. Cameron and J. Jones, by Lord Glenelg.

Messrs. Hodges, M.P., and G. Thompson, of Edinburgh, by Lord J. Russell.

Mr. G. P. Bushe, Rev. J. French, of Edinburgh, and Rev. J. Harper, of Leith, by the Earl of Durham.

Mr. Egerton and Mr. T. Egerton, by Lord Stanley.

Major Sir W. H. Tonkin, by Lord Ebrington. Mr. Williams, by Viscount Melbourne.

Captain Hawkshaw, by Sir F. Mulcaster.

Ensign Wenman Wynniatt, on his appointment to the 83rd Regiment, by the Hon. Major-General Lygon, M.P.

Mr. Drummond, 14th Regiment, by Mr. C. T. D'Eyncourt.

Captain D. Murray, by Lieutenant-Colonel Buckley.

Ensign Francis George Scott, on his appointment, by Lieutenant-General Sir C. Halkett.

Admiral Sir Josias Rowley, on return from the Mediterranean and on promotion; Vice-Admiral Gesselin, Rear-Admirals Sir J. Brenton, Sir J. Hillyar; Captains Sir W. Dickson, H. O. Love, on promotion; Chads, on return from India; H. Nurse, R. Gordon, Berkeley, Codrington, on appointment to Her Majesty's ship Talbot; Commanders J. W. Bazalgette, W. Dawson, W. Kelly, D. Marsh, J. N. Nott, H. Crease, E. Nepean, W. G. H. Whish, on return from West Indies; J. Sherer, on appointment to Her Majesty's ship Dee; R. Eden, and Lieutenant Thomas B. Maynard, by the Earl of Minto.

Messrs. Oriel Viveash and F. B. Elton, on return from India; Dr. W. Evans; Major-General Sir Donald Macleod, on being made a Knight Commander of the Bath; Colonel Fagan and Lieutenant-Colonel Frith, on return from India; Captains J. H. Low and F. C. Manning, on return from India; Lieutenants R. H. de Montmorency, G. W. Stokes, T. Price, and T. Place, on return from India, by Sir J. C. Hobhouse.

W. Wynne Pendarves, Major-General Hassard, Colonel Davies, Lieutenant-Colonel G. Browne, Captain W. Montagu, Lieutenants Knox, R. H. Crofton, A. G. Burrows, Shoveller, H. G. Ross, and R. P. Radcliffe, by the Master-General of the Ordnance.

Mr. Jenkins, M.P., Lieutenant-Generals B. Reynardson, Sir J. Macleod; Sir L. Grant, Goldie, Major-Generals Sir L. Greenwell, Sir C. B. Vere, and Mr. J. Norton, by Lord Hill.

Sir J. McGregor, by the Duke of Wellington.

22.—The royal dinner party included Prince Esterhazy, Austrian Ambassador, Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, Marquis and Marchioness Lansdowne, Lady Louisa Fitzmaurice, Earl and Countess de Grey, Viscount Palmerston, Lord and Lady James Stuart, Lord Emllyn, Lord Charles

Wellesley, and the Lord Chamberlain. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Prince George of Cambridge were present at the grand military dinner given by the Duke of Wellington to a party of officers on their departure for Canada.

23.—The royal dinner party was joined by the Earl and Countess Cowper, Earl Fingall, Lord and Lady Ashley, Lord Melgund, Viscount Melbourne, and Lord Fitzalan. The band of the Royal Horse Guards were in attendance. The Duchess of Northumberland had an audience of the Queen. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager took an airing in a carriage. Prince George of Cambridge visited Her Majesty at Marlborough-house.

24.—Her Majesty, accompanied by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, honoured Sir Francis Chantrey with a visit, to inspect the equestrian statue of Sir Thomas Munro. Her Majesty was attended by the Countess Durham, Lord Byron, Hon. Col. Cavendish, and Sir F. Stovin: Lady Mary Stopford was in waiting on the Duchess of Kent. The royal dinner party included the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Lilford, Controller of the Household, Lady Mary Lambton, and Col. and Lady Harcourt. The Duchess of Kent visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager at Marlborough-house. The Duke and Duchess and Prince George of Cambridge honoured the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury with their company at dinner.

25.—Her Majesty and her august mother attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager and His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge also attended the service. Her Majesty was attended by the Countess of Durham, Miss Cavendish, Lord Byron, Hon. Col. Cavendish, and Sir Frederick Stovin. The Duchess of Kent was attended by Lady Mary Stopford, and the Queen Dowager by Lady Clinton and Earl Howe. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge visited the Queen.

26.—Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester dined with the Princess Augusta. Her Majesty, accompanied by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, rode out on horseback. Her Majesty was attended by Miss Cavendish, Baroness Lehzen, Lord Byron, Marquis Conyngham, Earl of Uxbridge, Hon. Col. Cavendish, and Sir Frederick Stovin. Lady Mary Stopford attended on the Duchess of Kent. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager and His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex visited the Queen at the new palace. The royal dinner party were joined by the Earl of Durham, Lady Mary Lambton, the Lord Steward, Lord Chamberlain, Earl and Countess of Albemarle, and the Marquis of Headfort.



## Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

### BIRTHS.

On the 27th of February, at the Cedars, near Putney, the lady of Col. the Hon. Leicester Fitzgerald Stanhope, C.B., and also Knight of the Royal Greek Military Order of the Saviour, of a son and heir.

On the 26th Feb. in Norfolk-street, the Hon. Mrs. Ellison, of a daughter.

On the 28th, in Lower Grosvenor-street, the Right Hon. Lady de Tabley, of a daughter.

On the 4th March, the lady of C. W. Hoskyns, Esq., Chester-square, of a daughter.

On the 27th Feb., at Park-street, Grosvenor-square, the lady of the Hon. Wm. Fraser, of a son.

On the 5th March, in Great George-street, Westminster, the wife of S. V. Surtees, Esq., one of her Majesty's judges in the island of Mauritius, of a son.

On the 11th March, in Portman-square, the lady of Sir J. P. Orde, Bart., of a son.

On the 14th March, at George-street, Hanover-square, the lady of the Hon. and Rev. Chas. A. Harris, of a son.

At Great Gransden Vicarage, Hants, the lady of the Rev. F. Le Grice, of a son.

At Brighton, the lady of Chas. Thorold, Esq., of a son.

On the 22nd Feb., at Naples, Viscountess Chelsea, of a daughter.

On the 17th March, in Cambridge-terrace, Hyde-park, the lady of Colonel Raper, of a daughter.

On the 24th Feb., in Stanhope-street, the Countess Cowper, of a daughter.

On the 21st March, at Brighton, Lady Augusta Seymour, of a son.

### MARRIAGES.

Feb. 24th, R. Ford, Esq., of Heavitree, Devon, to the Hon. Eliza L. Cranstoun, eldest daughter of the late Lord Cranstoun.

Feb. 27th, at Ludlow, Shropshire, Lieut.-Col. John Colvin, to Josephine, eldest daughter of the late Capt. Joseph Baker, R.N.

On the 15th March, at Brighton, Wm. James Maxwell, Esq., to Caroline Louisa, eldest daughter of Sir David Scott, Bart.

On the 24th March, at Chevening, Kent, Capt. Haviside, to Frederica Markham, daughter of the late Dean of York.

### DEATHS.

On the 14th ult., at Southend, Kent, Anne, relict of Admiral Mitchell, aged 73.

On the 11th, deeply lamented, Philip Lybbe Powys, Esq., of Hardwick-house, in the county of Oxford, aged 73.

On the 11th, in Jersey, Sir Thomas Le Breton, formerly President of the Royal Court of that island.

On the 17th, Mrs. Maria Calvert, sister of the late Sir Harry Calvert, aged 69.

On the 18th, at Brighton, in the 11th year of her age, Lady Mary Grey Egerton, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wilton.

At Hastings, on the 14th, Lieut.-Gen. W. Millar, Director-General and a Col. Commandant of the Royal Artillery, aged 73.

On the 19th inst., after a few hours' illness, Edward Sydney, son of Dr. Spurgin, of Guilford-street, aged four months.

On the 19th, at 105, Piccadilly, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Edward Barnes, G.C.B., M.P., &c., aged 62.

On the 16th, at Petworth, Caroline Honoria Louisa, third daughter of the Hon. and Rev. George Herbert.

On the 10th, at Florence, the Right Hon. Lord Selsey.

On the 24th, at Wormleybury, Herts., Sir Abraham Hume, Bart., aged 90.

On the 26th, in Park-street, Grosvenor-square, the Hon. Louisa Harbord, sister of the late, and aunt of the present Lord Suffield.

At his residence, Liverpool-street, Sir William Rawlins, Knt., aged 86.

On the 4th, at Torquay, Thomas B. Fyler, Esq., a magistrate of the county of Middlesex, and formerly Member for Coventry.

On the 16th ult., at Madeira, the Hon. Arthur Baring, youngest son of Lord Ashburton.

On the 8th, at Leamington, after three days' illness, the Hon. Isabella Jemima Cocks, in her tenth year, third daughter of Lord and Lady Eastnor, and grand-daughter to Lord C. Somers.

On the 7th ult., Jane, relict of Major-Gen. James Millar, of the Royal Artillery, aged 84.

On the 23rd Feb., in France, Elizabeth, infant daughter of Lieut.-Col. Arthur Kennedy.

On the 6th Dec. at Baroda, Col. Thomas Burford, of the 15th Native Infantry, Commandant of that division.

On the 2nd, James Putnam, Esq., greatly respected. His early life was passed in the service of His Majesty, George III., in North America. His name is recorded among many charitable institutions.

On the 12th, at Euston-square, Capt. George Murton, late Paymaster of the 7th Royal Fusiliers.

On the 12th, at South Stoneham, Hants, Emma Monckton, second daughter of Col. Bouchier.

On the 12th, at Drakelow, Derbyshire, Alexander Charles, eldest son of Sir James Crawford, Bart., aged 44.

On the 10th, at Burnfoot, the residence of her brother, Sir Pulteney Malcolm, Mrs. Briggs, relict of the late John Briggs, Esq.

On the 24th Feb., of small-pox, George Cox, Esq., M.A., aged 28, Fellow of New College, Oxford, and student of the Inner Temple.

On the 27th Feb., in Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square, Mary, relict of the late Thomas Hunsworth, Esq., and mother of H. D. Hunsworth, Esq., of Shropham-hall, Norfolk.

On the 29th Dec., at Granada, Daniel Gibbs, Esq., aged 56, Member of Her Majesty's Council, and 40 years a resident in that island.

On the 25th Feb., Major John Lloyd Jones, of the Hon. East India Company's service, in his 69th year.

On the 21st ult, at Cleobury Mortimer, Louisa Martha Hallows, widow of the late Colonel John Hallows, of Ashford, in Kent, aged 75 years.

# COURT MAGAZINE, MONTHLY CRITIC, LADY'S MAGAZINE, AND MUSEUM.

UNITED SERIES.



## A Family Journal

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,  
DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c. &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

SKETCHES AND STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.

No. IV.\*

ACCESSION OF LOUIS DEBONNAIRE, A.D. 814.

### CHAPTER I.

THE immortal spirit of the great emperor of the West, freed from its earthly tenement, had winged its way to those bright mansions where, with kindred spirits, it longed to be at rest. Charlemagne ceased to exist. Great was the sensation of sorrow at Aix la Chapelle, the metropolis of his mighty empire. Ambitious schemes of aggrandizement animated the hopes of some, and whippers, in no unmeasured terms, of plots and seditions, passed current throughout the town; whilst obsequious minis-

ters and favourites were distrustful of each other. Counts and barons, courtiers and officers, strode almost noiselessly and spectre-like along the vast galleries of the palace, starting at the echo of their own footsteps, and not daring to give utterance to the petty hopes and pretensions which filled their minds, within walls that had so lately resounded to the footsteps, and echoed the gigantic projects of the greatest monarch of the age.

In one of the most retired chambers of the palace allotted to their use, the Princess Berengaria, his youngest and loveliest daughter, and the Roman Gaul, Tullius, of an illustrious family, whose powerful mind aided Charlemagne in his glorious work of civilization, were engaged in earnest conversation, as the noble Roman, who had long been honoured with the confidence and friendship of her father, endeavoured to con-

\* This series of Tales of the French Chronicles, comprises—

No. I., published April, 1837, p. 230; Queen Fredegonda, anno 597.

No. II., published June and July, 1837, pp. 388 and 15; Queen Marie-Antoinette, anno 1787.

No. III., Nov., 1837, p. 326; The Monk and the Buzzard. Charles 7th, anno 1461.

Q—VOL. XII.—MAY, 1838.

sole her. To a highly cultivated mind, Tullius possessed every personal advantage; and his curly hair and beard were dark as ebony, and his finely arched brows, contrasted singularly with eyes of the lightest blue, wherein might be traced Gaulish, as well as Roman extraction.

The youthful Berengaria on the other hand, sylph-like and graceful, fair and animated, exhibited the noble features, the proud yet sweet expression which distinguished her father. Playful and affectionate, but imperious, the still unformed character of the princess presented both shining qualities and glaring defects, which latter, however, the tender solicitude of Tullius was gradually rendering less apparent.

"Weep not, Berengaria, weep not, beloved," said Tullius, taking the hand of the youthful mourner; "thy father's glory yet surviveth him, and whose existence was ever more glorious than that of our emperor?"

"These tears flow not for my father," cried the princess, vehemently; "I know Tullius, that he is happy, now that he hath exchanged his earthly crown for one of immortality; Charlemagne is even now, seated in the kingdom of the elect, at the right-hand of Divinity, and in the presence of kings David and Solomon, to whom he is relating his glorious exploits. No! 'tis not for him, I weep, but for ourselves, I weep. Why, with all his magnanimous virtues, did he not possess that of loving his children for themselves?"

"True, Berengaria," returned Tullius; "his paternal affection did partake of egotism; yet, it behoveth us not to judge Charlemagne as we would judge other men; how immeasurably great is the distance between him and every other? He loved his children; but he loved them for himself alone, and to satisfy this egotism, he refused to sanction his daughters' marriage; yet in him methinks, this sentiment of personality was even excusable. Charlemagne desired a family with whom he could rest in peace, from the many cares of his weighty empire. Had he not wars to carry on; revolts to suppress; laws to frame; grievances to redress, and to rule a people fanatically attached to their own barbarous cus-

toms; to civilize? He sought domestic happiness as a relief from his labours; he liked to see his hearth and table surrounded by loved and smiling countenances, and thus surrounded, he felt happy himself, and doubted not but that the feeling was reciprocal. Separated from his sons, upon whom he had bestowed the government of distant provinces; deprived of his wives, who had nearly all paid the great debt of nature; what society would have remained to him, had he consented to the marriage of his daughters? Would they not, one and all, have quitted the paternal roof? thus leaving the great eagle alone in his eyrie, to brood over his solitude, and to envy the obscure, but happier lot of swallow or sparrow.

"Thou art always kind and noble, Tullius," said Berengaria, smiling and chasing away the tears that still bedewed her cheeks; "thou art better than I am; yet, well as thou may'st defend him, I repeat that Charlemagne, sacrificed our happiness to his own. Though emperor and hero, he was not the less a father, and as such, performed not his duty in depriving us, during his life time, of a happiness which he knew so well how to appreciate, as is amply testified by his own frequent marriages. Not caring to leave us wholly unprotected after his death, or still worse, leaving us in the power of brothers who evince not the slightest fraternal affection; from whom moreover, we can expect nothing else than harshness and tyranny."

"But listen, Berengaria! The daughters of kings and heroes resemble not the daughters of the serf; they must learn the difficult task of sacrificing their own happiness to the greatness of their sires; to the dignity of a throne. The fragile wants of human nature—the humble exigencies of the heart, must bend before such duties as they have to perform."

"I tell thee, Tullius," returned the princess, impatiently, "that these are mistaken notions; examples of female heroism are undoubtedly to be found in the annals of Rome; but in our degenerate age, Tullius, such examples have become rare. Wherefore, if these great sentiments of self-denial are always expected from us, the daughters

of kings, wherefore should we, high-born maidens, be exposed to like passions with the daughters of the lowly serf? We find such maxims it is true, in the works of the philosophers of old, which we have studied together; but believe me it is in their writings alone, that the sentiments expressed, are to be found; the proof is, that nearly all my sisters, like myself, are privately married. Would it not, then, have been wiser for my father to have sanctioned these marriages, and given us husbands in whom, after his death, we should have found protectors? But no! he was inflexible—thought but of himself. Oh! may the anguish that we suffer, and the errors of some of my sisters, be not the prelude to still greater misfortunes!"

"Thy fears are unfounded, Berengaria, believe me they are," said Tullius, attempting to re-assure his youthful partner; "thy brother Louis, who hath inherited this kingdom, and hath thus become the arbiter of our destinies, is just and pious."

Berengaria shook her head. "Believe it not," she uttered despondingly.

"Were he other, than as I paint him," said Tullius, "why should his subjects of Aquitaine, over whom he hath so long reigned, have conferred upon him, in testimony of their love and gratitude, the surname of *DEBONNAIRE*?"\*

Berengaria was silent. "Well, Tullius," she resumed, after a pause; "and what are thy intentions? what dost thou hope to gain from my brother?"

"To gain his pardon, my beloved; his sanction to our union; fear not, I will kneel and pray, and paint our love so fond, so true, so free from all ambition; the thoughts of thee, my sweet Berengaria, will lend eloquence to my words. Were thy brother's heart of adamant, he would relent."

"Tullius, thou believest all men to be as good as thou art; but thou knowest not Louis."

"Nay, sweetest, let's not think ill of thy brother. We have nought to fear, I tell thee. I will lay claim to none of the privileges annexed to a royal union. On the contrary, I will offer him my

fortune, my services, and the trifling knowledge I possess, which thy father was pleased to appreciate; or, if our presence at his court should give him umbrage, we will remove to my possessions in Lombardy."

"Useless, useless, Tullius!" exclaimed Berengaria vehemently; "I repeat to thee, our only hope is in flight. Let us, I conjure thee, not e'en wait my brother's arrival, but profit by the short interval that remains."

"Flee, Berengaria! Act as though we were guilty?"

"Are we not already deemed such? Is it not therefore better to escape while yet we can, and seek a refuge, where we may await in safety the uncertain results of Louis's clemency?"

"To remove thee from this palace, would no doubt draw the indignation, mayhap the vengeance of thy brother upon thy head, and if we have committed an error, it is upon mine alone, that vengeance must fall. Again, I tell thee we have nought to fear; I know Louis."

"And I too, know him," echoed the princess; "wherefore I tremble; he is morose, fretful, cold-hearted and suspicious; the monastic education he has received, has increased the natural acerbity of his temper and character. His is not a heart to be softened by the sufferings of humanity. No piteous tale of unhappy love would ever draw a tear from his eye; the slightest deviation from what he calls *duty*, in its most rigorous form, is a crime in his eyes; nay, doth he not even carry his own sense of virtue—or what he calleth virtue, to the very verge of cruelty: how often doth he even pass the line in severity? Nay, hear me out, Tullius," she continued, as she saw her husband about to interrupt her. "Tell me," she pursued, "what hope have we, that Louis will sanction our marriage, when the magnanimous, the indulgent Charlemagne—notwithstanding his esteem for thee, would never have consented to have given thee his daughter? for, Tullius! when I hinted at the subject in his presence, and spoke of his clemency in favour of his secretary, Eginhard, and my sister Emma, I trembled to see his brow darken, and his eye assume a menacing aspect. In short,

\* *DEBONNAIRE*—Kind, affable, good.

Tullius, I was silenced ; I lost all hope, all courage, for I saw that this single concession had exhausted all fatherly affection of which his heart was capable."

"Thou deceived'st me then," said Tullius, gravely, "in saying thou hadst a hope he would relent?"

"Tullius! cruel Tullius! look not thus reproachfully upon me," cried the princess throwing her arms around him; "I said it not to deceive thee, but to vanquish thy scruples. Alas! by what other means could I have done so? and then 'twas for our mutual good, Tullius. Nay, love! chide not, but smile again upon thy Berengaria, and let us not think of the past; but for the future—Tullius—my husband, let's escape while yet we may."

"By flight, Berengaria, we risk not only thy honour and thy liberty, but, perchance, even thy life; and that is too precious to trifle with; ask me not, love, to take thee hence, for where could I conduct thee? Where place thee in safety? Where find a corner in this vast empire, remote enough to conceal thee from the justice of our new emperor? If thou darest thy brother's severity, I promise not to disclose the secret of our union; we'll wait for better times, love, if thou wilt."

"Alas! thinkest thou that our marriage is a secret to any in this palace; surrounded as we are by spies? Believe me, Tullius, that ere my brother arrive, many lips will be open to pour forth accusations against us, if they have not done so already. Go! thy security drives me to despair; thou judgest men after thine own heart; thou believest them kind and generous and good, but alas! to our bane, thou wilt find out thy error when it be too late."

And the unhappy Berengaria hid her face upon her husband's shoulder, while her tears flowed afresh. "Remember, Tullius," she added, after a lengthened pause interrupted by frequent sobs: "remember, that my existence is so closely interwoven with thine, that the stroke that reaches thy heart, will infallibly rebound upon mine."

Tullius, deeply distressed at witnessing the anguish of his youthful and devoted wife, tried by every means in his power to console her.

"Weep not, sweetest!" he exclaimed, "there, let me," as he suited the action to the word, "kiss off these tears; who can tell, my gentle love, but that thy brother's accession to the empire, may be to us the forerunner of days of long sunshine and happiness! Louis will pardon us, dearest, and then think of the pride, the joy of thy Tullius, in proclaiming thee his bride before the universe; think, how thy tenderness will render him an object of envy, for thou art loveliest among the lovely, Berengaria: and good and noble too."

"Well, I will not weep, I will do as thou dost, and even try to chase away these dark forebodings; I will only think of the happiness of loving thee, and listen to the sweet words, Tullius, which, coming from thy lips, are always new; but it is not for thee to be proud of thy Berengaria, but for her to be proud of thee, for thou art as superior to the rude barons of our court, as the tall cedar is to the lowly hyssop. They know how but to fight and hunt—whereas thou, Tullius, knowest the names of all the stars, the name of every plant, of every animal. All the great men of Greece and Rome, are known to thee; thou art acquainted with their language, and their eloquence is thine. Then thou art brave and handsome to look upon; thine eyes, wherein I have learnt to read the inmost wishes—nay, every thought of thine heart, rival the azure tint of heaven, in brightness of colour. Ah! Tullius, what horrible thoughts assail me when I gaze upon them! Knowest thou, that the king's justice hath doomed many to the penalty of losing their eyes?"

And she shuddered, and hid her face in her veil.

"True, this penalty, love, hath, in divers instances replaced capital punishment; but it was scarcely ever resorted to by our great monarch.

"Charlemagne thought, and justly, that the loss of sight was equivalent to that of life, and he deemed it more cruel to condemn a fellow-creature to drag out a wearisome existence surrounded by perpetual darkness, than to enclose him at once in a tomb. Thus, this most cruel of sentences hath fallen into disuse. Under thy father's rule,

the criminals who deserved not death, were banished. To me, Berengaria, even death, would be more welcome than this darkness of the tomb; for oh, to live, and not to see thy smile, thine eyes, thy cheeks whereon the lily blendeth with the rose. Still, I could hear the soft and gentle accents of thy angel voice. I could distinguish the fairy lightness of thy step, the rustling of robe and veil; then I could touch thy hand, that soft trembling hand that respondeth to my pressure. Yes, yes, even blind—Tullius could feel happy, were his Berengaria near.”

These words were scarcely uttered, ere the noise of hastily approaching footsteps, was distinctly heard in the adjoining gallery. In another instant the door was burst open, and the Princess Radeconda, one of the Princess Berengaria's sisters, entered the apartment, followed by Count Aldwyn. The countenances of both, were deeply expressive of anger and indignation.

## CHAPTER II.

“Radeconda! my sister! what hath befallen thee?” cried the terrified Berengaria, rising from her cushion, and rushing towards the princess.

“A plot, Berengaria,” replied Radeconda sternly, her eye on fire, her colour heightened: “we are betrayed. The issues of the palace are strongly guarded, and Aldwyn's egress hath been interrupted.”

“What meaneth this?” asked Berengaria, instinctively approaching Tullius, as if to shield him from the unknown danger. “What meaneth it?”

“Nothing more, perchance,” said Tullius calmly, “than a general precaution, which may in nowise affect Count Aldwyn.”\*

\* Count Aldwyn, was the last descendant but one, (his own son) of one of those ancient and noble families of Franks, who had originally crossed the Rhine with their king, Clovis, and entered Gaul in the year 486, where they founded a powerful monarchy. He had served under Charlemagne, and was one of the bravest, though perhaps, one of the least refined of the officers belonging to that emperor's court. The high spirited princess Radeconda, to whom literature and the arts were as mere dross in the scale, compared to military valour, found in the congenial disposition of the count, an object worthy of her highest esteem and affection. Some few years previously to the death of the great mo-

“On the contrary,” interrupted the fierce warrior: “I presume it to be a caution that affects me alone, and one, I'll warrant, of Lord Warncher's contrivance. He has never pardoned Radeconda's preference of me, and profits by the slight authority he holds, to detain me prisoner: for the coward durst not attack me sword in hand. But let him beware; I seek not to escape, and if our new emperor, instigated by this vile flatterer, call me before his tribunal, I shall not hesitate to appear, and teach them that Aldwyn knows how to defend himself. Meanwhile, pressing business summons me abroad, and I come, my Lord Tullius, to demand from you, the key of the private passage, by which you enter Berengaria's apartment.”

“Here,” said Tullius, “is the key, and I will even conduct you thither, myself: one of my vassals guards the passage, and not knowing you, may oppose your egress.”

“And what,” said Berengaria, laying her hand upon Aldwyn's arm. “What have you to fear, brother, from Lord Warncher?”

“Warncher, no doubt, hopes to make his court to Louis, by accusing me of pretending to the hand of one of the imperial princesses.”

“Tullius, then, runs the same danger,” said Berengaria, turning pale. “Know you not, Aldwyn, that we too, are privately married?”

“As our cause is the same,” said Tullius, coming forward; “methinks, Count Aldwyn, we should do wisely to concert together as to our means of defence—in case of accusation.”

“My defence, Lord Tullius, will be simple, answered the warrior, proudly: “I shall let the new emperor know, that I consider myself sufficiently entitled by my birth, and by the services I have rendered to the state, to aspire to the hand of his sister: that Radeconda thought so too, and that it is now no longer time to retract, as it is long since we have entered into the holy bands of wedlock. If this be not sufficient, I shall quit the court with Ra-

narch, she had contracted an union with the count, which, for the reasons before-mentioned, she had been forced to conceal during the lifetime of her father.

degonda, and offer my allegiance to another sovereign."

"I should like," said the haughty wife of Aldwyn, "to see a king of Aquitaine, whose life has been nearly passed within the walls of a monastery, disdain an alliance with one of the bravest barons of the court of Charlemagne—and he too, perhaps, whose sword has most effectively contributed to the definitive subjugation of Saxony!"

"And Tullius, too, dear sister," said Berengaria timidly; "has he not rendered services to the state? Did his good sword remain in its sheath when the Saxons were to be conquered? and has he not, with his own revenues, founded schools and monasteries?"

"No doubt," replied the rude Frank warrior, a smile of disdain curling his lip, "no doubt, sister, these are indisputable claims on the favour of Louis Débonnaire. Besides, lord Tullius knows that his Roman descent is another qualification in the eyes of our new sovereign. His fears, at least, are unfounded."

"And who has told the count," inquired Tullius proudly, the equanimity of his temper slightly ruffled by Aldwyn's words and manner. "Who has said that I had conceived fears? But if you have none, sir count, I summon you instantly to follow me to the private passage, which, though unknown at this moment, may shortly cease to be so."

The impetuous Aldwyn laid his hand upon his sword, and his eyes flashed anger:

"My Lord Tullius!" he retorted, "you have a manner of offering a favour, which makes me hesitate to accept it. It were well, indeed, that you should serve me as a guide, for I am not familiar with secret passages. My ingress and egress to and from Radegonda's apartments have been by the public entrance, in the noon day, in the sight of men, and not under the cover of darkness."

"Count Aldwyn," replied Tullius indignantly, "if I have not entered Berengaria's apartments by the public entrance; it is because her honour is dear to me, and because I would screen from the envenomed tongue of slander, the fair fame of the lovely girl who, in

the presence of the universe, I am not yet permitted to call my wife."

"Tullius!" interrupted Radegonda, vehemently, "it is by my desire that Aldwyn thus enters my apartments, publicly, without precaution, without fear. A daughter of Charlemagne should feel herself above calumny, should know how to despise the insults of her inferiors. Know also, that if my husband condescends to ask for your private key, it is again by my desire: he was in the act of forcing a passage through the guards, when I had him called back to my chamber."

"Alas! alas!" cried Berengaria, in a voice of despair, and clasping her hands together in agony, "is family contention now to be added to our other misfortunes? Does not our only hope lie in our being united?—our cause is the same—why these words of angry import? Radegonda, Aldwyn, Tullius! cease this strife! And thou, my husband," she continued, turning to Tullius with one of those sweet looks peculiar to her, which never failed to disarm him of anger; "dost thou not recollect how often thou hast repeated to me that, 'a house divided against itself must fall?'"

These words of the gentle girl had their effect. Tullius pressed the youthful peacemaker to his heart as he replied:

"Thou art right, Berengaria, thou art right, my love: this is indeed a moment when dissension must prove fatal. Count Aldwyn!" he added, turning to the Frank and at the same time extending his hand in token of amity, "if my words have been offensive, pardon them. I have forgotten yours."

The warrior, his own fierce nature somewhat subdued, took the proffered hand, and, pressing it, replied:—"We are brothers, Tullius, let us then be friends. And now if you will accompany me to my palace, we will concert measures for our mutual defence; there at least we will be safer than here."

"Thanks, brother; but my disappearance from this palace, if it were a lengthened one, might lead to a suspicion that my conscience is not clear, and as such is not the case, I shall remain and await the emperor's arrival."

Berengaria was about to insist upon her husband's following Aldwyn, when the door opened, and one of the trusty servants of the princess Radegonda entered the room, terrified and out of breath; "Flee, madam, flee!" he cried, "and you too, count Aldwyn; troops are crowding into the palace, with lord Warncher at their head. Some of the princesses have been already shut up in their apartments, and the lords Wiltzen, Thudun, and Clodoald arrested. 'Tis said that lord Warncher, as well as the count Wala, have been invested with full authority to act in the name of the emperor, who arrives to-morrow: report speaks of exiles and executions amongst the pretenders to the hands of the princesses."

Berengaria uttered a piercing cry.

"I told thee, Tullius!" she muttered, almost inaudibly, and at the same time fell nearly senseless into his arms.

"Warncher and Wala my judges!" cried Aldwyn, fiercely.

"Humble not thyself to them!" cried Radegonda, raising her voice. "Submit not to the dastards! Go, Aldwyn, mount thy charger and rally thy friends and followers. I will remain here to demand by what right, by what authority, my brother dares deprive me of my wedded lord. I shall teach him that the princess Radegonda hath a spirit which, at least, is not to be trifled with. I shall show him that I neither depend upon the ancient king of Aquitaine, nor upon the present emperor. Charlemagne himself invested me with free domains, whither I shall retire after my interview with Louis; there at least we shall be at peace."

"Tullius, my own Tullius!" cried Berengaria, recovering to consciousness and to a sense of the misfortunes that seemed thus hovering over them; "Tullius, my beloved! flee, I conjure thee while yet thou may'st. Leave me here to soften Louis' heart, but save thyself;—if not for thine own sake, save thyself for mine."

And the young wife, throwing herself frantically into his arms, pressed him convulsively to her bosom, as though she thought to let him go, were to resign him at once to the hands of the executioner.

"Unsheath thy sword, Aldwyn!"

said Radegonda, proudly. "And let's see who durst oppose our passage."

The princess Radegonda, followed by Berengaria, Tullius, and count Aldwyn, entered a low and private gallery, which led from one of the outer courts to the private apartments of the princess Berengaria; there, however, their progress was shortly arrested by the approach of the vassal whom Tullius had placed as a guard inside the entrance. Making a signal to the little party not to advance, he crept softly to the further extremity; where, with his ear close to the door, he listened for some moments with breathless attention: at length, returning on tiptoe, he whispered, in accents replete with consternation, "Master, the issue is discovered; the troops are about to force the entrance."

"My lord Tullius," said Aldwyn, who had overheard these words, "we have our swords; my advice is, that we proceed."

"Not so mine, brother," answered Tullius calmly. "Not that I have a doubt of our success; but it would be acting in open defiance to our sovereign, and even now you thought like me, that we have nothing to fear from the emperor's justice——"

"Nothing to fear from his justice," hastily interrupted the haughty wife of Aldwyn, "but every thing to fear from the jealous hatred of his courtiers. A daughter of Charlemagne has methinks some right to exact obedience in this palace; follow me, therefore. Gaul! I command thee, open yon door!"

"No, Radegonda, it must not be," said Tullius decisively, and at the same time retaining his servitor, who was about to obey the orders of the princess. "Such a step," he continued, "would compromise both you and Berengaria, and after all avail us nothing. 'Twere better, if Warncher and Wala have orders concerning us, that we give ourselves up without resistance, and await patiently and fearlessly the result of Louis' arrival."

"Cowardice!" ejaculated the princess.

"I yield to Warncher and Wala!" cried the count, in a voice of determination; "never! Tullius. If it be Aldwyn's fate to fall into the power of



his enemies, it will not be living at least! Let's return then to thy apartment, Railegonda; if they come to arrest thy husband, 'tis there he must be found, lest they should imagine he shrinks from the avowal of a title which it is his glory to defend."

"Thou art right, Aldwyn, let's return." And the princess prepared to quit the passage.

"And Tullius! my husband! what will become of him?" shrieked Berengaria. "Oh! my sister, leave us not, at this dreadful crisis; leave us not, for pity, for mercy's sake; or, if thou wilt, take Tullius with thee." And the unhappy girl laid hold of her sister's garments to retain her.

"Fear not, sweetest Berengaria; fear not for me," said Tullius, advancing and taking her in his arms; "believe me, I have nought to apprehend. Come, I will first place thee in safety and then quit the palace by the public entrance; or if I should be asked to deliver up my sword to thy brother's deputies, I will do so readily, and await in confidence the issue of the emperor's determination." They had already retraced their steps a few yards, when their attention was arrested by an increased commotion at the further extremity of the passage. In another instant the door was burst open and an officer on duty at the palace entered:

"My lords!" said he, addressing the husbands of the two princesses, "I am sent to conduct you into the presence of lord Warncher."

"Return to thy master, slave," answered the Frank fiercely; "and say, that count Aldwyn obeys not the orders of a cowardly denunciator."

"My lord count," returned the envoy respectfully; "the orders are peremptory. Mandates have arrived from Orleans, investing the lords Warncher and Wala with full powers to act in the name of the emperor."

"Thou hast thy answer," again responded Aldwyn.

"Let those, whom this affair concerns, comply with this tyranny," observed Radegonda, sharply. "It neither affects the princesses nor their lords."

"Pardon me, madam," persisted the officer, bowing low; "it is precisely against the nobles who aspire to the

hands of the princesses, that these orders have been issued.

"Did I not tell thee to begone?" cried Aldwyn impatiently; "go, or I will show thee the way;" and he was about to put his threat into execution, in no very gentle manner, when he was retained by Tullius:

"Peace, my brother," he cried. "Let us not resist the emperor's commands, and thus aggravate the danger of our position by offering a useless resistance."

"As you will, my brother," answered the impetuous count. "Come, knave," he continued, turning to the messenger, "conduct us to the presence of your insolent master, and let's see whether he or I shall have to undergo this interrogatory!"

"Farewell, then, my much loved lord!" cried Radegonda, embracing the count; "and forget not, either in the presence of Warncher or of Louis, that thou art the husband of a daughter of Charlemagne, whilst I will not cease to remember that I have to sustain the dignity and honour of the name of Aldwyn!"

"Tullius! my own Tullius!" cried Berengaria despairingly and clinging to her husband. "Go not! they will take thy life!"

"Peace, peace, my beloved!" whispered Tullius, pressing her to his heart; "they cannot harm us; believe me, we shall soon meet again. There! go! another kiss then, if thou wilt—and let us begone! And thou, Radegonda;—thou, who art courageous, support, console, calm her: tell her that those who sow good cannot reap evil, and that Louis cannot persecute those whom Charlemagne loved and protected."

So saying, he placed his nearly insensible wife in the arms of her sister; and with Aldwyn followed the officer.

After some moments they found themselves in the presence of lord Warncher. At the right hand of the deputy stood his nephew Lambert, a youth of singular promise, the bearer of the despatches, who, like his uncle, was one of those who enjoyed in the highest degree the favour of the new emperor. A large group of persons, consisting of nobles, officers, and guards surrounded the chair of state, which, elevated se-

veral steps from the ground, formed a kind of throne whereon sat Warncher, in all the majesty of a judge presiding at his tribunal. When Aldwyn appeared, the lips of Warncher were observed to contract, and a smile of the most demoniacal revenge was seen to pass over his harsh and stern features.

Aldwyn, perceiving the joy of his fierce enemy, advanced boldly. "Since what time," he asked, sufficiently loud to be heard by all present, an expression of savage irony at the same time kindling up his eye :

"Since what time hath the timid hare ventured to summon the greyhound to its tribunal?"

Warncher bounded with rage upon his seat, and his face grew purple ; he understood the allusion, being aware that his military reputation was rather of an equivocal nature. Qualities, in fact, of a diametrically opposite character had won for him the esteem and favour of Louis Débonnaire. Quickly recovering his sang-froid, and replying in the same metaphorical strain in which he had been addressed :

"It is," he answered, "since the humble greyhound seeketh to ally itself to the race of the lion and the eagle!"

A general burst of hilarity followed this response.

"Let thy varlets cease their merriment," cried Aldwyn, stamping with rage, "or, by'r lady, they shall not lack matter to increase it ; for thy pretensions, though less justifiable than mine, were no less audacious ;—with this difference, that the lioness hath turned her back upon the hare and sent him disappointed to his kennel."

Tullius, foreseeing how the debate was likely to end and dreading its results, now spoke for the first time :

"My lord Warncher," he asked, interrupting the angry opponents, "would it not be wiser to cease these bitter recriminations, which seemingly have nought to do with the matter in hand, and explain to us the mission with which you say you are charged relative to count Aldwyn and myself?"

"My lord Tullius," answered Warncher more calmly, his anger abated by the mildness of the speaker's address ; here we recognize your prudence, and esteem you highly for it. My nephew

and myself consider ourselves entitled to the submission and respect of those whom it has pleased us to call into our presence ; representing, as we do, our gracious liege, into whose hands the sceptre of this mighty realm has just fallen, who has commissioned us to inquire into the nature of your connexion with the princess Berengaria, as well as to interrogate count Aldwyn upon that which he so ostensibly holds with her sister the princess Radegonda."

"My lord Warncher," replied Tullius, his voice slightly altered, but at the same time preserving his wonted dignity of manner ; "question me, if you will, upon the acts public and political of my life, and I will answer freely ; but, my lord, paying at the same time all due deference to the sacred character with which you say you are invested, I refuse to permit you to penetrate into affairs which, being exclusively personal, can have nought to do either with the state or the present examination."

"You are mistaken," my lord, returned Warncher, with some hesitation of manner ; for, in reality, he had been simply charged with the arrest of those officers who were suspected of having any connexion with the princesses, and his assumption of the character of investigator or judge, was an arrogation of power which he had merely assumed in order to satisfy his own personal hatred against Aldwyn ; "you are mistaken, my lord," he again repeated more firmly.

Tullius bowed.

"My lord," he resolutely but respectfully pursued, "my determination is, to recognize in the emperor alone, and in his quality of brother to the princesses, the right of interrogating me with respect to his illustrious sisters ; these are family concerns, my lord, of too great moment to the majesty of the throne and the dignity of the princesses to be publicly debated."

A murmur of approbation ran through the assembly at these words, and Warncher himself inwardly acknowledged the justice as well as the delicacy of the sentiment.

"My lord Tullius," he said, "we respect your refusal."

"And me!" cried Aldwyn, in a loud

voice ; " without disapproving the silence of lord Tullius, whose position differs from mine, I say, that I consider it an affair which should be debated in the presence of the whole universe—one in which I am proud to be an actor—one, as honourable to me, as it is disgraceful to my accuser : yes, here—in the presence of all men, I acknowledge—nay, glory in, my relations with a daughter of the mighty Charlemagne. Yes, let all men hear ; I love the princess Radegonda, and am equally beloved : our nuptial vows have been exchanged—our spousal rites solemnly performed before the altar of this very palace. Our union too, has been already blessed by the birth of a son, which union, let the emperor Louis blame or approve, remains equally indissoluble."

" This union," replied Warncher exultingly, " if true that it exist, is a crime for which you, count Aldwyn, will be punished, and a stain from which the imperial family will shortly free itself."

" This union, caitiff !" retorted Aldwyn furiously, " is one which my death alone can dissolve ; and even then, the princess Radegonda will remain till her latest hour my widow. It is a crime, thou sayest ;—answer, is it not one that thou too didst seek to perpetrate ?—A stain ! know that even a daughter of Charlemagne, were he ten times emperor, can receive no stain from her alliance with an Aldwyn. Better, wouldst thou say, for her to have espoused some petty prince of Lombardy or Saxony : one of those whose blood has tinged the blade of Aldwyn's sword. Or better still, had she espoused a lowly, base born churl, like thee ! But Radegonda knew better ; she accepted the proffered hand of Aldwyn—of her father's friend, while she crushed the hopes and spurned from her presence, the audacious minion who thus dares to insult her through her husband !"

In vain Tullius tried to interpose between the angry opponents.

" Say what thou wilt," cried the enraged Warncher, grinding his teeth with passion. " If the emperor Louis bestow the princess upon me in marriage, she shall follow me to Aquitaine and bear my name !"

" Hold, insolent calumniator ! Hold,

vile braggart !" cried the warrior fiercely, at the same time casting his gauntlet in the face of his antagonist. " There's for having insulted the princess Radegonda ; if thy sword dare sustain the boldness of thy words, pick up that glove ! for here, I defy thee to mortal combat ! Before thou darest aspire as high as Radegonda, prove that thou canst elevate thyself to a rank with Aldwyn !"

" In Heaven's name be calm," whispered Tullius, again interfering : but his words remained unheeded.

" I accept not thy challenge !" cried Warncher, his voice trembling with passion, his cheek turning pale. " I accept it not ; for, henceforth, thou art degraded from thy rank, and belongest to the executioner."

" To the executioner ! degraded !" cried Aldwyn, foaming with rage ; " be it so ! But know that I am not yet disarmed—defend thyself, coward !" So saying, he drew his sword and sprang furiously upon his enemy.

Tullius, Lambert, and a crowd of officers precipitated themselves between the two deadly combatants. The struggle was momentary but fierce. A tremendous blow from the heavy sword of the Frank warrior clove the head of the hapless Lambert, who fell without a groan. A simultaneous cry of horror burst from all parts of the hall, while lances, hatchets, poniards, gleamed before the eyes of the undaunted Aldwyn. Warncher, horror-stricken at the fate of his nephew, and thus pressed into the affray, was forced to draw his sword, but tried vainly to recede ; whilst Aldwyn, pursuing his odious rival with the tenacity with which a tiger pursues its prey, and forcing an opening through his assailants, at length attained him, and, at the instant that he plunged his sword to the hilt in the bosom of his enemy, he himself fell lifeless, pierced with a thousand weapons.

#### CHAPTER III.

At an early hour the following morning, the gates of Aix-la-Chapelle opened to receive the new emperor.

Louis the First, surnamed Débonnaire, we are told by the ancient chroniclers, was brave and handsome to look upon. His countenance was open and intelligent ; his eyes, bright and

sparkling. In stature, he was about the middle height, strongly built, and unequalled in the use of the bow and javelin. He was well versed in the Latin and Greek languages, both of which he spoke with tolerable fluency. He was also a proficient in the theological works of the age; heartily despising profane writers and their works. In constitution, he was robust, active, indefatigable; in disposition, slow to anger, and easily incited to compassion: the possession of which latter quality seems, however, somewhat dubious, if history is to be credited. The sequel of this story, as well as nearly every other act of his reign, would indeed prove, that his real character was far more skilfully portrayed by his sister, the Princess Berengaria, than by the chroniclers in question. In many instances he was found, nevertheless, to evince much discernment, added to great prudence and circumspection; and had he acted according to his own judgment, instead of trusting implicitly to the counsels of his favourites and advisers, he would have avoided the imputation of being *one of the weakest monarchs that ever occupied the French throne*. His monastical education had, however, in great measure, unfitted him for the difficult task he was called upon to perform by his elevation to the empire. His whole time was spent in chaunting the psalms, and other offices of the church; and his daily devotions were performed in public, when he was seen to assume the humblest attitudes, prostrating himself, beating his brow against the marble pavement, and, not unfrequently, intermingling sobs and tears with his petitions to Heaven.

The emperor's brothers, together with the nobles of the empire, officers of the palace, troops, and people, were now assembled in multitudes together, to hail the arrival of their sovereign; whose entrance into his newly acquired territories, partook of the character of a complete triumph; and so great was the influence attached to the venerated name of Charlemagne, that all ranks spontaneously approached to swear homage and allegiance to his son and successor.

The Count Wala, who had filled an

important situation under Charlemagne, and Bernard, youthful king of Lombardy, grandson of the deceased emperor, were amongst the first to recognise the power of Louis, as well as to endeavour to shake off some imputations which attached to them. In short, as master of Rome and of Italy, Bernard\* had more than once aspired to the imperial power, and Wala was suspected of encouraging his pretensions.

Meanwhile Louis, who had ascended the imperial chair, in order to receive with proper dignity the homage of the still-increasing multitude, was seen ever and anon, to cast uneasy glances around, as though eager to discover the presence of some anxiously looked-for object. At length, unable longer to control his impatience, he turned towards one of the nobles who stood nearest the throne—

"Where," he demanded, "is our feal and trusty Warncher? and the son of our adoption, Lambert? Wherefore are they not here to give us the greeting which, from their lips, it would be so precious for us to receive?"

A silence of some moments followed these words; and the officer addressed, cast an uneasy glance around, and then fixed his eyes upon the ground.

"Count Guaramond," cried the emperor, vehemently, "this silence terrifieth us! Speak, we command thee: what hath befallen?"

"My liege, both are dead."

"Dead!" cried Louis, repeating the word, with the deepest horror painted on his countenance. "Dead! sayest thou?"

"Aye, my liege," cried Guaramond, in tremulous accents, as he glanced fearfully upon the flashing eyes and animated features of his sovereign. "Both are dead! assassinated by Count Aldwyn. Warncher," continued Count Guaramond, "in pursuance of your grace's missive, had summoned those lords to appear before him, who were suspected of nourishing culpable pretensions. Wiltzen, Thudun, and Clodoald, after having been interrogated, suffered themselves to be conducted to prison, without resistance. After a

\* This young prince had his eyes put out, by order of Louis Débonnaire.

fruitless search at their respective residences, Aldwyn and Tullius were discovered concealed in one of the private passages of the palaces, and in company with the princesses Radegonda and Berengaria. The two lords were immediately conveyed into the presence of Lord Warncher; when, after having showered down upon that noble all sorts of indignities, Count Aldwyn drew his sabre, and before any of us had power to interfere, for his strength was prodigious, the uncle and nephew had both fallen, mortally wounded."

"Shame! shame on ye for a set of paltry cowards!" cried Louis, with indignation flashing from his eyes; "shame upon ye, to stand by and see two precious lives cut down by a single arm. My faithful Warncher! and thou, Lambert, the son of mine adoption!" and he groaned in bitterness of heart. "And the assassin?" he asked, after a pause, "where is he? where have ye stowed him?"

"May it please your grace," returned Guaramond, "the two victims were revenged upon the spot; scarcely had the foul crime been perpetrated, than the assassin fell beneath our weapons."

"He should have been reserved for the scaffold!" cried the emperor. "Ye have deprived the people of a great example of justice. But his accomplice still liveth: let the block be prepared for him by the morrow's dawn!"

A timid voice was now heard for the first time.

"My liege," said the speaker, "Lord Tullius is innocent: from the first moment, he vainly essayed to calm the fury of Count Aldwyn, and even assisted us with all his might to restrain his arm, at the moment of the fatal occurrence."

"Who hath dared affirm that Tullius is innocent?" cried Louis, with wrathful vehemence, turning in the direction whence the voice proceeded.

No answer being returned, the ireful monarch again addressed Count Guaramond:

"Thou sayest that the two culprits were discovered in the apartments of the imperial princesses?" he resumed.

"I do, my liege."

"Let Tullius be brought into our presence."

After a brief interval, the Roman Gaul, who had been thrown into prison by the avengers of the two victims of Aldwyn's hatred, entered, laden with chains, and surrounded by guards. His demeanour was sorrowful, but he still preserved the same air of calm, noble dignity, for which, in all cases, he was remarkable. Advancing to the foot of the throne, he bent his knee in homage to his sovereign, and there silently awaited the emperor's interrogatory.

"Ha! there thou art, vile slave," at length cried Louis, sternly, his wrath redoubling at the sight of Tullius, to whom he attributed, in part at least, the unhappy fate of his two favourites. "Say, what hast thou to offer in extenuation of thy crime? Thou soughtest to cover thy previous audacity by imbruing thine hands in the blood of two of our most loving subjects. Neither the youth and fair promise of the one, nor the piety and wisdom of the other, couldst restrain thy murderous intent. Thou didst act, we know, in fellowship with the assassin Aldwyn. He hath paid the penalty of his crime; it therefore resteth with us to pronounce upon thy fate. Yet, again we ask—for we would fain incline to mercy—hast thou aught to allege in thy defence?"

The monarch ceased.

"My liege," answered Tullius respectfully, but at the same time writhing under the odious imputation so unjustly cast upon him, "may it please you to believe, that I too lament, as deeply as your majesty possibly can, the sad event that hath befallen; and, Heaven is my witness, that had its prevention laid in my power, you would not now have to weep over the untimely fate of two individuals to whom you were attached. I also declare, my noble liege, that, not only am I wholly guiltless of the blood that hath been spilled, but I likewise affirm that no assassination hath been committed."

"What, minion!" cried Louis, with flashing eyes; "thou darest defend Aldwyn, to our very teeth!"

"My liege, I only ask to be permitted to reveal the truth," returned Tullius, firmly, but respectfully.

"Speak, then!" cried the emperor raising his voice. "Holy Mother Church forbid, that we, her humblest votary, should turn a reluctant ear to the avowal of the bright, glorious truth. Speak, Lord Tullius, and see if thou can'st clear thyself of a foul crime, for which, the morrow's dawn, mayhap, will plunge thee into a dread eternity! Speak! again we command thee."

"Then, by your highness's permission," resumed Tullius, nothing daunted by the emperor's intimation of the fate that was reserved for him, "I again affirm that the odious imputation of assassin should not, in justice, weigh upon the tomb of Aldwyn. Summoned, like myself, to the presence of his rival—for Warncher equally aspired to the hand of the Princess Radegonda—and publicly interrogated, he declared his private marriage with the princess, adding, that his union had been already blessed by the birth of a son. Upon Warncher's threat of a dissolution of his marriage in his own favour, a violent discussion ensued, in which your highness' deputy thought fit to menace Count Aldwyn, not only with degradation, but with an ignominious death. The exasperated count defied Lord Warncher to mortal combat, but his opponent basely refused the generous proposal. Upon which, my unhappy friend, irritated at the cowardly affront, and losing all control over his fiery temper, drew his sword, and calling to Warncher to defend himself, some strokes were exchanged, in the course of which, the unfortunate Lambert received a blow not destined for him, but which laid him senseless on the earth; shortly afterwards, Warncher himself fell while vainly attempting to withdraw. Thus, your highness may perceive, that though we have to deplore a sad catastrophe, its cruel result was wholly unpremeditated. The unfortunate Aldwyn hath dearly paid the forfeit of his impetuosity; and much, my liege, as we may blame his fiery spirit, yet none can deny that his was a noble, a generous soul. Peace be therefore to his ashes!"

A silence of some moments followed these words, which was at length broken by the emperor.

"Lord Tullius," at length he said,

"we have listened without interruption to thy defence of him, whom we must still designate as a foul assassin: we pledge, ourselves, however, to ponder over thy words, and not give hasty credence to our own judgment, biassed as we may be by our private feelings, until after mature deliberation. It now remains for thee to answer for thyself on the heads whereupon thou standest accused."

Louis paused.

"I would fain ask," returned Tullius, "if the interrogatory of my royal liege hath aught to do with the names of the imperial princesses?"

"It is on that subject we desire to be enlightened," answered the emperor.

"Your highness shall know all; but I crave permission to be heard by the royal ear alone."

"How now!" cried the monarch, his eye kindling again with wrath; "what meaneth this? Fain, my lord, would we ask in our turn, who hath rendered thee a judge of what is suitable to the honour of our family? We would, that all ears should be open to receive thy words; for, if our royal sisters have in aught swerved from the paths of honour, it is our will that they should publicly blush in expiation of their faults; let them not hope that we would screen them from the disgrace which, in such a case, they would have so justly merited. Speak, my lord! we command thee!"

"I am ready to reply to your highness' interrogatories," answered Tullius, whose sparkling eyes and animated looks, announced that some noble resolution had taken possession of his mind.

"When did your intimacy with the Princess Berengaria first commence?"

"Two years since, my liege. The princess had just attained her fifteenth year, when I was appointed, by her illustrious father, to instruct her in the Greek and Roman letters."

"And thou didst reward the confidence of thy royal master, by seducing and dishonouring his daughter?"

"The Princess Berengaria is pure and spotless before God. Wherefore should she not be so in the sight of man?"

"Thou refutest, then, the injurious

calumnies that have been circulated against her?"

"I do, my liege."

"Thou deniest that a criminal intercourse hath existed between the princess and thyself?"

"I deny, in the sight of Heaven, that any such hath ever existed."

"Why wert thou, then, in the habit of entering the princess's chambers by a secret passage?"

"The Emperor Charlemagne himself, it was, who entrusted me with the key of the passage in question. It was his wish, in delegating to one of his councillors the important trust with which I was honoured, to screen the fair fame of his daughter from all unjust interpretations. The emperor knew that he was surrounded by spies, and that 'spying' is a system which, like the envenomed tongue of calumny, never slumbereth."

These words were uttered with an air of truth, which seemed to bring conviction not alone to the mind of Louis, but to that of every one present. After a lengthened pause, during which the emperor was deeply absorbed by his own reflections, he again addressed the prisoner.

"Thou sayest, Tullius," repeated the monarch, in a tone of solemn earnestness, "thou sayest, that those who have accused thee and Berengaria of holding unlawful intercourse, have uttered foul and deliberate falsehoods, and have been guilty of slandering the spotless innocence of the princess; as well as of casting the vilest of stigmas upon thine own unblemished honour?"

"I swear it, my dread lord! I swear it!" cried Tullius vehemently, and in a firm, decided tone of voice, that could not fail to remove all doubt from the mind of his sovereign. "Yes, I swear it!" he continued eagerly, "I swear it by that Holy Cross, that surmounteth the throne, before which I bow."

He paused, and fixing his eye upon the countenance of his interrogator, seemed to await in deep anxiety the effect of his last words.

"Art thou equally ready to swear, here, upon this holy and sacred volume, never to see the Princess Berengaria more?" asked Louis, fixing a deep penetrating gaze upon the coun-

tenance of the prisoner, which had all at once assumed a death-like paleness, as the cruel words vibrated upon his ear, as at the same time he drew an illuminated missal from beneath his mantle.

Tullius comprehended that all his earthly happiness hung upon the answer he was about to return to the emperor's question. For a moment he hesitated, between, on the one hand, the certainty of screening Berengaria from the contempt of a busy, prying court, and the severity of her brother's wrath, which he plainly foresaw would fall heavily upon her; and, on the other hand, the cruel, heart-rending alternative of never again beholding the loved, the tender being, upon whose bright smile his very existence depended. For a moment, the idea of a plain, simple avowal of their marriage crossed his mind, but, in the emperor's present disposition, he saw how fatal would be such a step. He resolved, therefore, to accept the sacrifice, whole, entire, as prescribed by his sovereign.

"The Emperor Charlemagne," pursued Tullius mournfully, his voice nearly inaudible with emotion, "commanded that I should cultivate the mind of his daughter—I obeyed. The Emperor Louis commands, that I resign my charge—that—I withdraw from my pupil—I OBEY!"

These last words were uttered in a tone replete with mortal anguish.

"Swear, then, upon this holy volume," resumed Louis, opening the book, and holding it forth; "and may thine oath be registered in heaven!"

A cloud passed over the eyes of the unhappy Tullius, who, for a moment, hid his face between his hands, trembling as though he would have fallen to the earth. At length, regaining his self-possession, and as if inspired by some sudden resolution, he pronounced, audibly and distinctly, the fatal words.

"Now, my lords!" cried the emperor, with an accent of deep conviction, and turning triumphantly towards the assembled courtiers, "we have placed the innocence of our sister beyond all question. Here then, we too, swear, in our turn, upon the Holy Writ, that the tongue which uttereth aught in disparagement of the unsullied honour of

the Princess Berengaria, shall be cut out by the hands of the common executioner ! Tullius," he added, turning to the wretched husband, " we publicly absolve thee from this weighty charge. It now remaineth but to prove thy non-participation in the murder of Warncher and his nephew. To-morrow, we will examine the witnesses, wishing thee an equally fortunate success. Guards ! remove your prisoner !"

## CHAPTER IV.

Whilst the events which we have just recorded were taking place, the Princesses Radegonda and Berengaria, still labouring under the most frightful disquietude, had both escaped from the vigilance of their guardians, and were listening eagerly to the various rumours that were circulating throughout the palace. Radegonda, notwithstanding her superior strength of mind, and almost masculine energy of character, could not wholly divest herself of the fatal presentiments that took possession of her imagination. Pressing, from time to time, her infant son convulsively to her bosom, she inquired mentally if her sad forebodings had been realized ; and if her boy were, indeed, all that now remained to her. She would then turn towards the weeping Berengaria, entreating her to cease her lamentations, which only served to unfit both for the hard task which she feared lay before them to perform. At length, unable longer to endure the cruel suspense which agitated their minds, they enveloped themselves in large mantles, which effectually concealed their persons, and quitting their apartment, they mingled with the crowd, which had been attracted from all parts, to witness the spectacle of the inauguration of the new emperor.

The two princesses advanced timidly and cautiously, not daring to betray their anxiety by hazarding questions, yet eagerly catching at every sound, in the hope of discovering something of the fate of the two objects so dear to them.

Suddenly, Berengaria's attention was arrested, at hearing the name of her husband pronounced by an officer, who had seemingly just quitted the audience-chamber.

" It appears," said the speaker, " that Lord Tullius has obtained his pardon."

" His pardon !" returned the person addressed ; " say, rather, he has been condemned to the block."

" To the block !" said a third : " and when will the execution take place ?"

" I heard the emperor appoint it for the morrow's dawn," again replied the harbinger of evil-tidings ; adding, at the same time, " the body of Count Aldwyn has been already removed from the palace."

" No," observed a person, who had just joined the speakers, " it was that of Lord Warncher."

The group then separated in different directions, for the purpose of disseminating the various reports we have detailed. That which our heroines heard, was however sufficient. Radegonda, horror-stricken at the idea, nay, the certainty, that something dreadful had happened to Aldwyn, stood, like a statue, transfixed to the spot, as though the fatal words had deprived her of all power of motion. Not so Berengaria. Learning the fate that awaited her husband on the morrow, she uttered a wild shriek of horror, and throwing off the mantle that had hitherto disguised her, she rushed frantically through the astonished groups, made her way through the file of guards stationed at the entrance of the palace, and after rapidly traversing the outward hall, she entered the presence-chamber, and advancing to the foot of the throne, threw herself, or rather fell (for her limbs had refused to support her) at the emperor's feet. This occurred but a few moments after Tullius had been re-conducted to prison by his guards.

Louis, in recognising his sister, and perceiving the state of distress in which she was, promptly divined the cause that had conducted her to his presence ; a dark, ominous frown gathered upon his brow ; anger sparkled in his eye ; and his whole features assumed a severe and menacing expression, which, though unusual to him, yet, when once impressed upon his countenance, they retained their hold with wonderful tenacity. We have already hinted at the rigid piety of this prince ; thus it was, that a falsehood, or an act of perjury, became, in his eyes, a crime of the



greatest magnitude, calling forth deeper vengeance than almost any others in the black catalogue of offences. Louis, who did not want for perspicuity, saw, in the imprudent step taken by his sister, a public protestation against the declarations of Tullius, and the oath he had so recently taken upon the holy volume, which was still lying upon his knees before him. Willing, however, to spare her any avowal, that might not only draw upon her the scandal of the court, but be also attended with dangerous consequences to Tullius, whom, in the main, he was willing to believe innocent, out of respect to his father's memory, by whom he knew that that lord had ever been cherished, he tried to prevent her speaking.

"Berengaria," he said, in as calm a tone as his present angry mood permitted, "we have not sent for thee: go, enter thine own apartment, where we will give thee greeting anon. We have matters on hand which prevent our hearing thee now."

"'Tis why I come," she cried, gasping for breath, and extending her arms in a supplicating manner. "Louis, my brother, in the name of Heaven, spare Tullius, he is innocent!"

"Berengaria," cried the emperor, "we have said we cannot hear thee now. Begone to thine apartment!" and his eyes sparkled with rage. "Remove her!" he added, turning towards his guards.

"Not until thou hast heard me!" shrieked the wretched princess. "Louis! my liege, my brother, spare him! spare him! Tullius is my husband, my true, my wedded lord! Louis, we are married; a priest hath e'en performed the solemn rite!"

"Did I not order her removal?" cried the emperor, rising from his seat, and stamping furiously.

But this was no easy matter to accomplish. Berengaria had seized upon the arm of the imperial chair, to which she clung with so frantic a grasp, that, without wounding her hands, she could not be released from her hold. At length, however, her strength gave way, and she fell into the arms of the persons who had been seeking to remove her. She was lifted from the

ground; but still struggling to free herself, her cries became heart-rending, and long after the hapless girl had been removed from the presence-chamber, her last words, of "Mercy! Pity! Spare Tullius!" still rang in the ears of the emperor and of his attendants.

It was not until the unhappy Berengaria had been conveyed out of hearing, that the Emperor Louis resumed his seat. For some moments he preserved a gloomy impenetrable silence; but the stern inflexibility of his features, plainly indicated that some determination of deep and fatal import had taken possession of his mind. At length, speaking in a firm decided tone of voice, he addressed his courtiers.

"My lords and barons!" he said, "ye are all witnesses that a great crime hath just been committed: the Holy Writings have been prophaned. In swearing upon their sacred pages, Tullius hath committed sacrilege!—Tullius hath forsworn himself!—Tullius is a liar!—a perjurer! We too, are forced to retract our royal word, pledged upon Holy Writ—Tullius is the cause—and by the Mass, he shall be punished!"

"Nay, dread liege!" said the same voice that had before tried to defend the Roman-Gaul; "Lord Tullius is innocent, he hath not perjured himself! His oath was, that he did not maintain a *guilty* intercourse with the princess. It is true, for their union hath been consecrated by a priest—it is therefore holy—sacred in the eye of Heaven. Is not marriage a divine institution? Hath not God himself said, 'that those whom he hath joined, shall not by man be sundered?' As to the other oath he hath taken, never again to see the princess, none can doubt of its sincerity—for his word once pledged, hath never yet been violated."

The voice ceased.

Louis turned his flashing eyes in its direction; "We have had the patience," he said vehemently, "to hear thee out. Beware! that thou too, whoever thou art, that hath dared to plead the cause of the guilty perjurer, art not made to partake his chastisement. Peace, therefore, and lift not thy voice again in his favour!"

And as he spoke, he stamped his foot.

and violently struck the carved eagles, that decorated the arms of the imperial chair.

"Tullius! we affirm," he again resumed, sternly, "is guilty. He hath betrayed the confidence reposed in him by his illustrious master; he hath taken advantage of the youth and inexperience of the Princess Berengaria, to form a contract with her, which Charlemagne would have refused to sanction had he known it—which we condemn—and which the church will dissolve on our representation of his guilt. Tullius too, was the friend, the accomplice of Aldwyn. If his arm did not aid in the murder of our two most loving subjects, in thought, at least, he participated in the crime: for this then, in addition to his other guilt, he shall be punished! We condemn him, therefore, to lose his eyes, and it is our will that the execution of our sentence taketh place on the very instant; after which he shall be free to return to his own home, where let him seek to expiate his crimes until his latest hour!"

A few moments after the delivery of this cruel sentence, the prison where Tullius was confined, was entered by the executioners, bearing the instruments of punishment: a chafing-dish full of coals, in the midst of which was to be seen a red hot iron.

At the sight of this sinister apparatus, a cold tremor ran through the whole frame of the unfortunate Tullius.

"What!" he cried in accents of unspeakable horror; "twice condemned never to behold her again! Oh, God! how cruel is this trial!—and now what consolation will remain to me in this dark solitude, debarred from the contemplation of thy glorious works? And you, oh holy Apostles, sublime prophets! to be thus everlastingly shut out from your sweet converse! My God! my God! why didst thou not ordain that I should rather cease to live? Yet, if such be thy divine will, teach me, O Lord! to submit without murmuring."

Thus saying, and at the same time prostrating himself, he poured out his soul in humble supplication before his Maker, entreating sufficient strength to

drink the bitter chalice to the very dregs.

The executioners, deeply moved by the piety and resignation of their noble victim respectfully and patiently awaited the conclusion of his prayer. Habituated to the furious imprecations of the unhappy individuals condemned to the same dreadful doom, they admired, but without comprehending it, the calm submission displayed by Tullius.

The sublime examples of Christian abnegation, which were not rare at the period of which we write, spoke more effectively to the imaginations of the half civilized Franks, than could have done the discourses of the most eloquent preachers.

"A few moments more is all I ask," said the Roman-Gaul, rising from his kneeling posture, and turning to the still silent executioners, who had respectfully withdrawn to the further precincts of the gloomy chamber; "give me but the time," he continued, approaching the narrow grated window, which barely sufficed to admit light and air to the tenant of the dismal cell, "give me but the time to behold once more the glorious orb of day, now setting in the western heavens, and to look again upon the wonderful works of my Creator, from whose cheering contemplation I am about to be for ever excluded, and then I am ready to undergo my doom." He then cast one long, one lingering look, upon all that was visible, from the narrow aperture, and once more turning to the executioners, made a signal that he was ready.

Twice, a slight hissing noise was heard—twice, a thin vapoury smoke was seen to curl over his head; and the illustrious, the noble Tullius, was plunged into everlasting darkness!

A bandage steeped in a certain preparation which had the effect of quickly cicatrising wounds, was instantly applied; and then the stricken victim of barbarity, was conducted to his own home by two guards, who, dreading for themselves the vengeance of his vassals, by whom he was not only beloved, but venerated as a saint, quitted him on the threshold of his dwelling.

At the sound of their revered master's voice, the retainers of Lord Tullius, pressed forward eagerly to wel-

come him once more, for they too, had heard in dread attention the divers reports that had been circulated; but no sooner did they behold his mutilated state, than the whole house rang with cries and lamentations, and it was not without considerable difficulty that he at length succeeded in calming their grief.

Tullius was still surrounded by his faithful and weeping household, to whom he was offering words of consolation and religious comfort, when suddenly he was interrupted by an exclamation of terror from one of his attendants. They all turned simultaneously towards the entrance, where they still beheld, standing on the very threshold, what in that superstitious and mistaken age they had, at the first gaze, taken for an apparition; they were however re-assured as the figure advanced towards them. It was the young and lovely wife of Tullius, who had again evaded the vigilance of her attendants.

On ascertaining that her lord had been conducted to his own home, but still ignorant of the dreadful sentence and its execution, Berengaria, her hair dishevelled, her garments in disorder, pale, and nearly frantic with despair, had found means to quit the palace unperceived, and finally reach the dwelling of her husband. Suddenly she perceived Tullius; a ray of hope gleamed in her sunken eye—the life-blood from her very heart once again tinged her pale cheek. She bounded forward, and threw herself into his arms; he pressed her repeatedly, convulsively to his bosom, whilst he covered her with kisses.

“Tullius!”

“Berengaria!” was all that was uttered. At length, after some moments had been passed in the mute extacy of their unexpected restoration to each other, Berengaria found words in which to vent her happiness.

“Tullius, my beloved, thou art restored to me! thou livest! thou art saved! we shall never part more!” and she clung yet closer to his bosom.

At these words the unhappy husband recalled, with horror, the solemn oath he had plighted to the emperor, of never seeing the princess again; and his arms,

which had hitherto passionately encircled the fair form of his youthful wife, dropped listlessly by his side.

The princess looked up for the first time. “Tullius! wherefore this bandage?” she cried in a voice of alarm. The Roman-Gaul bowed his head in silence. Berengaria looked towards her lord’s vassals for an explanation; but seeing that they too preserved a mournful silence, the dreadful truth suddenly flashed upon her mind. Tearing the bandage from her husband’s eyes:

“Tullius!” she shrieked, in a voice of inexpressible anguish, “look upon me!”

The red swollen eye-lids of her husband moved not.

“In the name of Heaven, Tullius, open thine eyes. I can no longer endure this horrid suspense!”

“Repine not, my beloved,” responded the noble victim, in a calm melancholy tone: “it is thy brother’s doing. It is the will of Heaven, and as such it becometh us to submit without a murmur!”

“But what hath Louis done to thee?” she asked eagerly, breathlessly, as though her mind would not credit the fatal truth so clearly revealed. “Thou canst see me, dearest; canst thou not?”

“It is God’s will, my angel wife, that I shall never again behold thee with mortal eyes!”

“Ah! I had guessed it! did I not tell thee how it would be?” cried the princess in the most heart-rending accents of despair. “The monsters! the cruel monsters! they have burnt out thine eyes! Say, Tullius, have they not?”

“’Tis true, my Berengaria!”

“Oh, Tullius! Tullius! If thou hadst but listened to me! Why didst thou refuse to flee? Did I not tell thee not to trust to the generosity of Louis? Did I not tell thee he was cruel, revengeful; and thou didst not believe my words?” and she clasped her hands frantically together, and beat her breast in the violence of her anguish. “But pardon these cruel reproaches, my beloved!” she resumed, throwing her arms around his neck; “unkind that I am! oh! why, why should I add to thy sufferings?” and the tears rolled down

her cheeks, and the sobs nearly impeded her utterance. "Yet stay!" she cried again; "there may still be hope! Try, Tullius, to look upon me, try to open thine eyes my beloved! say, dost thou not see me, here! before thee?"

"No, Berengaria," returned Tullius meekly; "no, my beloved! whichever way I turn, all is darkness; I shall never look upon thee again until the day of resurrection!"

"Had we but fled," she again exclaimed, "this misfortune would at least have been spared us!"

"Courage; courage, Berengaria!" said Tullius soothingly. "Now, sweetest, is the moment to prove thyself a daughter of the mighty Charlemagne; and to show how well thou hast profited by the sentiments of Christian piety and fortitude, which thy Tullius hath ever sought to implant in thy gentle bosom!"

"Ah!" cried Berengaria, only half comprehending her husband's words. "Ah, Tullius! thou hast then some fresh misfortune to announce! We must separate—must we not? What! Louis's vengeance is not yet satiated? After having afflicted thee so sorely—so cruelly; deprived thee for ever of the light of the sun—he would chasten thee yet more! he would not leave thee a hand to guide thy steps—a heart to pity and console thee in thy misfortune! Would it not have been more merciful to have plunged us both into the tomb? But, Tullius, think not that I will obey him;—no, my loved lord! be but guided by me, and I will never cease until the broad ocean floweth betwixt him and us."

Berengaria was interrupted at this moment by the entrance of an officer from the palace:

"Princess!" he said; "it is the emperor's command that you instantly retire to your own apartments in the palace, there to await his highness's pleasure as to your future destiny."

"There, there!" cried Berengaria; "did I not tell thee, Tullius, that he would still seek to separate us? and she wrung her hands in the bitter agony of despair. "Yes, now is his vengeance at its height—'twas all that remained for him to do;—to separate us eternally! I told thee he was cruel, pitiless, cold-hearted!"

Then suddenly yielding to an impulse of scornful pride, she turned with flashing eyes towards the messenger:

"Hope not," she said, "that I will submit to the further caprice of a barbarian! I am the wife of Tullius, heardest thou? I blushed not to proclaim it to the whole court. In misfortune then, as well as in happiness, his destiny is mine, my life is devoted to him; my duty as well as my inclination command that I shall not forsake him. Begone! and carry this answer to your master; and tell him that I am ready—that I too await the executioners of his blood-thirsty commands. My God! hath he not, in smiting Tullius, stricken me to the heart's core?"

These words were pronounced with a vehemence, a determination so unusual to the gentle, tender Berengaria, that Tullius almost shuddered at their consequences for his beloved wife.

"My beloved, my sweet Berengaria!" he interposed in tones which he vainly essayed to render calm; "do not, I conjure thee, seek to brave a prince whom a blind hatred hath misled; go! sweetest; the feeble reed cannot hope to wrestle with the sturdy oak. Believe me, when the hand of Providence weigheth thus heavily upon us, all that we can do, feeble mortals that we are, is to bow our heads in humble submission! A day will come when Louis will pay the penalty of his faults; and O what a day of retribution will that be! Deep and bitter as his wrath is now;—his repentance will at that day be as deep—as bitter!—Alas! will it yet be time?"

The officer, who had hitherto contemplated this scene in silence, now advanced; while in terms which, though respectful, were plainly indicative of determination of purpose which was not to be shaken, he addressed Berengaria.

"Princess!" he said, "the orders I have received are peremptory, and I answer on my head for their fulfilment!"

Berengaria saw that resistance would be madness. She threw herself into her husband's arms:

"Farewell then, Tullius!—My own, my deeply loved husband!" Her sobs forbade her saying more.

"Farewell! my angel wife. We

shall meet in Heaven !" responded the broken-hearted Tullius, resigned and Christian-like to the last.

One ardent, frantic, hopeless pressure followed ; and Tullius and Berengaria parted for ever !

As the unhappy princess, traversed the long galleries of the palace leading to her own apartments, she was met by her sister the Princess Radeconda, who like herself was escorted by an officer of the emperor's guard. The two sisters rushed into each other's arms ; Berengaria's tears flowed afresh, but the eyes of the high spirited Radeconda were dry, and sparkled with a sinister expression. Her countenance was deadly pale, and its convulsive contractions plainly indicated that her sufferings, though unexpressed, were not less intense than those of the tender Berengaria. " Listen, my sister !" she said, pressing the youthful mourner to her bosom : " my heart too is broken, and my soul a prey to mortal anguish ! Have they not slain my Aldwyn ? have they not made his wife a widow ; his child, an orphan ? yet Berengaria, behold, I weep not ! mine eyes are dry ! No ! believe me, it is not tears, we must give to the manes of Aldwyn, to the recollections of Tullius ! It is revenge ! revenge ! that such crimes call for. Oh ! for the day when my son shall have arrived at man's estate, and then woe ! woe ! to the unnatural brother ! woe to the barbarian by whom we have thus been persecuted !

These words were uttered with flashing eyes, and in loud frenzied tones, which made the timid Berengaria shudder. " Now my sister !" pursued the princess in a more subdued accent : " We too must part, for the monster hath even refused us the consolation of passing the remnant of our blighted existence together ! Live Berengaria ! were it only for the purpose of one day avenging thy Tullius !"

So saying, and exchanging a long a last embrace, the unhappy sisters separated, never to meet again !

The remainder of our story is soon told. The emperor's anger pursued his sisters no further. He conformed with scrupulous exactitude to the de-

sires expressed in the will of his late father, bestowing upon each, the inheritance assigned her by Charlemagne. He then placed Berengaria, at her own request, in a nunnery, where she finally ended her days. The princess Radeconda, retired with her infant son to her own domains, which she held by a free tenure bestowed upon her during the lifetime of the Emperor Charlemagne. She lived several years, but notwithstanding that she received repeated offers of marriage, the princess remained ever faithful to the memory of Aldwyn.

A few years after the events we have related had taken place, the predictions of Lord Tullius, began to be verified. Under the auspices of Louis Debonnaire, the glorious empire transmitted to him by his father, soon fell into a state of decay. After having swayed the sceptre over nearly the whole of Europe, this prince had the misfortune to see his inheritance divided, and become a prey to civil wars and dissensions. The standard of revolt was even raised against him, more than once by his own sons. Thus, betwixt the continual alternations from peace to war, the ignominious treaties he was forced to make, and the cruel and frequent retaliations passing between himself and his rebellious sons, his life became one continued scene of unhappiness. In the month of August in the year 822, an assembly was convoked at Attigny-sur-Aisne, where Louis, was forced to do public penance for his numerous acts of cruelty.\*

These public atonements of Louis Débonnaire brought hope once more to the heart of the devoted Berengaria. The princess applied to be restored to her husband, and Louis consented. But, as Lord Tullius had predicted ; though the emperor's repentance was "*deep and bitter,*" *alas ! it was no longer time !*

The exemplary, the heart-stricken Tullius, had expired a few months, previously, in the monastery whither he had retired !

L. V. F.

\* This interesting epoch of French history, will form the subject of a future chronicle.

## THE DIVER.

*A Ballad, translated from the German of Schiller,*

BY CAPTAIN J. PYM JOHNSTON.

“ Who dares of my knights, or their squires so bold,  
 In this terrible gulf to dive ?  
 I cast from my hand a bright goblet of gold—  
 'Tis engulf'd ! now, whoever alive  
 Shall return from the deep with that goblet again,  
 May the precious gift for himself retain.”

The king spoke the words, and cast from the height  
 Of that bare steep rock that stood  
 O'er the infinite ocean, a goblet bright,  
 In Charybdis' howling flood.  
 And again he exclaimed, “ Who is here so brave,  
 As to dive for his King in this dark deep wave ?”

But the knights and the squires, as they stand around,  
 Hear the words, and all mute remain ;  
 And trembling they gaze on the dark profound—  
 And none cares the goblet to gain.  
 Now the king, for the third time, again demands :  
 “ Is there none who will venture, of all my bands ?”

But still not an answer was heard aloud,  
 When a stripling, soft and bold,  
 Steps out from the midst of the daunted crowd,  
 And loosens his mantle's fold ;  
 And the knights and the ladies all eager gaze  
 On that tender stripling in mute amaze.

And now, as he treads on the rocky shelf,  
 And intent on the gulf looks down,  
 The flood, that beneath had entwined itself,  
 Charybdis throws back with a groan ;  
 And e'en with the distant thunder's din,  
 The waves burst with white foam from the womb within.

Now hisses the flood, and foams, and boils,  
 As when water is mixed with fire ;  
 The spray spouts to heaven, and endless toils  
 Wave on wave in succession dire ;  
 Exhaustless, incessant, it seems as 'twere  
 The ocean in labour an ocean to bear.

But at length the fierce storm of the waves is allay'd,  
 And, black where the white foam had been,  
 A deep-yawning chasm is now display'd,  
 Where no bottom is found, I ween !  
 And the dark pool sucks down, with resistless force,  
 The contending waves in its eddying course.

Oh quick ! ere the torrent of foam returns ;  
One word, youth, to God now pray !  
And, from that scream of terror, the list'ner learns  
That the whirlpool has swept him away !  
And mysterious close the devouring jaws  
Of that gulf o'er the swimmer—a dreadful pause.

Now the surface is calm of that watery waste,  
Deep, deep it continues to roll ;  
And around you hear anxiously whispered in haste :  
“ Farewell, youth of noble soul ! ”  
And deeper and deeper the din subsides,  
Like the whistling storm when the tempest rides !

Oh king ! did you cast in the crown from your head,  
And proclaim, “ Who restores it again,  
He shall wear it thenceforth, and be king in my stead—”  
Dear reward ! thou shouldst tempt me in vain.  
No happy soul, living, shall ever reveal  
What the howl of these waters is doom'd to conceal.

Full many's the brave vessel, seized by the tide,  
That has perish'd in that yawning grave ;  
But keel and mast, shatter'd, alone ever ride  
Again toss'd on the crest of that wave :—  
Now clearer and clearer again you hear  
The storm rushing nearer, and still more near.

Again hisses the flood, and foams, and boils,  
As when water is mixed with fire ;  
The spray spouts to heaven, and endless toils  
Wave on wave in succession dire ;  
And again, with the distant thunder's din,  
The waves dash with white foam from the womb within.

And see ! from the ocean's dark bosom where now  
A swan-white arm is espied ;  
And a fair polish'd shoulder emerges to view,  
And buffets with vigour the labouring tide.  
'Tis the youth ! and triumphant he rears in his hand  
The bright goblet, and waves it with joy to the land !

And long did he breathe, and deep did he sigh,  
As he greeted the sun-light of day ;  
Glad shouted each voice of that throng to the sky,  
While one to another they say :  
“ He lives ! he is there ! oh noble and brave !  
He has rescued his life from the merciless wave.”

And now, with glad escort advancing, behold  
At the feet of the king where he falls ;  
On his knee he presents him the bright cup of gold,  
And the king to his beautiful daughter calls,—  
Rich wine to the brim in the goblet she pour'd,  
And thus did the youth then unfold to his lord :—

“ May the king live long !—Oh happy who breathe  
In the rosy light above ;  
But horror dwells in the deep beneath,  
And let man never tempt the Gods, to prove  
What they in mercy from human eye  
Have veiled in gloom and dread mystery.

“ With lightning's speed I sank with the tide,  
Till a cataract's gushing force  
Burst from a cavern's rocky side,  
And opposed my downward course ;  
And thus, in the twofold torrent's bound,  
Was I whirl'd, like a top, resistless round.

“ Then God did show me, to whom my tongue  
In this perilous moment cried,  
Where a column of rock from the ocean sprung,—  
I clasp'd it, and death defied !  
And the cup was poised upon corals there,  
It had else descended—I know not where—

“ For under me lay, yet mountain-deep,  
A purple darkness vast ;  
And though to the ear these horrors sleep,  
My eye with terror was cast  
On the snakes, salamanders, and dragons beneath,  
As they swarm'd in the grisly pool of death.

“ Dark masses of hideous monsters there  
In horrible mixture lay ;—  
The Hammer-fish with its form of fear,  
The Rock-fish and prickly Ray,  
And the ravenous Shark all grimly smiled,  
Hyena of the ocean wild !

“ Despairing I thought, as there I hung,  
How far from all human ken !  
A single sentient soul among  
The shapes of that ocean den :  
Deep under the reach of human sound,  
With monsters of the drear profound.

“ And with horror I saw a creature near  
Move a hundred joints—and now  
It darts at me ! all wild with fear,  
I abandon'd the coral bough ;—  
Quick seized me the eddy, but not in vain,  
For it bore me aloft to the light again !”

The king heard the tale with amazement sheer ;  
And said, “ The goblet is thine :  
And this ring will I give thee—a pledge more dear—  
Adorn'd with the costliest gems that shine,  
Wilt thou venture *again*, and discover to me  
What thou find'st on the deep deep bed of the sea.”



His daughter had listened, and soft was her aim,  
 As, with flattering lips, she cried :  
 “ Oh father, desist from this terrible game ;  
 He has done what none dared do beside ;  
 But, canst thou not conquer thy heart's desire,  
 Let some knight take the palm from the humble squire.”

The king snatch'd the goblet, and rose from his seat,<sup>d</sup>  
 As he hurl'd it in haste back again ;  
 And—“ Fetch but that goblet once more to my feet—  
 Thou shalt be the first knight in my train ;  
 And shalt marry the maiden this day, I decree,  
 Who now tenderly succs in compassion for thee.”

Then the soul of the youth seized an ardour sublime,  
 Bold flash'd the bright fire from his eyes ;—  
 He sees the fair form spread with blushes for him,  
 She grows pale—and senseless she lies ;—  
 No danger he dreads which shall *that* prize bestow,  
 And headlong he dashes, for weal or woe !

The roll of the waters is heard again,  
 That thunder proclaims their return—  
 All eagerly stoop, with fond eyes, o'er the main,  
 And again—all the waves back are borne ;  
 They rush up to the brink, they subside as before,  
 But no wave brings that youth back again to the shore.

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### WOMAN'S EYES.

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Oh ! sweet eye of woman, of virtuous woman,  
 How lovely, how permanent thou !  
 How bright is that ray, with which thou dost illumine  
 The heaven of her innocent brow.

Soft beam of affection ! whose mildness dissolves  
 All the turbulent storms of the heart ;  
 What argument shatters man's firmest resolves,  
 Like the lightning thy glance can impart !

J. P. J.

## A CHARMING COUPLE.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore  
That a lover once blest, is a lover no more,  
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,  
That prudence must govern what beauty has caught. — *Old Song.*

"You are surely the happiest woman in the world, Lady Langdale, so far as regards the marriage of your daughter," said Mrs. Geary, an old and affectionate friend; "for Edward Launceston is a most extraordinary young man; handsome, wealthy, accomplished; lively, yet steady, and well-educated. He seems, indeed, to have been born to be the husband of your sweet Louisa, who is so lovely and good, that I used to think she would never meet with a suitable match. What a charming couple they will be!"

"Very true," replied Lady Langdale with an aspiration very like a sigh.

"Very true!" re-echoed the friend; "to be sure it is true, and more than true; they will be the happiest of the happy: surely you think they will; or you know something about the bridegroom, which I have never dreamt of."

"I know nothing of him," said Lady Langdale, quickly; "but what is good; have seen nothing but what is amiable. Your eulogium indeed awoke anxiety, for in considering him a *charming* man, I must deem him one who will be subject to many temptations. All the world is in league to render such an one dissipated; to seduce him from the home he loves, the wife he has promised to cherish, and the many duties which his situation calls on him to perform."

"Very true again; but when his wife is equally charming, which I am certain Louisa is, there is little doubt but her influence will counteract, not only the general seductions of life, but those which are more to be dreaded for a man of his character. The most self-conceited coquette in the circles of fashion, will hardly seek to withdraw his heart from its allegiance to one so beau-

tiful and talented as his own lady, who is indeed perfect."

"She is very lovely, very good, and very clever," said the mother; "but she is by no means perfect; it is not in human nature to be so; there is always some weak point in the best of us."

"Religiously speaking, there must be, I grant, but I have never found where it lay in Louisa; for, with all her grace and beauty, she is unconscious of it: I never saw a spark of vanity in her."

"Nor I, which is a great thing for a mother to say, but from this very absence of self-esteem, which is her greatest charm, there is connected a peculiarity of disposition, which may be fatal to her happiness, married as she is, to a man so delightful to all, and so exceedingly dear to herself. She never believes herself to be loved by others as she loves them; she doubts her own power of attaching them, and is of course subject to the misery of suspicion, even when the sound judgment with which she is blest, repels such a notion. As a girl, she was harassed with the fear that I preferred her brothers to her; at school, she supposed her governess loved her less than any one, because she was less loveable; such a thought may be fatal in married life to the happiness of her who indulges it, especially when united to a man who must attract attention, who may awaken improper sentiments without any blame on his part. I have suffered too much myself from this unhappy peculiarity in my dear child, during my long widowhood, not to fear for them both."

Mrs. Geary had herself known many and great misfortunes, for she had lost every member of a once flourishing family, and she was therefore inclined to

think that her friend, (the happy mother of two fine boys, still at Eton, and a girl beloved and admired by all, given this very morning in wedlock, to the man of her choice), was making mountains of molehills, and vaticinating improbable evils, whilst she overlooked palpable blessings; but she only observed upon it, that "Lady L. was low spirited, from parting with her daughter, which was indeed a great trial, and made one apt to grow nervous, and conjure up a thousand fears and surmises, it was certain there were neither perfect characters, nor perfect happiness in this world, which was a very good thing, seeing we must all leave it so soon."

Meantime, Louisa and Edward pursued their way from Northamptonshire, where the bride had hitherto lived, to the metropolis, and although "some natural tears she dropped," for a more affectionate could never existed, they might be alike pronounced happy; Edward was, however, the more exhilarated, as being proud of his prize, and conscious of its value. When indeed, he had exhibited her to a wide circle of congratulating friends, and had enjoyed the still sweeter pleasure of giving her all the varied amusements presented by a new and fascinating world; he did not sink into the dullness frequently ascribed to matrimonial *tête-à-têtes*, or abate in any degree, those attentions so dear to the heart of woman. Louisa's song was still the sweetest that reached his ear, her form was the most graceful that met his eye; time passed swiftly in her society, and when an engagement, either of business or pleasure, called him from her, for a few hours, he returned with avidity, and met his welcome with delight; it was plain that he desired to be charming only in the eyes of her who was charming to him, and that all the higher parts of his character, as a good and useful man, were developing in their happiest atmosphere—connubial affection.

One day after an airing, he entered with peculiar joy painted on his countenance. "I have just learnt," said he, "that my uncle Somers has arrived in town, accompanied by my cousin Sophy, whom you have heard me fre-

quently speak of, as a dear girl you would like to know. Will you accompany me to call on them?"

"Certainly," said Louisa, rising hastily; nevertheless, there was something shrinking in her manner, when she entered the carriage, and a more than necessary previous attention to her dress; but Edward did not remark either; he was eager to see his relations, for having lost both parents, they stood to him in more stead than usual, and he longed to see their admiration of Louisa, and their approbation of his conduct as a married man. He had also pleasure, (as all men have) in adding to his society, a man of importance in his circle, and a woman whom every body liked.

They were received with the utmost cordiality and kindness, for Sophy considered herself as receiving a sister, who, although somewhat the younger, would be also a chaperon. She came herself, under the description of a plain yet very pleasing girl, for she had great vivacity, some wit, the ease which belongs to fashionable life, and the good temper which sweetens life every where—ever since she could remember, she had loved cousin Ned as a playfellow and relative, and that which she felt, she showed with the more ease, of course, because her handsome cousin was now disposed of to the most charming woman she had ever seen.

Alas! from this time, one charm faded rapidly on that fair countenance, for it neither wore the look of confidence, nor the smile of cheerfulness, and in a short time, languor and paleness were observable; alarmed for her health, and grieved to see her spirits suffer, though she anxiously strove to re-assure him, as to both, the young husband could only look to Sophy Somers for help and comfort. In detaining her society for Louisa, he thought himself more assisted, than in gaining even the advice of Sir Henry Halford, whose prescriptions, for once, seemed of little use to the patient.

In consequence of the anxiety he suffered, Edward held many long consultations with Miss Somers, for when his mind was not engaged with detailing the incipient symptoms of his lady's suspected disorder, he became occupied with descanting on her many excellent

qualities, and in fact "he lived his wooing days again," by relating the story of his courtship, to one who lent a sister's ear to his tales, the more willingly, because she had something, of the same nature, to confide to him. As however, Louisa, in a short time became silent, abstracted, averse from company, and although mild in manners, yet evidently discomposed in temper; they alike, bent all their powers to her relief, and at length, Sophy earnestly advised the unhappy husband, either to take her into the country, for her native air, or entreat Lady Langdale to visit them, and assist in restoring the health and spirits of her daughter.

On the fond mother's arrival, a sorrowful tale was poured into her sympathizing heart by the anxious husband. "Louisa had lost her spirits, and her good looks, yet no physical cause could be assigned for such a change; she could not sleep at nights; was frequently heard to sigh, and more than once, he had seen her eyes fill with tears; her appetite was indifferent; her sense of pleasure evidently gone;—what could it be that affected her?"

Mrs. Launceston received her mother with joy that amounted to rapture; yet there was evidently something of an inward struggle, a desire to conceal feelings accustomed to be uppermost, but the welcome was scarcely over, when Miss Somers dropt in, on her way to a party, to know "if Lady Langdale had arrived."

So well and so happy did her friend look at this moment, that the kind-hearted girl was delighted with the effect of a circumstance suggested by herself. "The poor thing," said she, internally, "was mother-sick, and no wonder; had my dear mother been spared to me, I think I could never have left her."

After the journey had been talked over, tea brought for the traveller, and Louisa's delight in the arrival, canvassed; Miss Somers, turning to Mr. Launceston, said:

"I am just thinking, Edward, you had better go with me to Mrs. Sneyd's rout, my carriage is waiting, you know, and you have cards; Louisa will give

you leave gladly, because she is so happily engaged."

"You had much better go Mr. Launceston, for then *you* will be happily engaged," said his lady in a tone of voice which said much to the perception of the mother."

"I don't think I shall," replied the husband, "you have kindly sent me out several evenings, when you said you should be amused by a book; but I have always found you worse on my return, and the fear of doing so again, would make me uncomfortable now; indeed, I am afraid the excitement this pleasure has given you, may, by-and-bye, be injurious."

"No, Lady Langdale will guard against that," said Miss Somers, as she rose to depart, at the same time casting on the invalid a look of such deep interest, and true regard, that it penetrated the heart of the mother, who observed so soon as she was gone:

"What a very sweet countenance Miss Somers has."

"Yes," said Launceston; "considering that she has not one tolerable feature, her expression is very good; in fact, she is an excellent creature, and one reads her disposition in her face."

Mrs. Launceston had drawn her lips together, in a manner that indicated a determination not to speak a word, good or bad, but they opened to emit a gentle sigh. Lady Langdale turning suddenly to her son-in-law, said in reply:

"Yet with all this, and perhaps much more, in your cousin's favour, she is not a woman to make Louisa jealous, nor are your attentions of such a nature as to justify her jealousy."

"Jealous, madam! jealous of Sophy Somers! What can you mean? Louisa never dreamt of such a thing."

"Yes; she has not only dreamt of it, but lost sleep, strength, and beauty from that cause, and who shall say what she might not have lost beside? Speak Louisa, am I not right?"

But Louisa could not speak, she sank in a flood of hysterical tears upon her mother's bosom.

"It is plain to me," said Lady Langdale, "that from want of a little openness on my daughter's part, and the want perhaps, of a little prudence on yours—"

"Prudence!" exclaimed the angry, and, indeed, injured husband; "prudence could not be called for, when there was nothing to conceal, nothing to contrive. Miss Somers has been to me as a sister, and was to your daughter a warm and tender friend; if I have daily sought her advice, it was because I knew her to be such: if I have been tied to her society, it was because Louisa's ill health kept me from all other company; if my love, my solicitude; my—but I shall say no more, there are some wounds that cannot be healed, and this is one of them; it lacerates the very heart."

As Launceston spoke, he rang the bell violently, and ordered his carriage, in a voice that spoke the agitation of his soul: Lady Langdale gently placing her still weeping daughter on the sofa, seized his hands, saying, "You can't go out to-night."

"Yes, madam; I shall go directly to my uncle's, and wait his daughter's return, and then inform them that my domestic happiness requires the sacrifice of their acquaintance."

"No, no, no," cried Louisa, throwing herself on her knees before him; "I love, I revere my uncle Somers."

"But you hate his daughter, that good girl who has felt so much for you; a daughter who will soon be the wife of an honourable husband; that it is necessary to remove her from the contamination of such a worthless *roué* as Edward Launceston, a man who, in the mere passion for change, could forsake his lovely young wife to 'batten on a moor.'"

"Forgive me, dear Edward, forgive me; I see I was wrong; for, from the very day you took me to visit Sophy, I have nourished the fear that you preferred her; she is so pleasant, so witty, so engaging, I feared that her society fascinated you. I thought you were, perhaps, wearied of your poor Louisa. I felt that—but I cannot tell you what I felt."

"But I can," said Lady Langdale; "from infancy, Louisa has loved too intensely, those to whom she was at all attached, and by the same rule has been subject to suspecting their return of love. I told you, in your days of courtship, of this weakness, but you

would not then listen to my 'tale of symptom:' you have now seen the effect of this mental disease, and can, I trust, pity her who suffers from it; that you also have suffered, is her punishment: do not make it more severe, by a breach with your relations, an *exposé* to your servants, and perhaps, even an injury to Miss Somers."

Again pardon was intreated and, of course, fully, freely bestowed, for every generous man forgives an acknowledged fault, and most husbands are lenient to errors arising from even a weak excess of love. In a short time, they both returned with Lady Langdale, and it was believed by Miss Somers and others, that her native air had the effect of restoring bloom to the cheek, and peace to the bosom of the beautiful Mrs. Launceston.

The London season returned, and with it our young couple, still as charming and attached as ever, but the lady "was as women wish to be, who love their lords," and she could not therefore mix much in gay society, though she was now too satisfied with the stability of her husband, or too fearful of the prevalence of her own failing, to prevent him from doing so. At this time, her chief companion, and indeed her bosom friend, was Mrs. Egmont, (once the dreaded cousin Sophy) who sate with her many an evening, whilst Edward, with a zest arising from long abstinence, sought amusement in the clubs, the Opera, or the houses of their friends. At one of the latter, he met with a very elegant widow, who appeared absolutely besieged by admirers, and took refuge with him, as a married man, whose designs she could not suspect, and who was so handsome and agreeable to offer all she could desire of companionship. In short, a flirtation was begun between them, which succeeding interviews continued and increased—the lady liked a handsome beau, and the gentleman saw no harm in dancing after a fine woman, who evidently distinguished him. "There was no comparison between her and his beautiful young wife; no one could suppose he thought so, and happily Louisa (jealous as she might be by nature) was not likely to find her suspicions awakened, now she kept the house."

But if the wife was consigned to a sick room, the cousin was not, and so much was her anxiety excited for the sake of both, that so soon as it was possible for Louisa to see company, she urged her to accompany her husband, and receive their friends at home, the consequence was, a speedy observance of the peculiar manner in which this new acquaintance was received, and a perception that they had been for several weeks, in the habit of meeting familiarly ; indeed the lady had a splendid establishment, and frequently received Edward at her house, yet she made no advance in acquaintanceship with his lady, nor any disguise in her partiality to *him* ; she was a bold, bad woman, willing to destroy the happiness of others, for the paltry gratification of being supposed capable of enslaving a very charming young man, who had a very charming young wife, who might thereby be led to similar error of conduct.

Such thoughts never entered the pure mind of Louisa, who for a long time struggled against her own conviction, and was willing to ascribe every conclusion, which implicated her husband, rather to her own false conceptions than his delinquency. She trembled at the recollection of her own shame and sorrows—she nourished every memorial of his love and tenderness, and schooled her own heart and conduct into acquiescence, though she could not command its tranquillity, so long as it was possible ; the time however came when duty itself called her to a different course of conduct.

It was now summer, and many persons were leaving town ; but it had been settled that the Launcestons would remain until after Louisa's confinement, when one day Edward entered to say he had just determined to run down to Harrowgate for a week or two ; adding, with an air of kind consideration, I shall be back, my dear, before the time you would wish for me ; and, on my return, can bring your dear mother with me.

It was with the utmost difficulty that Louisa suppressed her tears, but she dreaded lest he should accuse her of some jealous freak ; and, although she fully believed that the lady to whom her suspicions pointed was the cause of

this movement, she dared not say one word that should appear to him an accusation. She therefore forced a woe-ful smile into her countenance, told him to be true to his time ; and, with a throbbing heart, received a farewell kiss, which seemed to her, cold even to cruelty.

When he was really gone she wept bitterly, and was found in this situation by Mrs. Egmont who said hastily, with more truth than prudence, “ so ! I see Ned is really such a fool as to leave you at that woman's bidding. I have no patience with him ; I will consult with my father, for something must be done to save him from utter perdition.”

“ I will write to my mother instantly,” said Louisa, wiping her eyes and struggling to overcome her trepidation.

Mrs. Launceston's letter, though a very short one, showed the alarmed mother in a moment that this was no false foundation for idle fear ; and, although in delicate health, she lost not a moment in setting out for the place whither her son-in-law had gone before her ; and, urged by her feelings, she travelled so much quicker than he had (for it was certain he had, from stage to stage, meditated a return) that she arrived two hours after him at the Granby, and immediately learnt that he had joined a large party to see the Dripping Well at Knaresborough ; amongst whom the newly arrived Lady — was the most prominent and attractive personage.

Great was the astonishment of Edward Launceston to find himself seated close to Lady Langdale at the dinner table (every one's place being regulated by their arrival), even though the belle of the day, the fair widow, was exactly opposite. His powers of conversation were banished by surprise ; and although the evident indisposition of Lady Langdale accounted for a visit to a place where her physician had most probably consigned her, he yet felt angry that she should have removed to so great a distance from her daughter, “ at a time when Louisa (his dear uncomplaining Louisa) would have found so great a consolation in her society.” His heart smote him as he thought of her ; for, whatever might have brought her mother, he at least had recollection, no

excuse for quitting town, but the invitation of a woman who was, after all, nothing to him.

Perhaps circumstances favoured this conclusion; a very young and pretty girl sat next the widow; whose rouge, curls, pearls and smiles, were altogether unable to bear the contrast with natural bloom and unstudied graces. In fact, she appeared to him but little younger than Lady Langdale, whose figure was far finer; whom she indeed seemed to consider somewhat of a rival, as her own hitherto flattering attentions were now transferred to a handsome fox hunting baronet in the president's chair.

With these previous dispositions, it was no wonder that when he accompanied Lady Langdale to her own parlour, and found himself addressed with all the tenderness of a parent—to himself, not less than to her for whom a mother's best energies were exerted, all the better feelings of his nature, all the higher principles which had been implanted in it, were called forth, and that he alike lamented the error of the past, and rejoiced in deliverance from the probable sins of the future. A line, a single line, but one most dear, most blessed, was dispatched by the post of that night, and the following day beheld him accompanying her, whom he held to be more than mother, towards that home which he bitterly lamented that he had left, and which he at once dreaded and desired to see; for, alas! how much had he to fear on behalf of a being so sensitive? how much had he to hope from the possibility of a new and dearer tie to life, which at this time he held to be one that must render him perforce, not less a happy, than a virtuous man.

Their journey was necessarily slow, for Lady Langdale's rapid movements in the first instance, had incapacitated

her in the second; but letters, sweet, kind, penitential, and most efficacious letters, passed forward by every medium, and were better for the anxious, afflicted wife, than even the presence of the parties so desired, might have been. It was the delightful task of the once dreaded Sophy, to receive the travellers, and exclaim:

"We have got a beautiful boy: much too good for you, Ned; I shall take it away, poor lamb, that it may escape the father's example."

"But Louisa—my wife, my angel wife!—how is she?"

"She is asleep, thank God, at this time: her trial has been terrible, as your conscience must tell you, but all is well at present."

For this Edward was indeed grateful, and eagerly did he seek his own dressing-room, that he might humbly pour out his soul in thankful adoration. Like the Prodigal, he could have said, 'I have sinned against Heaven, and thee,' to the wife of his bosom, and it will be readily believed that like him, he was by that wife received, even when he was 'afar off,' and that she rejoiced because 'he that was lost, was found' at a time when she could give to his arms, and his heart, the dearly-bought, but the most precious boon which God in mercy hath bestowed upon his creatures.

Happily as these trials ended, and happy as their subjects still continue, let it not be forgotten, that it is the especial duty of every accountable creature, to eradicate as much as possible, all evil dispositions and prevalent weaknesses, from their hearts; for no man can foretel the issue of apparently trivial errors, and where Providence has been most bountiful in the gifts of nature and fortune, many misfortunes, the consequence of slight deviations of conduct, may arise to the most "charming couple."

## THE BOOK OF FLOWERS.

"Ye shall not live in vain."

SWEET flowers ! there is a charm among your leaves,  
 That heals a bruised heart, and tells it where  
 To look for brighter hopes than wing this air.  
 For when neglected love the bosom grieves,  
 'Forget-me-not' a wreath of comfort weaves ;  
 The 'heartsease' hath enough of bloom to spare,  
 To deck the long drear hours of worldly care.  
 The 'snow-drop' comes in spring, it ne'er deceives,  
 And are there not far holier emblems still,  
 Profusely scatter'd o'er earth's drooping bowers ?  
 'Passion-flowers' tell that Jesu came to spill  
 His blood for man ; and mid the ruin'd towers,  
 The Star of Bethlehem glistens, God's will  
 To man is written on the wild field flowers !

TENNANT LACHLAN.

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY MISS EMMA WHITEHEAD.

(Continued from page 344, April.)

LIGHT was the step of Harry Burrell as he flew up the old oak stairs of the Rose Tavern, to know what had caused accents so singular and fearful, to be repeated in echoes thus fantastic and laughable. But his career was soon stopped by the want of light, and his voice calling out, to those behind him, overpowered the clatter of their confused pursuit, whilst those whose fears had taught them to hang back, very considerably went in quest of what he had as loudly required, as far more serviceable in affording protection to themselves, than beneficial in their inquiry.

The silence which followed, was now interrupted by the broken whispers of two voices below stairs ; but Harry Burrell was otherwise occupied, than in either remarking or listening. He was alone, in the opening of a dark and narrow passage, lit by one long casement, which stretched its deep embrasure along the width of the wall, and being divided and subdivided into

the minutest compartments of lattice-work, glazed with the grey glass of by-gone centuries, just sufficed to throw dim twilight on surrounding space, and add a double mystery.

He felt the stir of some human being near him, and presently, the rustle of light garments swept by, and he even touched, in trembling haste, the figure as it passed him.

"Hist—hush ! sir, for heaven's sake, or the blood of an innocent man will be on you," said a voice, and he remembered that it was the voice of Hugh Astel, for Fanny Lynne had confided to him the secret of their return.

He repeated, in lengthened whisper, her ejaculation of silence, and drew aside, just as the fleeting shadow of her person was seen, and gone. And now the playful flame of an approaching light, borne forward by those from below, prefigured upon the ceiling and walls the indistinct images and outlines of those who moved with it towards the spot.



"As a man of honour, you shall never be mistaken in me," said Bill Bell, upon the staircase, and after some struggling and reproof, on the part of Fanny Lynne, he snatched a kiss. What honour there may be in kisses, stolen in the dark, we know not, but certain it is, that springing upward, like the bird which is scared from its nest, she appeared the foremost of the group, and ere Harry Burrell had ceased watching the diversity of shadows that peopled the obscurity, she had hold of his garments, clinging as if for protection. Shortly, and at once, the figures on the wall were obliterated by the full lustre of light that broke upon them.

"Tush! why so coy?" said the same voice, and it was followed by a laugh. Harry Burrell marked the tone and breathed his inward recognition of the accent. There was no disguise here, and it had once been familiar,—a sound never to be forgotten—whose intonation was graven on his heart for ever. He started and changed colour, glancing, in eager inquiry, towards the sailor. The question of his thoughts was answered conclusively. In strange emotion, he hastened on, when suddenly he stumbled over something which appeared to be the body of an individual, stretched at the door of one of the sleeping chambers.

But though extended, it was not insensible; for the legs and arms struggled incessantly, in contortions of singular absurdity, not unlike those of the crab, when stranded on the watery marsh of the sea shore, he plies his fins in retrograde movement towards the ocean. So this person grovelled and writhed himself against the closed doorway, with visage levelled to the dust, as one who would willingly shut out all living objects from about him.

The young man stooped down, and his exclamation of terrified amazement, was changed to an idle accent of unconcern; and then, as with some compunction, he bent down and lifted him in his arms; but when the light revealed the object, his sympathy ended at once. He hastily relinquished his support, and let him fall a dead weight on the floor again.

On close inspection, and to the in-

creased astonishment of all parties, it was proved to be the very valuable carcass of Carces Cravenlaw, the attorney, degraded in the unseemly fashion of one, overcome with excess of drink; and Fanny Lynne left him to be attended by those who might think him worthy their trouble.

"Holla, friend, what! capsized? why, messmate Craven," cried the sailor; and whether from this sonorous appeal to his reason, or his second fall from the hands of Harry Burrell, the lawyer began to bestir him, muttering, "The ghost, sirs,—a spirit—did you see it? The spirit of the dead returned. A phantom—spectre—shade."

No one, however, answered him, only Harry Burrell, with the mockery of laughter; when some fixed their sight on the trembling attorney, whose ghastliness might truly have verified his assertion; and others, glanced cautiously behind them, in a panic of imaginary spectres, and thence unto the black walls, as if to find the apparition they had ceased to behold elsewhere. "It was herself alone. I would swear it on the bed of death," groaned Cravenlaw, as he reeled and tottered in extremity of fear.

"Ah! the ghost of the chambermaid," said the sailor; "but have another rummer, Craven, and forget her;" but Cravenlaw replied with a broad stare, denoting ignorance of the other's person, and forthwith actuated for such jorums of liquor as might be thought necessary to restore him.

At this demand, Fanny Lynne wondered, with many charming airs of tyranny and sarcasm: "How lawyer Cravenlaw could be thus desperate to drink himself into the phrensy of ghost seeing, and then suppose that his friends would abet him in any such confirmed indiscretion: She was not the person to do it—and so on." When just as her aged suitor was deprecating her resentment, in all the soft seduction of love-whispers, the gleaming of a light played at the other end of the passage, and the squat person of Giles Mullin appeared. He advanced straight towards his friend. His tone was quiet, sarcastic, distinct, as ever.

"Why alarm and rouse the household?" said he. "What have your

idle fears to do with us? Why pass the time in drunken riot? The delusions of drink—Eh—Craven—one word from me, in sober reason—when you are in fitting state, my dear Craven—my friend—and one word will dispel them.”

“I assert that I have beheld a ghost,” persisted Cravenlaw. “Stand away, friend! beast—knave—fool. Ah, Giles Mullin!”

“My very excellent friends,” said Mullin, turning round, “it is great pity that this worthy man should be exposed—expose himself,—and under such—such very painful—disgraceful—pitiable circumstances. Retire, my dear friends, retire.”

“There, put him to bed,” said Harry Burrell. “May the devil supply you both with dreams. You have my good wishes;” and he departed whistling, and followed by all whom this disturbance had called together.

They were thus left alone. Cravenlaw, leaning his gaunt stature against the wainscoat, replied to the appealing gaze of hypocritical interest, cast upward from the stunted frame of Mullin, with divers groans, which indicated, in no ordinary measure, the terror and anxiety under which he laboured.

“I have seen her,” said he, at length; and there was the cunning of some secret delight mingled in his manner: “Mullin, I have seen her. The ghost—the shadow—of *her*—of Emily Astel. The girl as she was living.”

Giles Mullin did not answer; but in the fixed intensity of his regards there lurked more bitterness and acrimony of satire than could have been found in all the words he ever could have uttered; and this look wavered and died away into his silent grimace, representative of inward laughter.

“To be sure,” said he, with more than usual monotony of tone; “Craven, you have been drinking, man, and when wits are best. But get to bed, my Craven, and tell the same tale to-morrow.”

“The devil and to-morrow,” muttered the other. “I tell you I have seen her, and her alone,—and—she is wondrous beautiful, as I live.”

“Beauty! The painted dust of earth,” said Mullin. “That and the

night and the day may puzzle us; but that—beauty—virtue—intellect—the three may well perplex the sceptical: but not me. It is a glorious chance at best. Well, Craven, if she lives, we must do our dirty work again, that’s all.”

“Never, not I,” mumbled Cravenlaw. “If its no ghost, I’ll marry her. But Mullin, fetch some drink. Its hard work standing here, dare devil;” but he, with strong and obstinate decision pointing the way, dragged him to his room. “Hang it, don’t talk trash,” said he, in the strain of ignorant doubt, in which he sometimes indulged. “I defy the spirits of earth, air, ocean, and sky, together, man. This is all fancy, Craven; prove that you have a soul—prove it; but such fellows as we—we can’t do it. Materialism—materialism, is my argument; there is no principle independent of matter, sir. From the jumbling confusion of chaos nature sprung up, and to that she will return. And when we talk of souls—essences that exude and waft themselves away, why! all I say is, let them come back in their corporeal clay, and pull me by the nose, sir; give me some tangible demonstration of existence, and I will forgive them. But, sir, it can’t be done,—it can’t be done.”

With this tirade of vulgar impiety, the wretch waddled into the apartment of Cravenlaw, his reeling and rotatory motion giving admirable reason for the suspicion that, with respect to the exercise of his rational faculties, he was in little better plight than his patron.

“Tangible demonstration! Aye, Mullin,” muttered the other; “would you believe them? No, no, these shadows would then be substance, and not spirit;” and he sunk asleep, murmuring of the apparition he had beheld.

But unto the mind of Mullin other ideas were suggested. Alarmed by the cry, he had in part beheld the retiring figure of the lady as she retreated from the grasp of Harry Burrell. The floating raiment he had, at least, seen; and as the probability of her existence presented itself, he resolved to watch warily with one eye open, as the watch dog guards the night, the ways of all who dwelt beneath the shelter of this roof.

But as the house became gradually quiet, Emily Astel, the real object of Lewisteme's love and search, listened once more to be sure that she was not deceived, and that the danger which she had apprehended had passed away, she then revived from the terror which had crept over her, and throwing herself on her knees, thanked heaven for this reprieve and for her father's safety, and thereunto she added her hope that Lewisteme might not be denied assistance in his sorrows, and strength to endure this new affliction, which, through her fault, had fallen on him. She sought also fresh comfort from the night's events, recalling it again to her dear remembrance; and, as she knelt, there was something only too pleasing in the pain that oppressed her.

She knew that some hours ago, as her bosom heaved with inward delight, she had stolen from her retreat. Slowly, and cautiously and breathlessly, wrapt in her shawl, held together with tremulous hands that pressed her heart to keep it to its duty, she had gone forth, and had placed herself in the ante-room to the sleeping chamber where Lewisteme was to repose that night, and thus, in feverish expectation she had awaited his coming.

Emily beguiled the tedious hours with such generous and tender thoughts of her lover as transformed him into the *ne plus ultra* of all creatures of clay; in such grateful recollection as strengthened her affection; by so many pleasing delusions that she sighed while she smiled, then wiped away all brighter thoughts. And while she watched, in almost hopeless anticipation of his arrival, when her blushes of repressed joy had melted into the paleness of hope deferred, the door of the further chamber turned slowly, and bearing a lamp, Edward Lewisteme appeared. She shrunk into the deepest recess of the closet where she was concealed, and glided from the glass door in trepidation, partly caused by fear of discovery, but in greater degree, by that retiring extacy of confusion which thrills in the veins and heart of all who have truly loved. We speak of the tender sex; for we surmise, believe, hope, that the manly suitor, like the warrior

of ancient, or modern days, comes to the field determined to conquer or die; nor take flight till fairly beaten from his position. However, at the first glance she beheld that change in him which she had failed to remark in herself; but love, which has ere now bestowed some seeming beauty on deformity, never ceases to revere even the ruins of that temple where it first worshipped, and she hailed him as welcome, and even more dear than ever.

But to return to Lewisteme. He had been able to obtain no proof of her death, and though he had indulged the thought that she might yet be living, yet, since his visit to the coast where the vessel was wrecked, this dear hope had been destroyed. His heated imagination had oftentimes since then repictured her as once again restored. His visits to the haunted house, tenanted by shadows and troubled by unseen voices, increased this fatal delusion.

Still, as Emily beheld him, the first sweet tremor over, she advanced to behold again. The temptation of looks,—who that loves can resist it? like sighs, they will escape us unawares, and when we can see, ourselves unseen, it is soothing as balsam to the smarting of wounds, and sweeter than honey to the lips. But we beg pardon, no offence to the fair reader; no pleasure in the wide world to those who are not so. We only humbly suggest that the lady's sensations were something resembling these.

As she leaned behind the shadow of the entrance, some such sweet ideas amused her, till, all unconsciously, the distance between Lewisteme and herself became less and less, and she ventured to approach as far as the glass door would permit. This was such near neighbourhood as rendered it somewhat dangerous, and yet it was only far too delightful.

At the same time, the thoughts of Edmund Lewisteme were, by no means, enviable. It is too true that he lingered over her memory and mourned her anew; and dear was the recollection, and more powerful even than manhood, for, leaning down upon the table, as willing to hide his weakness from himself, the hot tears burst from

him, heaved out in such inward sighing of lamentation as gives tenor to the manly anguish it portrays.

His sorrows, indeed, were only too sacred to the beholder: and, for an instant, she started forward that she might throw herself at his feet, and plead forgiveness for the injuries and woe which she had caused him. But her father's safety, perhaps his life, depended on her prudence and she withheld herself from the impulse; so great, however, was the contention between tenderness and duty, that ere she resolved, the sense of deep despair left her entirely dispirited and exhausted with the struggle.

At length, the tears which broke from Lewisteme were succeeded by long drawn sighs, and she breathed back responsively the sounds of his distress, and gave the echo of the accents of his misery. At this repetition he, at last, looked round, but with the mournful vacancy of one too engrossed by sorrow to give much heed to tones so familiar. He glanced indeed quickly about him, and as fate would have it, the flame of the light fell full in her direction, but unaware of such circumstance, she still stood peering through the glass door, too much wrapt up in observing him to be sensible of the danger which menaced her.

Lewisteme, for his part, cast his looks carelessly enough round the place, but as if under some sudden fascination, now gazed on the doorway and quailed at the sight; but he again became fired by the beautiful presence of Emily still standing there. And well might he be paralyzed by fear and doubt, for the ghastliness of her appearance too much resembled those of the dead, and the wild sorrow and tenderness of her looks were only the fit reflection of that desperation and love which were in her thoughts. He gazed again and again; still his disturbed sight wandered here and there only to return to her; and presently, by the strange and frantic delight which he betrayed, she knew that he recognized her.

But the very horror of the thought bound her immovable; and when she saw the necessity of flight, or inevitable exposure must ensue, her fainting limbs refused to support her, and she

continued gazing in fearful tranquillity upon that doom from which she could not hope to escape. Lewisteme, in no less dreadful incertitude, never turned away his amazed sight; but, filled *with* the impassioned fire of his love, persevered in beholding the supposed phantom conjured up by his distracted fancy.

But there was no time left for thought, for rising, he moved deliberately towards her, and yet that might be hardly called an approach, where every uncertain step was followed by the pause, deep and long, which sufficiently told the doubt and varying emotions which overcame him. Should she stay, she must undoubtedly be recognized; should she then dare the chances of escape? The question was scarce asked, when his hand was upon the lock, the door opened, he entered, and as he entered, she glided, in pallid, and almost insensible motion from the place. The light within the chamber he had quitted, just served to reveal the grey atmosphere of very imperfect twilight; but though within some few steps of each other, Lewisteme seemed to be waiting, in serious sadness of extacy, the ending of that visitation, which had, at last, blessed his disturbed vision.

"Dear, adored, admirable creature," he ejaculated, and the tender mildness of his tones were such as to defy the supposition of his insanity; "you have come from the blest region of better worlds; have hastened in pious gentleness to console and reconcile me; but yet—Oh God! have mercy, and drive me not to madness," he added, in the fervency of prayer, for by this time he had approached too near her, to doubt the reality of her presence. She languished in the last faintness of mental agony, and leaned against the wall of the apartment, and with wild horror, wept over the face of Lewisteme, and he remained immovable.

It was now that the contrast of the living and the dead came in full force upon his senses; there was here no rigid serenity that spoke of the peace and nothingness of death, but rather the yielding insensibility of some living being, who appealed for the pity and protection due to her weakness and innocence. He stretched out his arms

as if tempted to touch her, and all at once, being struck with the reality of life, gave vent to the frenzy of the thought, in that one terrific cry of despairing affection, which roused the party below stairs in the Rose, and as he breathed out this cry of despair, he sank down inanimate and senseless on the earth.

We need not tell how wildly she stooped, and raised him in her trembling arms, and held him to her heart, and called upon him ; and none but idle folly would attempt to conceal it. In the truth of nature, she pressed her lips to his, and christened him again by such gentle names as once she used to call him, and all this was mingled in the shower of tears she wept. Now, as if roused by her voice, he raised himself, and looked in bewilderment about. "Beloved, exquisite vision," he sighed, "reside with me for ever ; if this be madness, let it still be mine." But the memory of her father here reproached her, besides the consequences to be dreaded from further explanation, even with Lewisteme at this moment, and shrinking from him, she touched gently his hand, and waving her mournful—farewell, glided from the room ere he was further aware of her presence.

As she crossed the passage in her way back to her apartment, the tall person of Cravenlaw, mounting the stairs, became visible, and the quavering prelude to his final shriek of dismay, too truly told that he beheld her. Upon her discretion at this moment, her fate depended, and perhaps there was something of her own internal fears betrayed in the assumed austere dignity, and frowning severity with which she swept by. The lawyer, however, bemused and bedazzled with inebriation, rushed headlong forward, and having been previously alarmed by the cry of Lewisteme, re-echoed it in the manner of a prolonged yell, when, diving incontinently towards the ground, he fell flat in the situation, where he was found by the company assembled below stairs, at the Rose.

Meantime, Lewisteme slowly recovered, and in the tumult of his feelings, called all the powers of heaven to witness that mystery and perplexity which had beset him ; for that spirits were to

be conjured up at the idle will of mortals, he could not believe ; and yet so often had he sought, and sometimes found this airy shape in which he most delighted, that his very brain reeled at the maddening fancy. But where existed the proof that any of these phantoms had come to him ? His tortured mind refused him its reply.

Thus, while he still paced the room in melancholy abstraction, his stately step and the deep tones of his voice, as he murmured his wandering thoughts, or sighed out the melodious anguish of his woe, gave assurance to Miss Astel of his safety, who stole once more to his doorway, to be comforted with the conviction, that her folly had cost him no dearer. But, notwithstanding this happy result of her bold attempt to see him, she passed the night in all the wretchedness of sad inquietude, and the fact of Lewisteme doing the same, may, perhaps, prove sufficiently how much excellent sympathy may be thrown away in matters of true love-concernment.

The night passed on, as other nights, though lawyer Cravenlaw, and the landlord, father of fairy Fanny Lynne, slept in intoxicated slumbers, as if they were never to wake again ; Billingham likewise tossed and tumbled, in soft remembrance of Fanny Lynne, and the dragoon groaned energetic misery, of the fate that impended over her, though she herself, sighed and smiled in dreams of love and cruelty. Harry Burrell lay awake in his lodging, remote from the Rose, and turning his sight towards the veiled skies, he traced the beauty of the stars, but only as imperfectly, as if, leaning over the brink of the midnight ocean, we essayed to count the gems that lie beneath its waters.

It was still night ; the moon was united with all her immortal glories, and those uncounted worlds of light, shone in united effulgence ; the haze of misty clouds beneath, serving to shadow forth and multiply their endless galaxy. These vapours floated on in the mid-air, rolled over and over, wafted by the wind, in mimic billows ; but the majestic queen of darkness made her quiet way, and to his mind, she shone like fortitude supreme, triumphant over sorrow ; but when in closer

connexion with the earth, she guided the tides of the rude sea, swaying them in constant ebb and flow; she then beamed like innocence and virtue, directing, through the medium of love, the wild and untamed passions of man, till they assumed the nature of wisdom; but the pureness of the sublime thought was suddenly intruded on.

As morning dawned, the stars dissolved away, and darker clouds uprising, cradled the moon in their obscurity. Harry Burrell turned upon his pillow, and as she now shone cold and ghastly, rising over the dark ridge and precipice of vapour, which cast its lengthening shadows deep below, looked like despair, gazing in wan serenity upon the impending fate that there encompassed her; the rhymester shuddered, wondering what next she would resemble. The morning was breaking, and Harry Burrell now slept in forgetfulness.

At this very hour, Giles Mullin, who had passed the time of rest in watchful cogitation, uprose, and seeing that day began to appear, prepared himself to watch the chances of some fresh adventure.

With silent motion, having dressed himself, he steered his cautious footsteps towards the deserted and upper regions of the Rose Tavern, where he had that night sojourned. Searching was his progress, like that of the mole, working its way into dark places; with the soundless foot of stealth, he reached the landing place, and opening door after door of the chambers, cautiously peeped in. At last, with finger pointed to the forehead, as pondering on the thought, he made up his mind to the last venture.

"The mad devil will doubtless be there," he unconsciously muttered, and striding forward threw back the creaking hinges of the further loft, or garret doors, and as he peered through the dense shadows that hung their darkness round the whiteness of his broad circumferal visage gleamed into broken smiles, and as it glared from the entrance, and athwart the twilight, it bore strange likeness to the haggard moon at that moment gazing from the grey mass of clouds that shrouded her; but when she waned, and fell from her high

pinnacle of vapours, though minute succeeded minute, in the lapse of the hour, Mullin stood where he was, venturing only some husky coughings to indicate his presence. The scene he could now behold, was singular. On a mattress on the floor, with tattered and ragged garments to cover her, lay the mad girl, Ellen Blake, and here and there, broken fragments of furniture. Although Fanny had entreated and commanded, yet the wretched creature had remained obstinate, and had quitted the decent shelter provided her, taking up with that misery which was most congenial to her now habitual desperation of mind. Here she had betaken herself, and clad in her daily clothing, lay heaped together in the cramped attitude of chilling woe, 'indifferent of ease; and but for the outline of her pale form, and the black elfin locks that strayed over her, as a veil to blind her wretchedness, she might have been mistaken for any other than a being of life, and least of all have been supposed still to possess the happy gift of youth—the pride of nature.

Mullin looked, and laughed, and sneezed, and, in imagination, gibed and laughed again. "Would she tempt him now—would he love—love—aye, love?" he muttered, and he swung and creaked the door as if to rouse her; and then, without advancing, whispered her name loud in the ears of sleep;—ere the word was finished, that well-known voice awoke her. "Who calls?" she added: and rising, leaned upon her elbow, and glanced intently round. The look was erewhile fixed upon its object, and in its concentrated light there shone the ray of reason and insanity contending for the mastery. It fixed in some dread certainty between the two; for, springing on her feet, she threw her hair back and closed her reeling sight, and then stood firm.

"Oh! ruffian—slave—wretch—villain," she uttered, but below the audible breath of sighs or shrieks; and, quick as the injured rush on their revenge, she glanced about her, and seizing in her feeble grasp a weight, such as only madness might essay to lift, she dashed or rather hurled it forward at him. The weight broke in the panelled wainscoat with a crash that sounded awfully; but

he leapt skilfully away, as if expecting this most strange reception; and, muttering something about the morning air working against her wits, bade her be comforted: and, seating himself upon the fallen furniture, seemed to await the ending of this paroxysm of wrath or frenzy. The girl, amazed by her unnatural effort of strength, was then motionless and wordless: her brow branded with the scarlet dyes of wasted power and passion—her hands clasping her bosom, to hold the soul that trembled at its destruction.

"Come, Ellen, girl, let's have no nonsense," said he, at last; "but learn who are your friends, and you have none better than he who has known you from infancy. Old friends, you know, there's nothing like them."

She drew her hands over her temples, as if uncertain of what she heard; and yielding something between an assent and the murmuring of sorrow, attended his further parley. "I have not come to press your return home," said he, "even though your honoured parents are all anxiety—nor to hinder you from your will—nor to harm you in any way whatever. God forbid that we should further afflict the already afflicted; yes—I say, God forbid!" and with some reverential head-shaking in deprecation of the thought, he was once more silent.

The girl drew herself upright, shook off her nervous trepidation, and in one look expressed her thorough knowledge of his mind and actions. Her manner confounded him, and he bent his regards to the earth, with the aspect of one most willing to make his exit through any of the several cracks of the flooring that would open to receive him.

"In fact," said he, in depressed accents, "I want you to assist me; and, in return, I will get Hal Burrell restored again to favour—will further his forgiveness—get him reconciled to Sir Andrew. Do you hear? yes, you understand?" The mad girl, who had greeted his first offer with malicious and contemptuous laughter, at the latter part of his sentence took her seat at the side of her lowly bed, and stooping her head to her knees till her dark locks shaded him from the light, prepared to speak. The trembling tone of her

voice was as the jarring of some instrument, untuned by nature with the pathos of true feeling.

"You are a villain, Mullin," she said; "the deepest—the most to be dreaded. Restore the blossom to the bough when the night wind has blighted it—give the mate back to the bird when the fowler has slain it, or try to join the broken heart with rivets of the world's making, and you will fail in it. But what have you to say; let's hear? I can endure, man."

"There you talk like yourself," he answered, soothingly, "and your wits are as bright as mine are when you please, so we shall understand one another yet."

"Oh! *you* bring my memory back to me," said she, in bitter emphasis. "It's salt upon the wound—fire to the burn—it's the sight of the grave to the bereaved friend;—no, neither in heaven nor hell will I forget thee—the reckoning lies between us, Mullin," and she gasped down the hysterical sob that breathed itself through her words.

"Tush, tush," said he, coolly, "and let's find out heaven and hell before we talk about it. The truth is, some are born to one destiny, and some to another—we make it or we mar it; and if men will be fools, seeking the imaginary future for reward, when cunning gains it in this world, I've done with them. This heaven, child, is like many other dreams and——"

"And when you have done," cried she, "I'll say my morning prayers and see if my poor wits will keep with me."

"If you want your revenge, girl, take it in this world," he continued, "and never wait for the next; but no, you can't, for it was pre-doomed that I should be the master of your destiny."

"The scathe and the lightning of the skies shall be *yours*," said she, in deep solemnity, as though gifted at that moment with the power of prophecy; and they were for some time silent, save what the language of looks might seem to argue.

"Well, what I wanted to ask you," he commenced, at length, "is whether Fairy Fanny be going to the fair this year, and who goes with her."

"And very innocent," said the girl, "and just the thing to ask me! But

the time's gone by when we walked hand in hand, and plucked wild flowers in the meadows, and sported like young lambs together. She is sweet as an angel—but I——” and she threw back her hair and looked in full agony upon him.

“You are well enough,” said he; “but these mysterious visitors will most likely keep her at home—the people who are secreted in the household; you can, perhaps, tell me their names, or may be their business there?”

“Now, no such thing,” she cried, “there's no one in the house; and she goes to the fair, for she wanted someone to take her.”

“Then all you have to do, is to recommend the sailor there, Bill Bell,” said Mullin. “He will oblige her, wants to win her to himself: and you, Ellen,—you must back the courtship.” “That's the sailor gentleman in the parlour last night,” said she, “and he's a charming fellow for the girls, I'll warrant me.”

The peculiar tone of her voice was here so remarkable, that Mullin turned his looks towards her with that decisive meaning necessary to quell into submission the temper of the insane, but he beheld in her something, even more than he expected. She was like one struck with the evidence of truth, and under the influence of sudden and strong conviction. Not as one who had lost, but who had at once regained her faculties, which now she exercised in their full force and vigour. Such was the momentary enlightenment that came upon her: she felt and knew that the sailor gentleman must be Major Bellingham—that he was in pursuit of Fanny—that Mullin was the abettor—that she might destroy or set at work at will all this most excellent machinery of design.

The first impulse was to break forth in malediction of his infamy, and truly she might well have cursed him in the extremity of her anguish; but then she thought of Harry Burrell, and, as it would appear, some other intention took possession of her; but one and the other idea were both absorbed in the laugh of triumph with which she hailed the recognition she had made. And cunning, which is the pride of knavery, is

also the toy of the mad; and she could hardly have told you wherefore, but she concealed her discovery from Mullin, and answered his silent questioning by an intent survey, which ended in the utter perplexity and discomfiture of him who was its object.

In the meantime he was essentially deceived, mistaking these marks of comprehension for such dawnings of intelligence as break in upon idiotcy, like rays of sunshine darting through mists, whereon they have no impression. Besides, his friend was so disguised as to defy suspicion, and the girl was crazed, and moreover, he deemed her to be mischievous and vicious; but this last was his general opinion of human nature, and now the last echo of the girl's derision sounded to him.

“Aye, she is a lucky creature,” cried she. “I've lived past all my lovers, for my heart is ages old in everything but happiness.”

“The fellow is worth money,” suggested he, “and they want to cheat the old man, and get off and be married in earnest.”

“It's a scheme pretty and sweet,” said she wildly, “and I'll get Fanny Lynne; and if he's like gentle Bellingham, she'll be as great a lady—aye—aye, as Ellen Blake herself.”

“One I would trust my own child with and think it only reason,” muttered Mullin. “However, press his pretensions to the maiden.”

“She shall have him and be as happy as I,” said the girl; “and you will get Hal restored to Sir Andrew's favour, make a gentleman of him, and then let me die.”

“It shall be done,” he replied; “but these strangers that are here, have you seen them? Cravenlaw talks of ghosts, but it is my belief they are living beings.”

“No strangers here, none in the world—there may be ghosts,” said the girl, “like the ghost of Hal's mother, she tells me about the murder: and so there are spirits, though you don't see them;” but as she said this, he quitted his seat, and wandered away towards the window.

And that inexplicable confusion of mind—the embarrassment of conscience—



stricken guilt—a mysterious and secret fear, that wavering emotion that shows there is something to be concealed—the one or other, or all of these, so like in their resemblance, disturbed the calm possession of his peace; for as he sought the skies where the light of morning shone, and thence pierced into the hazy air of opening day-time, it seemed that he met there some living thought, or some residing ill, before which instinctively he blanched and turned pale. Some deed, perhaps, of his past life, then stared into his soul, and blotted from his thought all memory but of that one event; and sure it stamped some loathsome meaning in his manner, which rendered doubly haggard and abominable the being on whom it fell. While this confusion of the mind still troubled him, he shuffled himself round, mumbled, unuttered words, and at last stood staring in ghastly reverie on the walls of the apartment.

During this silence, the mad girl glanced towards him, but drew away her looks, as if overpowered with disgust at those on which she looked. She was now leaning downward as before, her hands clasped together, and the elbows resting on her knees; but her long hair concealed her face entirely from the beholder—the expression of her thoughts was something worth concealing.

Another gleam of strange intelligence was passing through her mind—a ray of such rational supposition, that she herself was kept silent by the thought. It had often occurred before, but never with such certainty. It would lead on to future actions, and this she was resolved to venture too; not her madness, but her cunning taught her again to conceal this; and when she raised herself once more, her manner betrayed both wonder and inquiry, partially smothered, however, by an affectation of insane and idiot insensibility.

“And what’s the matter with you?” asked she, “you look for all the world the same as you did the night you lured me from my home.”

“There is no such thing,” he faltered, as if doubtless of his own meditations. “The crumbling world shall

melt to nothingness, the life of man is but like fire unto ashes. Show me the soul of some destroyed existence—the spirit of wasted nature—where is it? Nowhere. Well—what do I look like, girl? like other men.”

“You don’t fancy speaking of ghosts,” said she, “and if many of your friends die as I shall do, you may well fear.”

“I neither fear heaven nor earth, nor hell,” said he. “One who has done as I have done—acting neither from hope or dread, but from the law of reason and free will. We are above fear, and for nature, I defy it. So will you come into my plan, or Hal be the beggar and you the ballad singer to the end?”

“We will go to the fair and Fairy shall be married,” said the girl; “for I’ll persuade her to the liking of Bill Bell. Only as the night draws in, if we should change garments amongst us, don’t ye be surprised; for there’s Hal and the soldier, and the father to deceive; but I know your tricks of old, so trust me. But what will you do for Hal Burrell?”

“I was Sir Andrew’s clerk, his man of business at one time,” said Mullin, with sneering distinctness. “He knows my religious principles—my honesty and integrity—esteems me—in the cant phrase—would do anything for me; and it is but to whisper, and Hal is in good repute again;” and now he smiled one of those nameless distortions remarkable to him.

The girl looked up with scrutiny, as willing to judge whether she might trust him, and then she smiled in mockery and triumph, such regal smiling of successful victory, as may be supposed to wreath the lips of greatness when freed from some hitherto successful treachery. She now rose up with almost queen-like dignity, thus intimating, by certain signs of silence, that she was inclined to be alone, or tired of the interview.

“You laugh,” said she, “as if you had dipt your hands in human blood, and thus had lost the right of human nature.”

“No,” he slowly answered, “only some sport and tricks of my own making, such innocent gambols most befit-

ing me. Something in your way—that's my best work after all," and he rose up, with his usual habit of decently arranging his attire, preparatory to setting himself in motion for departure.

In fact, it was high time he did so, for since his last answer, sundry malicious scintillations of the eyes, and grappling of the hands, with other symptoms indicative of mental aberration or excitement, were perceptible in her. As he beheld this, he coolly advanced towards her, and paused ere he spoke.

"I should not have told you of the scheme," said he, "but that your ballad singing and infernal folly would have defeated it. Will you warrant the girl going—betray her to our keeping—lead her into the noose—the trap of matrimony—mark you—will you do this?"

"I will," she answered calmly; "for that one day I will forget myself. Yes, she shall come to you; you shall have her for the bridegroom—or me, if it will please you better—a pretty trick of mine."

He turned upon his heel at these wild words, but as he reached the entrance, he faced about again, and with strange glances they held discourse together. "Honesty in thieves," said the girl at length. "I will be true to time as you have been, and you may trust me."

He nodded thrice, with mysterious intervals between, and motioning secrecy, stole quietly from the chamber. The girl, as he departed, clenched her hands against her brow, and straying round the place, as if in quest of that peace and reason which were denied her, she threw herself upon the floor, and wept forth tears of bitterness. Some hours after she was seen to wander from the house; and some time passed ere her haunts were known, or the song of her ballads heard again in that vicinity.

After the singular vision of Emily Astel, which Lewisteme had that night beheld, he returned home in that state of mental exhaustion which invariably follows upon over-excited feelings.—When he joined the family at breakfast, his appearance sufficiently indicated the anxiety and suffering which he had undergone.

Such arguments as his better reason suggested, now, however, began to prevail, and showed him the necessity of resigning the weak indulgence of this delusion, which must inevitably end in the total ruin of his health and prospects in life. These were, it is true, of little consideration or value to himself, but when he reflected on the hopes which his parents had naturally entertained, and on the prospective good which his fortune held out, both his duty and conscience required that he should neither disappoint the one, nor frustrate the other. Indeed, the character of Lewisteme is little understood by viewing it under the influence of such singular deceptions and motives of impassioned regret, as had lately distracted him.

His learning and other acquirements made him commonly regarded as one of good promise, and but to reflect honour on those connected with him; while the confidence and mutual esteem existing between his father and himself, gave surety to the world of his virtue and worth. Now, though counsellor Lewisteme was much respected in private life as well as in his profession, yet the old gentleman had his peculiarities of temper. He was sensitively alive to his own honour, and perhaps his imagination was somewhat busy in creating abuses respecting it. He was proud of an untarnished reputation and unsullied connexions, and consequently did not like any thing or any one that was supposed to be derogatory to them.

On this morning, as his son entered, he was engaged in perusing his letters for the day, while his wife, who had just attained the dignity of wearing spectacles, was watching the various changes that took place in him, as he broke the seals of these epistles. Her admonitory figure and gesture of silence warned her son as he approached, who, stealing round the table, greeted with brotherly fondness, the lady engaged in performing its duties. These motions were returned by nods and smiles, and ended by his sister supplying him with rations of excellent fare, which are not the less essential to the support of the bodily man, whether he be lover or philosopher. Such civilities being over, silence ensued. But all this was wear-

some to Lewisteme, so that he was forced to take refuge in a thought which had often before occurred.

How was it that this sister had never married? It was one of the many wonders of the world. With every requisite of feminine attraction, virtue, accomplishments, connexion, above all wealth, at the age of three and thirty she was single. Certainly, one might have been happier for the change; and if desert on the part of women went any way in gaining husbands, Grace Lewisteme had not been without one. This perplexed him.

The letters he had were at last read and re-read, and thrown on one side to be replaced by another, which was taken from the pocket of the counsellor, to undergo the same examination which it had already gone through for some days successively; therefore, it had acquired all the popularity of an important document. The hope of entering into conversation was now entirely out of the question, and even Lewisteme was fain to smile, when his sister pressed her mouth to the precise point, which passes current as the note of interrogation where better language is denied. The learned counsel heeded not the sign, but meditated deep and long on the intelligence this paper conveyed.

"Some matter of importance, or an unpleasant communication, that so engrosses you, sir," said the son, in the manner of an apology for the interruption. "You have seemed to hint that you were not unwilling for us to enquire into it, and possibly—perhaps, sir, this is now the time."

"It is matter of some anxiety to me," said the counsellor; "but Edmund, it also seems to relate to you,—that is, indirectly,—in the very last degree. Yes, yes, the time is passed when it could be otherwise. I must rely on you to—gain me accurate information."

The last sentence was uttered in the lieu of some other which was unexpressed. The mother thought it implied that new fortune was requisite to endure some new misfortune. His sister sighed, and drew near him.

"Your father expects, my dear Edmund," said his mother, "he expects

that you will be as much yourself now as you have ever been. That is all we hope," and she turned from the breakfast to the work-table, to put it to rights, as she said, but possibly to amuse her maternal solicitude and fear of what must follow.

"What is it?" said Lewisteme, "I would sooner hear it at once."

"There can be nothing very new—nothing more to afflict us surely," said Grace, appealing to her father, to leave thus an opening to his answer.

"It too nearly relates to near misfortunes," said he, reluctantly. "But why this agitation, Edmund? the worst is past; unhappily for you—for us."

"It is. I know it, feel it, truly, deeply," murmured Lewisteme.

"It—perhaps relates to—to the Astel family," said Grace timidly.

"I cannot tell where that ball of cotton is," said the mother, in tones that betrayed the search was feigned, her agitation real.

"It does relate to them—to the property," answered her husband.

"Go on, my dear sir," said Lewisteme. "I will not flinch at any thing—all that you may think fit or—or necessary to be known—to be told me."

"Can that letter relate to it?" said his sister.

"There never was such a place—no finding anything," said Mrs. Lewisteme, pursuing her fictitious search.

"Old Timothy Astel, of Hamburg, is dead," said the counsellor, and after awhile, he added, "a large property left behind of course."

"That is the person from—from whom they—Emily and—and her father—had such expectations," said his daughter, as if she were the only person compelled to speak.

"The property is disputed, I suppose," said Lewisteme.

"They are in search of the heir—the real heir," replied his father. For many reasons none but Lewisteme could be supposed to speak next, and the others paused in expectation.

"They have possibly written to you, sir," said his son, at last, "to gain them what information you can?" and he spoke with some effort.

"They have done so, you are right,"

said Mr. Lewisteme; "I thought it better to let you know so; you understand me, Edmund."

"Oh! I shall be happy to seek out the person," said he. "You allude to the probability of there being an heir. Yes, yes, I comprehend." But while he spoke this, he nevertheless felt something, but it was feeling skilfully concealed.

"I knew it could not be any thing very unfortunate," cried his sister.

"Bless me! and here is the ball of cotton, sure enough," said his mother, and she prepared to sit quietly at work.

"I must not have you think, Edmund, for an instant," said his father, "that I have overstepped the rights of parentage. That property you might have possessed, by a course of contingent accidents—but" —

"I never sought the fortune, sir, believe me," answered Lewisteme; and a deep sigh escaped him as he said this.

"I know you did not, but hear me," said his father. "You shall know—must know all the reasons of my conduct."

"I knew that your father, Edmund, had reason for all things," cried his wife.

"I do not doubt it, certainly not," said Lewisteme, in emotion.

"Astel, of Hamburgh, bequeaths his immense wealth in lineal descent to the nearest of kin," said the counsellor. "There will be many claimants, and much difficulty of proof."

"But you forget, there was the child of poor Mrs. Watchell," said his wife.

"Astel, of Hamburgh, had an only daughter," continued her husband. "It was said that she was married to Sir Andrew Watchell; but also that she was the wife of Herbert Astel, and given over to shame by the man whom she loved, and who had vowed to protect her."

"There was a miserable young woman," sighed his wife.

"Miserable indeed," said he. "But we have proof that a child was born in the haunted house next door, where they resided. This boy has since been left to perish."

"Surely, sir, Herbert Astel never would have allowed that," said Lewisteme, "such evident neglect of all kindly feeling—and"—

"Once, when conversing with me," said his mother, "he told me in great agitation, that the child could never be traced, and was supposed to be dead."

"Be that as it may," replied her husband. "My correspondent was an old admirer of Amelia Astel, and is left sole executor of the will; and doubtless he was instrumental in inducing her father to do her this last justice. He insists upon the fact being fully substantiated; he can prove the boys' legitimacy, and holds letters in her own hands, mentioning the date of her marriage."

"Then who was the poor lady's husband?" asked his daughter. "He speaks of Sir Andrew Watchell," said he, "but the case must cause great litigation and dispute. I exonerate Sir Andrew: for whether Amelia Astel was married or no, I believe the child to be the child of Herbert Astel; yes, I fear there breathed no greater villain;—he! he was a bad man."

"Sir, sir, sir," urged the son, "let me entreat,—you must be wrong."

"I hold anonymous letters charging him with crimes—with crimes, Edmund," said he, slowly. "I consulted your happiness, showed them to him, and demanded an explanation. His guilt and confusion were apparent; he entreated silence and secrecy—implored it. I say no more."

"Let me know all now, at least now," said Lewisteme, in painful agitation.

"The crime of murder was one,—the murder of Amelia Astel—of Mrs. Watchell, as they call her," said his father.

"Impossible, sir! I pronounce it to be impossible," replied his son.

"Yes, to be sure, your father was right," said his mother.

"Dear Emily would have died to have heard it," said Grace Lewisteme.

"True, true, however," urged the father; and with that coolness best becoming one of the long robe, he searched some papers, and presently threw towards them a letter, wherein Mr. Astel acknowledged himself incapable of explaining the charges against him; and therefore, consented to withdraw from any further connexion between the families. On perusing this, they were all silent with amazement, but Lewisteme seemed to be searching into the meaning of all this.

"He had loved her, Amelia Astel," said he, at length; "and there is no knowing,"—

"There are vast varieties of human crime, almost unimaginable from their diversity of shade or suffering," said the counsellor.

"But he had loved this woman himself: he had loved her," said Lewisteme.

"He may have done so, and what then?" said his father; "love may degenerate into hate, as virtue into vice, Edmund."

"As I remember," said Lewisteme, in some degree recovering himself,— "yes, there is a young man who frequents the Rose; smiling, but melancholy, and sunk in abject want. He is a great favourite with Fanny Lynn:— we must learn what she can tell us."

"But how came you to notice him?" asked his sister.

"He has eyes—fine eyes—like her—like an Astel's; and a face!—he resembles them," answered Lewisteme, in restrained emotion, and she asked pardon when she pressed his hand within her own.

"We must search and see what can be done," said his father; but now the announcement of the carriage to convey him to his morning duties, broke off further conversation.

His wife arose in kind excuse and performed her daily task of drawing on the great coat; the son had something of secret communication to confer upon; his daughter was near, waiting in mimic attendance with his gloves, when at that instant the door was thrown open, and a note delivered, directed to Counsellor Lewisteme. This was, certainly, of common occurrence enough, but how was it, only this morning the family was curiously alive to the slightest passing incident? The counsellor broke the seal, changed from red to pale, let fall a hasty exclamation, and complaining of the heat, drew off his coat, and halted ere he proceeded.

"The lady is waiting, sir," said the servant.

"I will be with her presently," was the reply; and was there ever any answer more common or less mysterious than this?

But it was mysterious, nevertheless; at least, it appeared so. However, as

they stood opposite the door, something was seen, as simple as sight could look upon, but this was equally astonishing and perplexing. Life was all at once gifted with the hue of romance. The figure of a female, clad in black, passed, with the retiring air of womanhood, into the further room, and her veil was down, and therefore her features unperceived; but Lewisteme sighed heavily, and bent forward to see her; and the mother and daughter exchanged intelligent glances. The counsellor crumpled the letter in his grasp, and on being questioned as to what disturbed him, answered nothing; but when his son repeated the enquiry, he pretended not to hear, frowned the deep frown of meditative occupation, waved him away, and hastily withdrew. The looks of the party followed him.

By unanimous consent, as it might seem, a profound pause here intervened. It is quite certain that the sin of eaves-dropping, or listening at leisure, was entirely removed from their intention, and no part of their natural propensity; but there they remained tranquil and speechless. Neither of them saw anything, and neither spoke, and undoubtedly each was aware that something uncommon had taken place, and was still passing near them. Perhaps the organ of hearing was slightly on the stretch, or possibly more alive to sound than usual, for they became sensible that the counsellor was in some agitation and surprise, and the broken tones of his voice, as it faintly reached them, assured them of the fact. They were willing to hear further. However, the door was closed, and silence succeeded.

"It's astonishing how some people resemble one another," said his mother.

"She looked like her own sister indeed," said Lewisteme.

"An interesting young woman," remarked he, with attempted composure; but he sighed as he turned away; and placing himself in an apt position to watch her departure, inwardly determined to scan her more nearly, and judge of the supposed likeness which he had discovered.

"Strange that your father should have said nothing," remarked his mother.

"Singular, uncommon, certainly," said Grace.

"You, women, love mystery decidedly," said Lewisteme; "and the pretty creatures too are clever at turning trifles to account;" but still, at the creak of a footstep, he turned his gaze hastily in the same direction as before.

"Ah, Edmund, you are just as curious as we," said Grace; at the same time she wondered to behold her mother, usually so sedate in her deportment, now agitated into trembling pleasure, or the pale anxiety of doubt; and also quite as solicitous as they to catch another glimpse of this singular visitor.

"The day will be entirely lost," said she, at last, in seeming impatience of her own curiosity; and drawing her daughter aside, they entered into private arrangements, and shortly retired upon the womanly errands of household duties, as visits and recreations of leisure.

Never had a few minutes appeared so long an age; but when that mimic age was stretched into an apparently interminable period of an hour and a half, then, indeed, the patience of Lewisteme was exhausted; but we will not say so much for the amusing speculations that beguiled him, since they were renewed or succeeded by fresh views at every turn.

The lady resembled Emily Astel; that was fixed, unalterable, certain. If so alike in person, might not the likeness of mind be similar? In fact, might not this being be as beautiful—the counterpart in virtue and worth to her whom he had loved?—might she not replace her in his heart? The thought was fanciful, pretty, delightful, but somewhat absurd; and hereupon he meditated, and resolved on other measures. There was a door or passage of communication between the rooms, and to this he stept and listened attentively, but only low murmurs met his ear.

"I thank you on my father's part, and my own," said a sweet voice; for it was so like the one to which his heart responded; and he attended cautiously, but nothing more was audible, not though all his senses, mind and soul, were in the enjoyment. It was the dead silence round that told his folly, and the

shame and degradation of such weakness.

"How like! a tone—the sound—exact," said Lewisteme, and he crept back to his station and guard upon their movements.

Here, in pleasing excitement, he watched the door, whither there must emerge this beautiful unknown; for beautiful she must be, who could so nearly resemble Emily Astel. But he waited, and the carriage waited in vain; they did not appear. At length—at last—a movement was heard; his father handed the lady from the apartment.

The form was to him perfection, and so like, he might well be mistaken. He watched her out of sight, and when she was gone imaged her again. The accents of her voice were like her; perhaps his fancy thought them so. However, she would come again, and he would see her; and if she spoke, surely he might hear. Indeed, he thought upon the glimpse that he had seen, till he almost found an excuse for forgetting the past, and an apology for loving once again.

It is the consolation of human nature that whatever troubles afflict it, there is ever some source from which it may derive content. Thus Lewisteme's grief began to subside, beguiled as he was by the new mystery that engrossed him. Day after day he neglected to seek out Harry Burrell, and passed his hours in an amiable leisure, occupied only by watching for the fair unknown, but never came she in the light of day. When evening had drawn in, he heard her summons at the doorway. His father instantly withdrew, commanding that none should intrude. Again he saw the shadow of her person, once more she quitted the house, and neither direct questions nor raillery could extort more than that she had important matters to communicate, which required legal counsel. Lewisteme's importunity did not, however, end here, for he betook himself to the street some few successive evenings, resolved to view her distinctly, and be satisfied of her resemblance, the dearest point of all. Nothing but disappointment awaited him; the lady never came, and yet strange to say, as soon as he kept

within the house, she made, as heretofore, her secret visit. His father truly added much to his vexation by the zeal which he manifested in protecting her from observation, and she herself showed some signs of prudish reserve, by folding her mourning veil, and drawing her mantle round her, whenever he made himself visible.

After much urging by his sister, he one morning went to the Rose as promised. Fairy Fanny was half dissolved in tears; Lawyer Cravenlaw was speaking, and Lewisteme, in his desire to escape observation—a habit of his—whispered his wishes to her, and stole behind the screen which was in her private parlour. There Fanny assured him she would go presently, nevertheless he stood gazing despondingly down the entrance alley to the tavern, where her fancy conjured up the majestic form of the dragoon, now more precious since he quitted her in anger; for she had promised Bill Bell to go with him to the fair, since which time the soldier had neither been heard of or beheld. Cravenlaw was at this time with her father; he was to be her guardian if the old man died, and the image of the brave dragoon rose up before her. Sure no lot could be so miserable as to be under the care of the lawyer, and nothing more sweet than to be friends with Hugh Doyle: and tears trickled down her cheeks, but it was only for thinking of the cruel attorney—just then, the clinking of arms sounded without, the soldier himself appeared, and Fanny ran away thinking what a fright, in such a state of sorrow, she must seem.

The dragoon entered, and beholding none near to welcome him, he was about to take his station behind the same parlour screen, for in this unassuming situation he had some few mornings held converse with her—to launch the thunder of his wrath against Bill Bell—to plead his passion with his mistress—and lastly, to divulge the truth of the disguise which Major Belingham had adopted. But Fanny was determined not to hear, or hearing, not to attend, for her vanity was charmed with the deceit which had been practised to captivate her, and her reason

was blinded by her natural ignorance of guile. Thus, the counsel of Hugh Doyle went for nothing, and when he reproached her with the preference of his more prosperous rival, their anger was reciprocal, only that he vented in words what she restrained in silence.

In this manner they had parted, and the soldier had at last returned, full of the misery of doubt what might befall her, yet resolute to attempt again to protect her, even at the risk of her lasting displeasure. But perceiving that she retreated, hope vanished, yet he owed it to himself that he should not desert her, and to brook even insult for her sake was pleasing; he therefore made towards the screen where he intended to conceal himself until she came again—but there soon arose new matter for jealousy and wrath.

Lewisteme was already seated, and as the soldier discovered it, not an enemy stealing upon him in the night-watch, or an insidious viper sprung from the green sward, could have created more sudden sense of danger or disquietude. Some new lover, favorite, or secret friend concealed, as the dart of awakened jealousy passed through his heart at the bare idea. The stranger he well remembered, and his lofty air the first night he bade him enter the club-room, and now she was ensconced in this one place of his refuge, and seated in all the calm equanimity of purpose peculiar to one who *understood* the degree of favour to which this seclusion admitted him. This was the lover's hasty conclusion, but ere he could decide, the tramp of approaching footsteps was heard, the voices of Gerard Lynne and his friend Cravenlaw clashed together, and as the soldier stamped in impatience, Lewisteme apologized for his intrusion, requested him to take share in his retreat, and all at once, they lay perdu together, like spies engaged in the same adventure of secrecy.

Meanwhile, our hero had such motives for retreat, as every man may have when about to be jostled, side by side, with impudence and folly, and besides, he had a rooted aversion to Cravenlaw; but the soldier's hasty retirement had none other meaning

than the listlessness of love, content to await the prospect of beholding the object of affection.

The landlord, followed by the lawyer and his coadjutor, Mullin, soon afterwards entered, and the whining advice and admonitions of Cravenlaw, were duly repeated, with croaking exactness by his inferior ally, and doubtless, these able repetitions were of considerable avail in furtherance of their scheme. In an instant they were seated. The half-superannuated man was placed between his two advisers, the parchments upon the table, the door closed, and the tongues of these two worthies in incessant agitation, were only broken by looks of mutual inuendo.

"From her earliest age I have regarded the maiden as peculiarly fitted for me," said Cravenlaw; "her fortune is so well adapted for my disposal and arrangement, her person and vivacity affording an agreeable contrast with myself."

"My friend is every way calculated to keep her spirits in check," said Mullin; "to garner the money that she might otherwise prodigally expend, to become her friend when she has none other left in the world, sir."

"Well, she will make a good wife, gentlemen," said the old man, "though I say it; an active and pretty wife beside, and if you have courted her to her liking, Master Cravenlaw, when I am gone, you may make yourselves happy together."

"I have sought her and sued, and the maiden has expressed some delight," said Cravenlaw, "only when you speak of love, blushes and tears are natural to the simple creatures, and moreover, she has some awe of my character."

"She has, doubtless," cried Mullin, "the difference of years and wisdom, sir: but I opine that she has no great objection, from certain hints of regard that have from time to time escaped her:" but here the soldier, all in doubt and distraction, would have sprung from his hiding-place, but Lewisteme only half sensible of the fraud that was being practised, forcibly withheld him, and the thought whether he had any right to interfere, prevented him from the meditated attempt.

"The money is to be settled upon

herself," interposed the father, "under the guardianship of my good friend Cravenlaw, whom nevertheless, with her consent, I empower to marry her one year after my decease; and to him, as my son-in-law, I bequeath the Rose Tavern, and all appurtenances belonging—"

"Belonging thereto," subjoined Mullin,—"and this deed expresses in every particular, the will of the testator. Worthy Mr. Snatchwell has drawn up the document, the witnesses shall sign and seal it this evening, and it shall be deposited in safe hands until the time—the time, sir, when it shall please heaven to withdraw you;" but now the husky cough of the speaker, and the display of white cambric from his patron, gave desent sign of lamentation, and hinted the discretion of silence. And they turned from such disturbed emotions and consulted the parchments; and while the landlord lay back in an intermediate state, between waking and sleeping, Mullin mumbled over, and mangled in imperfect jargon, the writings, reciting what was, or was not, placed down, as it might best answer the purpose of his associate or himself.

"Have you noted down, gentlemen, that the child is to have the management of her own property?" said Gerard Lynne, "for no daughter of mine, shall be brow-beat when I'm dead; have you set it down, lawyer?"

"Yes, my friend, assuredly," said Cravenlaw: "your word is law to me."

"And her children to have the money afterwards," asked the landlord.

"They shall have it in good time," said Cravenlaw.

"The property of the gay maiden—it cannot be in better hands," said Mullin.

"In better hands than her own," said the landlord; "aye, right, that is true enough, certainly!"

"I shall so provide," remarked Cravenlaw, "that in case of my own decease—in case of accidents—your daughter, my dear friend, shall be no worse for it."

"I dare say not—I'll be bound not," answered her father.



"No, indeed," said Mullin; "she will have lost one husband and have the choice of another—what would she have more?"

From such discourse as this, they turned to the parchment again, and all that could be gleaned from their reading was, that it was a garbled and false document, neither expressing the will, nor the wishes of their employer.

During this process, Lewisteme exhibited much of the patience of one who fully comprehended the absurdity no less than the illegality of their proceedings: but the soldier, restless as the chafed steed, under the spur of its rider, now foamed with inward spleen at his restraint, and feigning indifference to the check that was upon him, ever and anon he awakened the attention of his companion, whose want of interest in the scene, struck him as not only marvellous, but provocative of infinite contempt. At length, the reader ceased, and the wink that passed between Cravenlaw and himself, showed that their design was completed,—and this discourse of looks, was not unmarked by Lewisteme.

"So,—gentlemen, I believe you mean me well," sighed Gerard Lynne, "and you, Cravenlaw, are an honest man, and I'm glad the business is over, and let's have some lunch, and a glass or two upon it—call Fairy Fanny:" but ere they could summon her, she appeared, with tears and anger contending in her aspect.

She wondered how they could interfere; it was time enough to make his will, when the old man was on his death-bed; she would not be left in the power of one so base as Lawyer Cravenlaw; and she urged much more in expostulation of her wrongs, which ended as such entreaties are like to end, in the manifest displeasure of the landlord, who retired, casting up his hands in extenuation of his daughter's folly. In the raillery and rebuke of Cravenlaw and Mullin, who departed rejoicing in their success, and the utter of discomfiture of her, whose happiness was at stake in the transaction; the little maiden fairly wept at her defeat, but when Lewisteme emerged from his conceal-

ment, she recovered herself as one bound in duty to listen to him.

His wishes were very shortly explained; but recapitulate his intentions as he would, she refused to mention the place of Harry Burrell's abode; yet when he detailed the prospect of fortune that awaited him, she listened as to some fairy history of childhood, and told over without reserve, all that she had ever heard of him, and promised that he should meet him there one night, as if by accident; to tell him of happiness, and then deceive him, would never do, in her opinion, and she would not permit such cruelty. While yet she spoke, the senses of Lewisteme had wandered far away, and were absorbed by the contemplation of something of a very different nature.

They were standing together in the passage; the figure of the fair unknown passed through the doorway to the stairs, clad in mourning, as heretofore; and the fragile loveliness of Emily Astel was surely again revived in her. It was but the thought, and he darted after her; but as the noontide shadow reflected on the hill side, mocks him, who, standing on the summit, hastens in pursuit; so this, seen, vanished as if it had never been; he turned back, pale, and in amazement.

"Did you see it," he whispered; "as like her as human being could exist."

"Did I see what?" asked Fanny, eagerly. "It's the young lady who lives here, and if you saw her more nearly, you would love her as well as yourself, perhaps better."

The girl's smile was mysterious, as Lewisteme thought, but he was not versed in the cabalistic lore of woman's ways, and moreover, was somewhat ashamed of the vision that haunted him, and by no means inclined to betray the fact of this beautiful unknown replacing his lost Emily in his affections. Could this be the midnight visitant to his chamber? Again his senses reeled in doubt and distraction, but from this confusion, a new theory of dreams intruded on his fancy.

This was, doubtless, some suffering and virtuous being doomed to present unhappiness and obscurity; but in her likeness to the object of his regret, fated

to become prosperous as his fortune might make her, and to prove the last consolation of his grief. And love always imagines similitude between the person and the mind of its object, the history of the future was therefore ended to his heart's content, for at least, the prospect of life was no longer a desert waste, but opening into hill and valley, lawn and pasture, where, if no palace of pleasure rose up in the sunlight, the phantom of peace still glided before him to lead him in his career.

However, thought is quicker than time, and this was the work of a moment, while Fanny stood by, lamenting that Lawyer Cravenlaw had anything to do with her concerns, and above all, that he should expect her to marry him; her angry complaints and sarcasm were now cut short by assurances of protection, by hints that he would see her righted, and that another will should be forthcoming, concluded with evident embarrassment on the part of Lewisteme; at last, however, he shook himself into self-possession, and demanded "if he could have a nearer view of the lady; the lady in the mourning veil; he thought surely he had the pleasure of knowing her; he should like to be satisfied."

"I can ask her nothing about it," said Fanny; but you had better come and sleep in your old room, again, and as she walks about more freely now, you may, perhaps, meet with her; I hope to gracious you may."

"I will come, certainly," he answered, hurriedly; and you are a good girl, Fanny, you must get me a sight of her by some means. But has she no friends?"

"She will be alone to-morrow night," said she; and you can see her, or take your chance, and if you like her, time enough then, to know all about it," and with another enigmatical smile she wished him success, and they parted.

How sweet to love, and be beloved, thought Fanny, and the thought was answered by the echo of sighs wafted from behind the screen, and this reminded her of the dragoon; but as ladies must not appear too loving, how was she to be supposed to know that he was there? If necessity be the mother of invention, love must be the sis-

ter or the brother—which you will, and Fanny feigned to have lost something, and certainly her search must lead her to it. So, round and round the room she went, and peeped into every nook and corner, and at last, as if wondering at her own forgetfulness, she peeped into the right place. It was perfectly natural, the suppressed shriek and laugh, and all that very pretty kind of prettiness; but then her astonishment at finding him so near, was only to be increased by the passionate embrace with which he welcomed her, one of those tender pressures which tell at once, how dear, and yet how painful this love may be to us, and Fanny was shocked, and remonstrated, and he made soft apology.

"Mr. Antel wished to speak to me to-day," he faltered; "and I hoped that you would determine not to trust Major Bellingham, that you would not go with him to the fair, and that you would see the danger, and—and rely upon my word."

"Indeed but I shall go, and go with Bill Bell," said the beauty, "and shall take care of myself as you will see; and, Sergeant Doyle, what right have you ——?"

"The right of every honourable man to protect the innocent—the right of loving you, my dear girl," he whispered. "Yes, reject me, spurn me, but by all the dear affection living in me, I will defend you to the last. Oh Fanny, and as they were seated together, he stooped his elbows to his knees, and took her hand between his in an attitude more entreating, and yet more manly than any other beside, and she blushed "love's proper hue;" but her promise to the sailor, her womanly pride, would not permit concession, and she must and would go, and there was an end of it.

"Innocent but wilful girl," he sighed, "to place yourself in the power of the spoiler. But I will bethere and track your pathway; and you shall not deny me the comfort of watching you, even as your dog may guard your dwelling. The villain, if he touch you, shall reach you through my heart."

"Oh! you will not be called upon," said Fanny; "but you may come though;" for she herself began to fear

the issue, and doubt her own safety, though she would by no means acknowledge it. Now, in the wanton mischief of playful tyranny, she led the way to the private retreat of the Astels, and as she bounded along in advance of her warlike companion, through the dark passages and windings of the ancient building, her beauty led the imagination away at once to other and far different scenes; and now she seemed like the chosen nymph of some enchanted castle, conducting the adventurous knight through all its dangers and darkness; and now like the very witch called happiness, who guides us on our way to mock and betray us at each turn, when we have counted most upon her.

At length she tapped quietly at the door, and bade the Sergeant enter; ere he did, he communed with her again in silence, and the pause was full of the emphasis of fond expostulation. It was now that he first remarked that she wore the string of gems given her by the sailor, and certainly her loveliness

outshone them. The dragoon groaned his impatient anguish, and with the presumptuous hand of anger touched her bosom, and tore the bauble from it. At this instant the major came from the opposite room, but Hugh Doyle replied with bitter laughter to her pleading entreaty, and threw the trinket in the face of its first owner. The action was momentary, and the soldier glancing in calm defiance at his rival, pressed her in trembling energy of adieu, and stooping under the doorway, was lost to their view.

This opportunity was not neglected by the gay major, who expatiated upon it with such cunning and address, that Fanny, only to show her independence, expended hour after hour in his society, and fluttered in her innocence and vanity around him, as the bird trims its wings, and ruffles its beautiful plumes while flying in dalliance round the snare of the vigilant fowler:—and here, the course of events compels us to leave her for a time.

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## LES TABLEAUX.

### No 3.

#### EUTERPE.

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Come and behold Euterpe and her lyre!

Her magic fingers wander o'er the strings,  
And melt sweet music in its frozen springs.

Her large black eyes are full of living fire,  
Her ruby lips each swelling note inspire

With sacred love! Half smiling as she sings,

She seems an angel sent on gauzy wings,

To teach the anthems of the seraph quire.

Is she from Arno, where the scented breeze

Freighted with music haunts the olive trees?

Or where the Shepherd pipes the live-long night?

I know not—but methinks entranced I might,

Alone amidst the moonbeams on the sleeping seas,

For ever listen to her dreamy melodies.

UMBRA.

## Monthly Critic.

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*Private Correspondence of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough; Illustrative of the Court and Times of Queen Anne.\**  
Colburn.

PUBLIC attention has, for the last few years, been earnestly directed to the only true means of raising the mask which ever covers the mental features of sovereigns, till politics become history—a transition which rarely takes place before the lapse of a century. Then, by means of autograph letters, such as are copied into the present collection, when party rancour has died a natural death, posterity is enabled to judge impartially of the characters of departed monarchs. Mr. Colburn has most judiciously re-published these memorials of the female prime minister of the last queen regnant, who swayed the sceptre of these islands; in its pages, the lovers of history will find matter calculated to awaken a lively interest, particularly as public curiosity has been especially directed to the annals of female royalty, since the commencement of the reign of our present fair young sovereign.

The chief defect of the publication, is the absence of interesting biographical notes, a point for consideration in future editions. Meantime, as Tom Moore says,

“The book’s a good book, being rich in Examples, and warnings to lions high-bred.”

History does not furnish such an example to royalty, as the audacious letter which the female Marlborough writes to Queen Anne, wherein she quotes passages from a ribald book of that day, called the New Atlantis, and taunts the Majesty of Great Britain, with the freaks of a Fleet-prison scribbler, whom poor Queen Anne (no very literary sovereign) had certainly never heard of till that moment. It appears that the extraordinary letters which are

copied into this series, exhausted the last remnants of queen Anne’s patience, and led to the following scene, the last that passed between friends who had been inseparable since the early age of thirteen.

“AN ACCOUNT OF THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH’S INTERVIEW WITH THE QUEEN.

“Good Friday, April 6, 1710.

“Upon the 6th of April, 1710, I followed my letter to Kensington so soon, that Her Majesty could not write another harsh letter, which I found she intended; I sent a page of the back stairs to acquaint Her Majesty that I was there. She was alone; however, the man stayed longer than was usual upon such occasions, and then told me the Queen would have me come in. As soon as I opened the door, she said she was going to write to me. ‘Upon what madam?’ said I.

“*The Queen.* I did not open your letter till just now, and I was agoing to write to you.

“*Lady Marlborough.* Was there anything in it, Madam, that you had a mind to answer?

“*The Queen.* I think there is nothing you can have to say, but you can write it.

“*Lady Marlborough.* Won’t your Majesty give me leave to tell it you?

“*The Queen.* Whatever you have to say you may write it.

“*Lady Marlborough.* Indeed, I can’t tell how to put such sort of things into writing.

“*The Queen.* You may put it into writing.

“*Lady Marlborough.* Won’t your Majesty allow me to tell it you now I am here?

“*The Queen.* You may put it into writing.

“*Lady Marlborough.* I believe your Majesty never did so hard thing to anybody, as to refuse to hear them speak, even the meanest person that ever desired it.

“*The Queen.* Yes, I do bid people put what they have to say in writing, when I have a mind to it.

“*Lady Marlborough.* I have nothing to say, Madam, upon the subject that is so uneasy to you; that person is not, that I know of, at all concerned in the account

\* See the Court Magazine for January, for a full-length coloured portrait of this queen.

that I would give you, which I can't be quiet till I have told you.

"*The Queen.* You may put it into writing.

"*Lady Marlborough.* There are a thousand lies told of me, which are so ridiculous, that I should never have thought it necessary to go about to clear myself of what never entered into my head, and is so unlike my manner of talking of your Majesty, whom I seldom name in company, and never without respect; and I do assure your Majesty that there are several things which I have heard have been told to your Majesty that I have said of you, that I am no more capable of, than I am of killing my children.

"I should have said, when I began to speak, after she had so unnecessarily repeated the same thing over and over again, that I might put what I had to say in writing, when she saw I went on to tell her the thing, she turned her face from me as if she feared blushing upon something I might say to her.

"*The Queen.* There are, without doubt, many lies told.

"*Lady Marlborough.* Pray, Madam, tell me what you have heard of me, that I may not trouble you to repeat more disagreeable things than necessary.

"*The Queen.* You said you desire no answer, and I shall give you none.

"*Lady Marlborough.* I am confident your Majesty could not be so hard to me, if you could believe that 'tis only to do myself justice, and that I could convince you that I have no design of desiring any favour you are averse to.

"*The Queen.* I will go out of the room.

"Upon which I followed her to the door, where she stopped, and when I could speak, which I could not in some time, for the tears that fell down my face, at which I was sorry, but could not help it (and I believe there are not many that would not have been as much moved at such strange usage), I appealed to her, if she did not believe herself that I might at this very moment have been as well with her as most people, if I had been capable of saying anything I did not think, or of taking such ways as others had done, which I thought was not for her service; that in my life I had never told her a lie; what I had offended her in was, because I knew it was for her service and security; and it was what she had heard a good deal of in Westminster Hall, and I could never repent of anything of that nature; but I was incapable of saying such sort of things as I had heard she had been told, and from one that was a reasonable woman, and had a very good character, who was so much with some her Majesty favoured, that I had

reason to believe what she said was not without ground; and she had pressed me with much kindness to go to your Majesty and endeavour to vindicate myself, and to recover your favour, saying a great many reasonable things upon it, and seeming to think I had made many omissions, which I knew very well there is an appearance of; but your Majesty, who knows what has passed between us, must know, that I have had reason not to come to you to offer, as others expected from me. To all this, and a great deal more upon that subject, I only answered this lady, that she had an advantage of me, because I was not at liberty to justify myself, and I had, upon many occasions, rather choose to let people think I was to blame, than clear myself, which I could never do as long as I was her servant. I told this lady that gave me advice, that I believed she might have some reason for what she said; but she did not tell me who were her authors, and I never pressed her to know, and much less should I ask of your Majesty, who had said things to my prejudice. I only beg to know what you have heard, that I might be able to clear myself in anything in which I was wronged.

"*The Queen.* You said you desire no answer, and I shall give you none."

The letters of the duke of Marlborough, though not very entertaining, and in some instances, unnecessarily cyphered, are useful to the writer of political history, as calculated to raise the private character of that successful general, rather higher in the eyes of those who are aware of the dirty avenues by which he first rose to distinction; of the means by which he won the first 5000*l.* of his hoarded treasures, and the dark and double dealing course of his political greatness. These private letters are mild and humane, full of passionate tenderness to his wife and family; of respectful affection to the queen; of good will to all around him, and we are induced to suppose, that the malignant influence of the wife he loved so devotedly, must have led Marlborough into many of the actions which justly create the abhorrence of those who were undazzled by his military successes.

After the extinction of her power, the duchess, as often happens, seems to have declared war against her own species, and above all, against the queen who had raised her from obscurity, and had lavished favour, wealth, and honours upon her and hers, with a

profusion which we are certain can never again be repeated by any ruler of our, or after times.

The restless fury with which she attacks the queen's character, is apparent in her letter to Burnet, which she hoped would be inserted as his opinion, in the "History of his Own Times;" it is a great curiosity, and we beg the reader to contrast it with the flattering character she wrote for the pedestal of Queen Anne's statue, at Blenheim.

We learn by this publication, that she meant the last composition as a reproach to Queen Caroline, the admirable wife of George II., who had succeeded the deceased Queen Anne in the hatred of the duchess: no bad compliment indeed, to that prince's, when we consider the gall and bitterness which falls from the pen of the duchess, on the character of every one of which she writes in her acrid old age. No one can, however, forbear laughing at the impotent spite with which the duchess mentions the universal lamentations for the death of Queen Caroline, opposing herself as usual, to all the world by this remarkable sentence.

"Our bishops are now about to employ hands to write the finest character that ever was heard, of Queen Caroline, who, as it is no treason, I freely own, I am glad she is dead."

Her style is not the most regular in construction, as may be seen by this specimen, but she was, like her royal mistress and early companion—an uneducated woman; and perhaps, the only elementary assistance Sarah Jennings ever received, was from the hornbooks and primers which made reading easy, in the seventeenth century; the reader will not find the slightest trace in her correspondence, of acquaintance with any language but her own. A courtier and lady of the bed-chamber at thirteen, Sarah Jennings had no means of improvement, excepting the self-education she derived as an indefatigable reader of English books, and the exercise of her own powerful intellect, and acute observation on the historical scenes passing before her eyes, connected with the grand drama of the revolution of 1688, into the midst of which, she early rushed as a conspicu-

ous actress, after she had linked her destiny with that of the great military genius, whose brilliant talents, combined with his wife's imperious management of the female sovereign, who then ruled this island, raised the fortunate pair to ducal rank, and unheard of wealth. To those as well acquainted as ourselves, with the early events marking the career of John Churchill, page to James, Duke of York, and of Sarah Jennings, maid to his daughter, the Princess Anne Stewart, the present publication is replete with powerful attraction. But a still more entertaining portion of their lives, would have been the tracing the rise and progress of Sarah's dominion over her royal mistress.

There is an anecdote in a lately published collection of Horace Walpole's letters, regarding the duchess of Marlborough's extreme old age, calculated to amuse the readers of the publication we are reviewing, and we quote it for their entertainment, regretting at the same time that the work itself is not enriched with similar gathering.

"Old Marlborough is dying, but who can tell? Last year she had lain a great while ill, without speaking. Her physicians said, 'She must be blistered, or she will die.' She called out from her bed, in the midst of the consultation, 'I won't be blistered, and I won't die.'

"If she takes the same resolution now, I don't believe she will."

Such was the opinion cherished by one of her contemporaries regarding the potency of this imperious woman's will, in the last extremity of age and bedridden infirmity.

The volumes are illustrated by a portrait of Queen Anne, and one of the Duchess of Marlborough; the last is well lithographed, and gives us some idea of the beauty and majesty of person to which she owed some of her mighty influence over the court of England, and the heart of her husband; but her air is haughty, and her expression of face somewhat scornful, affected, and feline, and the *blonde chevelure* which she made one of the engines of her power, is disposed with no little taste. Whenever Sarah found that her lord and master resisted her

will, she used to threaten out of revenge, to cut off her beautiful long hair, which he so passionately admired, and at length she did cut it off, in one of her fits of temper, and from that very cause, lost a portion of her power over him. This is indeed an excellent lesson to those ladies who proceed by the means of piques and threats to gain their own way. Few persons, the wise reader will feel assured, can indeed ever vex those with whom they are indissolubly connected, without being in the end, the greatest sufferer themselves.

*The Courtier's Daughter.* By Lady Stepney. In 3 vols. Colburn.

LADY Stepney's new novel is cast in the highest circles; she leads her readers to the drawing rooms of Queen Charlotte and the dinners and fêtes of the Regent, and we must consider that she is decidedly successful in that department of her work which belongs to the class of the novel *de société*, a species of composition where excellence can be attained by very few authors; as not only ability is required for the task, but the right of *entrée* into courtly circles. We think the experience of the present publication will induce Lady Stepney to devote her pen entirely to works of this description. There are still faults to be amended in Lady Stepney's authorship, and above all her ladyship has scarcely yet arrived at the right appreciation of her own powers; still "*The Courtier's Daughter*" is a work which *will* attract public attention and be read with avidity and interest. We find as great a progressive improvement in its pages from her ladyship's first novel, "*The Road to Ruin*," as between Lady Blessington's first novels and her late work "*The Confessions of an Elderly Lady*;" and we consider withal that Lady Stepney possesses the *matériel* of talent in tenfold more strength than Lady Blessington, but she has not yet arrived at the power of critically reasoning on the best points of her own authorship; and, perhaps, never turned her attention to the injurious incongruity she commits, in blending the old fashioned machinery of by-gone and worn out romance with pictures of

modern life and manners. Caves, trap-doors, murderous stewards, predictions, and concealed wives would suit the era of Edward IV. far better than the times of George IV.; and there is a sad want of harmony in the transition from the scenes in which Henrietta, De Winton, and Lady Jane figure, with all the truth of real character, in such improbable and clashing situations as those in which they are placed. If proper attention were paid to historical costume, we have little doubt that Lady Stepney could write a delightful baronial romance, for no little ingenuity is necessary to be displayed in the contrivance of this machinery; but it is here as much out of place, as the costume of Charles V. and Spanish troops in some of the pictures of the Flemish masters on the Judgment of Solomon, and other subjects of still more ancient history.

In discussing the present work we are forced to put the hero and heroine entirely out of the question, for both are perfect characters; therefore a reviewer has as little concern in analysing their conduct and calling, as a naturalist would have in describing the blue lions and golden dragons of heraldic device. It is the constant lot of humanity to commit errors; and they are the best of mortals who have their reasoning powers sufficiently developed, and their benevolence in sufficient activity to receive the profit of experience, and to progress in improvement as they advance in life, that they may benefit themselves and others as much as possible. Whoever describes a person as exempt from these struggles, is like an artist who would paint a blue lion or a green goose as a specimen of natural history. This is the secret cause of readers becoming dull whenever perfect young ladies or gents appear on the scene. Seeing that the author is wandering from nature, they feel inclined to leave his heroes and heroines to wander by themselves, as of another clay than that of which their weak nature is composed. Lady Horatia would doubtless have had a plentiful crop of follies to subdue, under such guidance as that of Madame Floris, to say nothing of downright errors; to draw her, therefore, as a perfect creature, outrages possibility. The disasters and mortifications of Ma-

bel are after all the real interest in the work, and the scenes where the worldly minded Henrietta figures, always attract the attention of the reader, because she acts consistently with the character her situation and training would have produced. Her brother's mixture of right and wrong, in character and action, is well done, and on these persons the merit of the work wholly depends; as a specimen, we give the unmasking of Henrietta, who has played the meek and approbative young lady for the purpose of enticing a suitable husband into marriage:—

"Henrietta was all penitence: she could not eat anything, and looked imploringly in the face of Rosemaldon; but the Marquis was blind to her languishing glances; and, finding that he was not to be gained over to any inquiries of tender interest, she suddenly started up from the table, and threw herself into an arm-chair by the fire, complaining of the excessive coldness of the evening. In vain, Lady Jane frowned and winked; Miss De Winton had taken up a book, and was employed in turning leisurely over the leaves. 'Oh! Ernest,' she cried, at length, 'do read this scene, it is really excellent; the hero and heroine have a quarrel; she pretends to be jealous of his first love, by way of exciting his defence; and he, after a little surprise and indignation, laughs and loves her all the better for being tenacious of him. Is it not odd that I should just open the book at this droll scene?'

" 'I hate scenes and actresses,' said Rosemaldon, coldly.

"Henrietta laughed, and Lady Jane, trembling for her daughter, rose from the table, and quitted the room, followed by Henrietta. The doors which divided the dining-room from the boudoir to which they retired, slid back into grooves, and a large flowing curtain fell on the other side, and concealed that part of the wall entirely.

"Instead of following them into the adjoining apartment, Olivia went out at a side door, and left the doors still open, the rooms being only divided by the curtain which fell on the other side. Rosemaldon had risen, and was about to push back the doors, when De Winton laid his hand on his arm, and detained him.

" 'Your conduct, Henrietta,' exclaimed Lady Jane, in a voice so loud that every syllable was distinctly heard through the curtain; 'your conduct is most flagrant: the caprice and bitterness of your temper are really past endurance. Your uncle has left the house in disgust; and, if you do

not take care, you will drive Ernest to follow him.'

" 'Pray let me close the doors,' whispered Rosemaldon; but De Winton grasped his arm still more tightly, and Lechmere, by signs, implored him to be silent.

" 'What care I whether my uncle goes away or remains here?' answered Henrietta, insolently; 'I am sure he does very little good to anybody wherever he may be. He was angry with me to-day, because I did not choose to praise that odious Horatia. He has fallen in love with her himself, and I have very little doubt that he will marry her, after all. He took good care to say everything he could think of against her, when he was afraid that his son would marry her, cunning man.'

" 'You are mistaken in your conjectures,' said her mother. 'The Duke has found out, that she is the very person likely to suit Ernest; remember, I always foretold what would happen if he ever became acquainted with her.'

" 'And now you are very proud, I suppose, that your prognostications have proved true,' said Henrietta, scornfully. 'Perhaps, you mean to predict that *la spirituelle* Horatia will soon be my mother-in-law.'

" 'Henrietta, you are talking nonsense,' said Lady Jane. 'What is the meaning of this change in you lately? You were gentle and obedient enough, when you wanted my assistance to get your cousin to propose to you; and why did I caution you to weigh well every word before you spoke,—to anticipate his every wish; in fact, to give up everything to secure him? Why did I half ruin your brother by giving that masquerade foolery, but to afford you the opportunity you wished? Now, I tell you once more, that if you do not curb the violence of your temper until you are married, you will lose the prize, for I can perceive very plainly that his mind is already filled with vague suspicion. What did you say to him in the library to-day,—he has scarcely spoken since?'

" 'What did I say?' repeated Henrietta. 'I had nothing to talk about, so I bored myself with listening to his criticisms on Milton, Spenser, Addison, and all his stupid 'unchanging untiring friends,' as he calls the drones. And he entertained me with his own opinions on them. With regard to the suspicions you talk of, I assure you that I am not going to waste my time in satisfying them. Let him suspect what he pleases, so that I am the Marchioness of Rosemaldon, all is right.'

" 'You have taken offence at some slight,' said Lady Jane; 'I remember the time, Henrietta, when you used to fly down the avenue to meet him, and used to think no book dull, or no walk long, that was shared



with your cousin. You found no fault with him in those days.'

" 'Perhaps not,' answered her daughter, carelessly, 'but that must be a great while ago, for I really cannot recollect the time when I cared much about him. At present, I think him positively disagreeable; he is morose and frowns, and I am rather too wise to fall in love with a face because it is pale and sentimental. I like a fascinating, fickle hero. But trust me, I hold him fast enough; he will find some difficulty in breaking my chains. You shall see how I will manage him;' and Henrietta laughed louder in triumph.

"A yet louder burst of laughter from De Winton resounded in their ears; they started up with alarm and apprehension, and gazed in each other's faces without the power of uttering a word. Lady Jane crept to the door and held back the curtain. 'We have been overheard,' she whispered, her lips quivering with fear. 'Oh! Henrietta, we have lost him; your treacherous brother is leagued against us, and the whole party heard every syllable of our conversation.'

" 'Go into the room,' said Henrietta, wildly, 'do not let him leave us—say something—invent some plausible story—pray keep Ernest here, or we are lost. Oh! go—go to him.'

" 'Hush!' continued Lady Jane, 'I hear his voice—he is talking—do not be afraid, Henrietta; I am sure that he is too honourable to forsake you now; sit down, love, and let us speak on some indifferent subject: say you *adore* him.'

" 'Ah! he is laughing,' cried Henrietta; 'there again, he is laughing, for months he has not laughed; hark! he is quite himself.'

" 'Be still,' said her mother, impatiently. 'I tell you, Lechmere will manage it all for us quietly; he shall represent to them that we were carrying on a sort of jest,—a continuation of the scene in the play book.'

"Henrietta sat buried in painful thought, while her mother quitted the room. She began to think that Rosemaldon would really take this opportunity to break off the match, and that the brilliant prospects which were so nearly realized would fade from her view. The high rank, the splendid fortune, the superb houses, the crowds of flatterers, the jewels and the bridal suit, should she lose them all? And for a few foolish words? how cruel!"

*Piers de Gaveston.* By E. E. C. In 2 vols. Whittaker.

WHEN we consider the romance of *Piers Gaveston* as the first literary ef-

fort of its author, we are disposed to think favourably of it, as a specimen of promising ability, for the language is easy and pleasant, and the story proceeds with a degree of perspicuity we should be glad to find in productions of more pretence. These good qualities would have been displayed to better advantage, if the young author had chosen any other department of fiction, in preference to historical romance, in which commanding genius must be united to deep and varied information before eminence can be attained. An author must not only be acquainted with the political history of England, but must be previously imbued with a complete knowledge of the dress, armour, furniture, architecture, warfare and modes of life appertaining to the era of his tale. If he read on purpose for the work, crude stiffness is the infallible result. If he throw himself, like the writer of *Piers Gaveston*, wholly on the stores of his own imagination, assisted only by some family library history of England; the narrative is surrounded by a hundred unseen traps and pitfalls,—such blunders, for instance, as cannonading! in the barons' wars of Edward II. Even the Christian names of the characters betray a want of knowledge of historical costume; we know what we have to expect the moment we meet with such names as Lady Emily, Lady Augusta or Lady Harriet, figuring in the middle ages, which, though a trifle, breaks the magic wand of fascinating delusion. It is, however, no easy matter to keep the proper medium in historical romance; we are well aware that some authors in this department make tedious homilies of their compositions, absolutely stifling their heroes and heroines under the weight of antiquated costume.

We recommend the consideration of these hints to our young writer, who has shown some judgment in the delineation of the mixture of good and evil in the character of Edward the Second's unfortunate favourite; and we are ready to declare that the executioner will put an end to poor Gaveston before the pages of his history will be closed by the reader.

*Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott.*  
*Volume the 7th.* Cadell; Whittaker  
 & Co.

The last volume of this captivating biography is now before the public, bearing, it is true, a more mournful though less absorbing interest than its predecessors. The reader traces with tears through its pages, the progress of the bright intellect and warm heart of Sir Walter Scott, to that grave which the heavy pressure of care and an over-tasked brain had prematurely prepared for him.

We cannot affect to be ignorant that part of the public press is exceedingly busy with many strictures on the manner in which Mr. Lockhart has conducted this biography; strictures wholly distinct from critical analysis and observation, and chiefly connected with the political bias of one or other of the ultra parties. Some are displeased that the failings of the venerable subject should, in the slightest degree, be unveiled: and others are ready to carp at every deviation from their peculiar dogmas by Sir Walter and his son-in-law, neither of whom it seems please the violent destructive, or the high Tory. Without attending to the prejudices of either, Mr. Lockhart has produced a biography representing Sir Walter as he really was, not only with the feelings, but with occasional touches of the failings from which no mortal is altogether exempt. Herein, according to our judgment, resides the very strength and beauty of the performance. Many out-and-out party persons are amusing themselves with picking out here a flaw, and there a hole, in the character of Sir Walter, by means of his correspondence and journal; but the question is, whose life could be so thoroughly laid open to public view, who could have all their actions so minutely weighed, and yet have such a preponderating balance of good brought to their account as Sir Walter Scott? Could Dryden? could Swift? could Bacon? could Coke have borne such a test? We know they could not.

Mr. Lockhart well knew that by admitting his readers to a full and complete view of Sir Walter as he really was, he should produce the most fas-

cinating biography of the present era; this he has done; the reading public devour the books eagerly as they are thrown to them, and when the number is completed, regret there is no more; this is the true state of the case between the public and the biographer of Sir Walter Scott.

The seventh and last volume of the biography opens with the ill-health of Sir Walter in the winter of 1827. We are not long perusing before we meet with striking passages in his journal; flashes of that brilliant light which was still illuminating Europe.

There is acute observation in these remarks:—

“The contrast at leaving Abbotsford to former departures, is of an agitating and violent description. Assorting papers, and so forth. I never could help admiring the concatenation between Ahitophel’s setting his house in order, and hanging himself.\* The one seems to follow the other, as a matter of course. But what frightens and disgusts me, are those fearful letters from those who have been long dead, to those who linger on their wayfare through the valley of tears. Those fine lines of Spencer’s came into my head—

“The shade of youthful hope is there,  
 That lingered long, and latest died;  
 Ambition all dissolved to air,  
 With phantom honours by his side.

“What empty shadows glimmer nigh?  
 They once were Friendship, Truth, and  
 Love!

Oh die to thought, to Memory die,  
 Since lifeless to my heart ye prove.†

Ay, and can I forget the Author—the frightful moral of his own vision? What is this world?—a dream within a dream—as we grow older, each step is an awakening. The youth awakes, as he thinks, from childhood—the full-grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary—the old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. The grave the last sleep? No; it is the last, and final awakening.

“*Edinburgh, May 15.*—It is impossible not to compare this return to Edinburgh, with others in more happy times. But we should rather recollect under what distress of mind I took up my lodgings in Mrs. Brown’s last summer. Went to Court and resumed

\* 2d Sam. xvii. 23.

† Poems by the late Hon. W. R. Spencer, London, 1835.

old habits. Heard the true history of —.\* Imagination renders us liable to be the victims of occasional low spirits. All belonging to this gifted, as it is called, but often unhappy class, must have felt that but for the dictates of religion, or the natural recoil of the mind from the idea of dissolution, there have been times when they would have been willing to throw away life as a child does a broken toy. I am sure I know one who has often felt so. O God! what are we?—Lords of nature?—Why a tile drops from a house-top, which an elephant would not feel more than the fall of a sheet of pasteboard, and there lies his lordship. Or something of inconceivably minute origin, the pressure of a bone, or the inflammation of a particle of the brain, takes place, and the emblem of the Deity destroys himself or some one else. We hold our health and our reason on terms slighter than one would desire, were it in their choice, to hold an Irish cabin.

We accompany Sir Walter during this last volume, while he completes the *Life of Napoleon*, the *Tales of the Canonsgate*; *Count Robert*; *Castle Dangerous*; the *Demonology*, and *Tales of a Grandfather*. The state of the country during the agitation of the Reform Bill, seems to have added to Sir Walter's mental troubles, and he evidently took reform for revolution; and when he went abroad, he half considered that he was emigrating. Previously to this step, repeated attacks of paralysis, certainly proceeding from an overworked brain, had laid the weight of premature old age upon him. A heart-rending picture is presented of this great man before the close of the scene.

"After this he declined daily, but still there was great strength to be wasted, and the process was long. He seemed, however, to suffer no bodily pain, and his mind, though hopelessly obscured, appeared, when there was any symptom of consciousness, to be dwelling, with any rare exceptions, on serious and solemn things; the accent of the voice grave, sometimes awful, but never querulous, and very seldom indicative of any angry or resentful thoughts. Now and then he imagined himself to be administering justice as Sheriff; and once or twice he seemed to be ordering Tom Purdie about trees. A few times also, I am sorry to say we could perceive that his fancy was at

Jedburgh—and *Burk Sir Walter* escaped him in a melancholy tone. But commonly whatever we could follow him in was a fragment of the Bible (especially the Prophecies of Isaiah, and the Book of Job)—or some petition in the litany—or a verse of some psalm—(in the old Scotch metrical version)—or of some of the magnificent hymns of the Romish ritual, in which he had always delighted, but which probably hung on his memory now in connexion with the church services he had attended while in Italy. We very often heard distinctly the cadence of the *Dies Iræ*; and I think the very last stanza that we could make out, was the first of a still greater favourite—

"*Stabat Mater Dolorosa,  
Juxta crucem lacrymosa  
Dum pendebat Filius.*"

"His afflicted mother stood weeping,  
Whilst her son was  
Nailed to the fatal cross."

"All this time he continued to recognise his daughters, Laidlaw, and myself, whenever we spoke to him—and received every attention with a most touching thankfulness. Mr. Clarkson, too, was always saluted with the old courtesy, though the cloud opened but a moment for him to do so. Most truly might it be said that the gentleman survived the genius.

How truly admirable is the last observation: "the gentleman survived the genius."

The last scene is briefly but powerfully told.

"As I was dressing on the morning of Monday the 17th of September, Nicolson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm—every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. 'Lockhart,' he said, 'I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.'—He paused, and I said, 'Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?'—'No,' said he, 'don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night—God bless you all.'—With this he sunk into a very tranquil sleep, and, indeed, he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness, except for an instant on the arrival of his sons. They, on learning that the scene was about to close, obtained a new leave of absence from their posts, and both

\* Sir Walter had this morning heard of the suicide of a man of warm imagination, to whom, at an earlier period, he was much attached.

reached Abbotsford on the 19th. About half-past one P.M., on the 21st. of September, Sir Walter breathed his last in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.

After the first project of the New Cemetery was laid by Mr. Carden, interest was made by a friend of his to lay the plan of that ground before Sir Walter Scott for his approbation. But the failing health of Sir Walter prevented the application. Could the record of facts be read before it was unrolled, how strangely would it appear to human eyes, that that very ground was then preparing for the three dearest objects of Sir Walter's heart.

"Miss Anne Scott received at Christmas, 1832, a grant of 200*l.* per annum from the privy purse of King William IV. But her name did not long burden the pension list. Her constitution had been miserably shattered in the course of her long and painful attendance, first on her mother's illness, and then on her father's; and perhaps reverse of fortune, and disappointments of various sorts connected with that, had also heavy effect. From the day of Sir Walter's death, the strong stimulus of duty being lost, she too often looked and spoke like one

"Taking the measure of an unmade grave."

After a brief interval of disordered health, she contracted a brain fever which carried her off abruptly. She died in my house in the Regent's Park, on the 25th June, 1833, and her remains are placed in the New Cemetery, in the Harrow Road.

"The adjoining grave holds those of her nephew, John Hugh Lockhart, who died 15th Dec. 1831;\* and also those of my wife Sophia, who expired after a long illness, which she bore with all possible meekness and fortitude, on the 17th May, 1837. The clergyman who read the funeral service over her, was her father's friend, and hers, and mine, the Rev. Henry Hart Milman, one of the Prebendaries of Westminster; and a little incident which he happened to observe during the prayers, suggested to him some verses, which he transmitted the morning after, and which the reader will not, I be-

lieve, consider altogether misplaced, in the last page of these memoirs of her father.

"STANZAS—May 22, 1837.

"Over that solemn pageant mute and dark,  
Where in the grave we laid to rest  
Heaven's latest, not least welcome guest,  
What didst thou on the wing, thou jocund lark!  
Hovering in unrebuked glee,  
And carolling above that mournful company?"

"O thou light-loving and melodious bird,  
At every sad and solemn fall  
Of mine own voice, each interval  
In the soul-elevating prayer I heard,  
Thy quivering descendant full and clear—  
Discord not inharmonious to the ear!"

"We laid her there, the Minstrel's darling child.  
Seem'd it then meet that, borne away  
From the close city's dubious day,  
Her dirge should be thy native woodnote wild;  
Nursed upon nature's lap, her sleep  
Should be where birds may sing, and dewy flow-  
ers weep?"

"Ascendest thou, air-wandering messenger!  
Above us slowly lingering yet,  
To bear our deep, our mute regret;  
To waft upon thy faithful wing to her  
The husband's fondest, last farewell,  
Love's final parting pang, the unspoke, the un-  
speakable?"

"Or didst thou rather chide with thy blithe  
voice  
Our selfish grief that would delay  
Her passage to a brighter day;  
Bidding us mourn no longer, but rejoice  
That it hath heavenward flown, like thee,  
That spirit from this cold world of sin and sor-  
row free?"

"I watched thee, lessening to the sight,  
Still faint and fainter winnowing  
The sunshine with thy dwindled wing,  
A speck, a movement in the ruffled light,  
Till thou wert melted in the sky,  
An undistinguished part of the bright infinity.

"Meet emblem of that lightsome spirit thou!  
That still wherever it might come,  
Shed sunshine o'er that happy home.  
Her task of kindness and gladness now  
Absolved, with the element above  
Hath mingled, and become pure light, pure joy,  
pure love."

Need we study for epithets where-  
with to praise a work from whence we  
can draw such extracts?

*Nourmahal. An Oriental Romance, by  
M. J. Quin, author of a Steam Voyage  
down the Danube, &c. In 3 Vols.  
Colburn.*

Nourmahal is a romance written with  
the high spirit of an elegant pen, and

\* There must be an error in this date, as the New Cemetery was not finished until July, 1832.

will please even those readers whose minds are most pre-occupied with the fascinating recollection of Moore's *Light of the Harem*. The romance traces the early history of this extraordinary woman, and follows her oriental biographers closely in all particulars, except in the evils of the heroine's character. Nourmahal was, in truth, as complete a *diablesse* as ever swayed the mind of man in the commission of evil. Mr. Quin has not lowered his literary reputation by this composition. It is remarkable for easy grace, beauty of language, and perfection of costume; and the motto, chosen with great taste from the eastern poets, speak the intimate acquaintance of the author with orientalisms. The character of Jehangire is drawn with great skill; his faults and good qualities mingled together, awake a stronger interest in the reader than the usual perfections of heroes of fiction; he is truly the Jehangire of Hindostan; and does far more honor to the genius of the author than the portrait of Nourmahal.

We are more captivated with the adventures of the parents of Nourmahal than with her own. It is not good policy for an author to attach us to characters which we are soon to leave; part of the power of his art is that of concentrating our attention on his principal group, and he ought not to distract and divide it with other persons. The dialogue is natural and pleasing, and in many instances dramatic, richly imbued with orientalisms; we nevertheless find no fulsome bombast in the descriptive passages.

The following extract will give our readers a specimen of our author's style and spirit:—

"Jehangire then demanded whether it was within the magicians' art to predict the result of the approaching battle; to which the latter replied that he was altogether unskilled in astrology, and denied the faculty of looking into futurity.

"The emperor, disappointed, rose from the divan upon which he was seated, drawing from his superb hookah the fragrant perfume of tobacco leaves of Shiraz. He walked up and down his tent for some time, much excited; at length, stopping before the Bengalee, who was standing in an attitude of profound obeisance, asked him whether he could exhibit before him his misguided son,

Chusero, whose rebellion had caused him so much trouble and anxiety of mind. The Bauzigur expressed a hope that he might be able to gratify his majesty upon this point. He then rejoined his companions, and speedily returned to the pavilion with a mirror, which he placed upright on the divan, against the wall of the pavilion, opposite the cushions occupied by Jehangire.

"In the course of a few minutes the space behind the mirror appeared to be occupied by a large army, drawn up on the banks of a river, and beyond it, on a rising ground, Chusero was distinctly visible, surrounded by Man-Singh, Hussein, and a brilliant staff, to whom he was giving orders, while he held in his hand a chart, with strong red lines drawn upon it. Far in the distance was seen the subah of Cashmere, at the head of a numerous body of troops, marching towards the river under the standard adopted by the prince.

"'It is indeed my son!' exclaimed Jehangire, with deep emotion. 'Unhappy boy! Heaven be my witness, that if he were now to repent of his crime, and to sue at my feet for pardon, I would receive him with open arms! Chusero—my son—oh! who could have imagined this when first I received you smiling from your mother's bosom? How have I watched over your infant years, with the warm gushing love known only to the heart of a parent! How have I waited, when fever or pain preyed upon your delicate frame, for the changes that indicated the departure of the disease! Oh, when those happy moments came—moments that appear to be but of yesterday—when your countenance became itself again, and your precious, blithe, and innocent looks, repaid us all for the sorrows we had suffered on your account—what joy we experienced! How the world, that was before all darkness, seemed to put on a new robe of triumph! But now—armed against your father—the father that still cherishes you in his heart of hearts—it is too much—agony beyond endurance!'

"The Bauzigur, affected by this natural burst of parental tenderness, was about to remove the mirror, but the emperor, who perceived his purpose, beckoned to him to desist. Pressing his hand upon his forehead and eyes, from which tears copiously rolled down, Jehangire sobbed aloud.

"'And Afkun too,' he resumed, when the flood of his emotion subsided; 'Afkun, the subah of Cashmere; the husband of Nourmahal—of my *Nourmahal*—turned traitor! The conduct of Hussein does not surprise me. Man-Singh's machinations are not new to me; but Afkun, why has he turned traitor against his lawful sovereign? Misguided men—misguiders of my son; whom, doubtless, ye desire to use as an instrument for the accomplishment of your own base

designs, few are the hours that remain between this and the moment of my just vengeance. Bochari! Bochari! I say!

"The commander immediately made his appearance—surprised—not a little annoyed, upon seeing the emperor alone with the Bengalese.

"Bochari! issue orders through the camp to-night, to prepare for marching at the dawn. Afkun has joined the rebel standards, and if we delay here much longer, possibly other wavering chieftains may be induced to follow his example."

"I have learned as much by despatches which have just arrived. The rebel forces are drawn up on the farther bank of the Sutledge, resolved to resist our passage across that river. Afkun has brought twenty thousand men into the field, instigated by his sultana, Nourmahal, of whose real designs I never entertained a doubt."

"By Nourmahal?" exclaimed the emperor, in a voice of amazement; "impossible. If I had ever any skill in reading the heart of woman, her soul is free from the guilt you would impute to it. Say, if you choose, that she aspires to be the empress of Hindostan; but with Jehangire at her side."

"An officer of the outposts humbly asks admission to your majesty," said one of the eunuchs in waiting.

"What is his business?" demanded Bochari, in a peremptory tone.

"He states that his message is one of importance, which he can communicate only to your majesty," said the eunuch, still standing before the emperor.

"Let him come in," said Jehangire. The officer having been admitted, and having made the usual obeisance, proceeded to relate, that as he was walking on the banks of a small river, near which the guard under his orders was stationed, outside the camp, his attention was drawn to a bundle of flowers floating down the stream. It was stopped in its course by a cluster of rushes that grew in the river, and when he brought it out on the end of his spear, he perceived that it had been carefully tied by a golden band, and arranged, manifestly as a symbol, which, as he was unskilled in the language of flowers, he knew not how to interpret. Apprehending that it might be a mode of secret communication between the rebel leaders and disaffected persons in the camp, he deemed it his duty to lay it at the feet of his majesty, where he requested permission to present it, with his sincere, though lowly homage.

The emperor took the symbol into his hands, which he examined with intense anxiety. "'It is!' he exclaimed, his face radiant with exultation; 'it is a message from Nourmahal. See here, Bochari; *Nourmahal to Selim—her heart to its lord!*' Said

I not the truth? Oh! I knew it well. I needed no messenger to tell me that though I were abandoned by all the world, she would remain faithful to her first love. Divine invention, by which distance is thus annihilated between two beings, who are conscious of the thoughts of each other."

The notes to Nourmahal deserve the attention of every reader; and the extracts from the "Memoirs of the Emperor Jehangire," written by himself, are great curiosities. The oriental knowledge of the author, stamps indeed an intrinsic worth upon these highly interesting and well written volumes.

*Brendallah. A Poem. By Thomas Eagles. Whittaker & Co.*

On the shelves of old circulating libraries are still to be found four volumes, translated and edited by Monk Lewis, a person whose powers of execution were feeble, yet he had exquisite critical taste, and never stole any literature but what possessed the true stamp of genius. We think too that he had the art of improving whatever he laid his hands upon, by judiciously pruning and dressing the productions of more vigorous minds than his own. In the publication to which we allude, he was assisted by several of the greatest authors of the brilliant Georgian era, but we think the title must have sat like an incubus on the work, for it never seems to have been reprinted. The title was "Tales of Wonder;" an appellation appealing only to readers of a vulgar taste. Scott's Bill Jones made its first appearance in that collection, together with two or three stories from the German, admirably done by Lewis. The tale of the Anaronda is one of tremendous power; it is in his own native scenery, the *West Indies*; how he came by it, is to us matter of wonder. Stole it, certainly, or at least the materials whereof it was constructed; for the feeble eloquence of his mind could not grapple with the Anaronda in its native woods. Next in value, is the beautiful tale of the Spirit of the Frozen Ocean; this story, which only occupies half a volume of large print, though free from the fetters of verse, is poetry of a high order, com-

binning ideality, character, language, and moral truth, expressed with energetic brevity. And this tale brings us to "Brendallah," the poem before us. The author has taken the story of the Spirit of the Frozen Ocean, and made it a long poem under the name of Brendallah. It is possible that he has used the German original from whence Monk Lewis drew this splendid tale; for we think the perusal of the English story would have struck more fire into the verses. Mr. Eagles gives us no information on this head, and the critic is left to his own instinct in the matter. Mr. Eagles' main fault is dilution of his poetical talents into oceans of words. If he would study condensation, he would be astonished at the attention he would meet with from the public. Horticulturists have discovered that a little wood strawberry possesses as much flavour as gardeners have distributed over the bulk of a huge monster of the Chili sort; and truly the rule holds good in regard to modern poems, which stretch themselves over an octavo.

Mr. Eagles, if he bore this rule in mind, would occasionally be a descriptive poet of some eminence; but words are his bane, and he should make a decisive stand against the torrents which dilute and dissipate the flavour of his fruits.

"——— Soon a grove they near'd  
Of lemons, myrtles—then an emerald plot,  
The which they cross'd, and then a lake  
appear'd  
On which two swans reposed who fled away  
afear'd.  
They cross'd a mould'ring bridge, o'er-  
grown with trees  
Low bending down with fruit:—A stream-  
let pure  
There warbled sweetly to the singing  
breeze  
As on it glided o'er the polish'd floor  
Rich, rain-bow tinted, and which strew'd  
was o'er  
With mossy stones that broke the waters'  
gush,  
Which o'er the whole did leap, and dance,  
and pour,  
Like diamonds roll'd o'er snow, and it  
did rush  
Within a basin huge whose margin deep did  
blush  
With rarest blooms, white, purple, scar-  
let, blue,  
Which hung o'er water pure as margarite,

The luscious, rich, and eye delighting hue  
Reflected was within the mirror bright  
Like red ray'd even peeping in the white  
And shining lake; the sporting zephyr  
mild  
Would press them forward till they did  
alight  
Within the bubbling tide, and there they  
smiled  
Like morning's witching hue on th' leaping  
ocean wild.

*On Education and Self-Formation. From  
the German of Professor Heinroth.  
A. Schloss.*

The very title page of this work, where we find Self-Formation connected with education, arouses a host of active notions in the mind of a reflecting person. Alas, much abused words, Fate and Destiny! in how many instances ought ye to be considered wholly as the result of *self-formation*, either for evil or good, and ought we not to honour the German sage who throws the forcible lights of religion and reason on this most difficult and mysterious function of the human mind. In a lately published life of Whitfield, he declares himself first roused to his powerful mission by the observation that a self-perverted human creature was half brute, half fiend; a forcible truth, which, if it wanted confirmation, the police reports of our metropolis fully verify. Professor Heinroth begins his educational directions from the moment a baby is able to sit upright in the arms of its nurse or mother. When it begins to manifest an inclination to play with other infants, he with true sagacity announces its first entrance into social life, and marks with unerring truth, that its moral character is then forming, and that its propensities to a *preponderance* of anger, injustice, and rapine are *then* forming and indurating, if not wisely checked and restrained. How really eloquent is this passage! What important reflections it ought to awaken in the minds of preceptors and parents, who generally leave the most difficult department of the tuition of children to the sole direction of the little creature's own discretion; we mean their sports and plays, which have such influence over character:—

"Play is the occupation of a child, in which his corporeal and mental powers develop themselves, being all exercised in this, the *business* of his life, which has another advantage besides this development;—it satisfies his original desire for happiness. The child is never happier than in his play, and gaiety is then his natural characteristic. It is his heaven, and the most cheerful, active men are generally those who have most fully enjoyed play in their childhood, not from having a superabundance of playthings, but from having been themselves active in devising and making; not wanting materials for the exercise of their ingenuity; and not having been hindered, or interrupted in their work. The child however, as long as he plays *alone*, is but at the threshold of happiness; the fulness of his bliss commences when he associates with *companions*, and it is a pleasure to watch the countenance of a child, when he meets another. How he smiles, and extends his arms towards him, and kisses him! It is the love of society, which brings, and binds them together; and the era when social play begins, is a remarkable one, which ought to be taken advantage of. During the first quiet, solitary play, nothing was required, but to look on, and guard from harm, in short—a negative conduct. But now that the social circle is formed, and the child enters, as it were, into his kingdom, (which will be governed, though the ruling power be invisible) the moral powers, now unfolding themselves, will require guidance, restraint, and encouragement. The feelings, which have hitherto slept in the young mind—love, friendship, sympathy, generosity, and, unfortunately, the inclination, also, to selfishness, covetousness, to command, and rule over others, to appropriate their property, and envy,—all these arise; and it becomes the most important business of preliminary education, to teach and inculcate morality. The Will—the moral power, which requires unremitted guidance—now arises in the infant mind; and as all kindly inclinations must be excited and encouraged, so contrary ones must be combatted and restrained. This is often best effected, by separating the young disturbers of the peace from the companions whom they annoy, and obliging them to play alone. In outbreaks, however, of the spirit of domination and covetousness, and the consequent quarrels, it is necessary to accommodate the dispute, and bring back the aggressors to the right path, by granting justice to the injured. They must be made to beg the pardon of those, whose property they have taken, which they must restore; and thus repair the injury, before they are punished for their misconduct, by banishment. For the feeling of Right and Wrong is already awakened,

and he, who feels and knows when he receives wrong, also knows when he commits it towards others, as soon as his attention is drawn to it. Other natures, which may be called passive, require to be excited and encouraged in every possible way. These are the weaker, and must not only be protected against the stronger, but excited to the more active exercise of their powers, the means of doing which, will not be wanting at this period of life; and it is as necessary to foster the growth of the slowly-developing germ, as to extirpate the weeds, which, if allowed to spread, will soon choke the good seed. The moral human Being already lives in the Child.

"Lastly, we must consider the internal life of children, and its claims on our care and attention. The child will not always play, but he must constantly be amused, and, unconsciously to himself, formed for the highest ends of his existence. The springs, not only of worldly, but of spiritual life, come into action. Man is born, not merely for this lower, mortal existence, but for a higher, eternal one. He must, therefore, have a sense of the High,—the Exalted beyond the limits of time and space,—the Great,—the Incomprehensible,—the Wonderful; together with a love of, and capacity of laying hold on them. This sense is Reason, and this capacity, Faith. But the element, in which the child lives during the period of play, is the Imagination, the source, and principle of all play. It is also by the imagination that the idea of the exalted and the wonderful reaches the mind of the playful child, and obtains his full belief, or faith. Imagination, too, is the element of Fiction, in whose garb, the ideas of the high and the wonderful can alone find entrance to the infant mind. And, in this way, much may be accomplished, if rightly begun. A lively, pure world of Fiction, prepares the child for the free regions of pure, living, eternal Truth; care must only be taken that no monstrous or hideous images fill the tender, sensitive mind with terror,—no world of ghosts, instead of spirits, must obscure the unsullied mirror of the infant imagination; but a bright, cheerful heaven of wonders must open on the young mind, and give it a foretaste of the bliss of a spiritually free being. Thus the child will be led in his own element to the vestibule of the All-holy, and preliminary education will be completed."

We regret that our limits will not permit further extracts from a work which needs only be seen to be seized upon by those who are employed in the task of training either their own infants or those of other persons.



From the specimen we have given, our readers will perceive that the essay is translated into clear and eloquent English: a work of no little difficulty when the German original is of an abstract and metaphysical cast. Heinrich's essay is calculated not only to do good in its peculiar department, but to awaken the minds of English writers to points of education which have not yet been noticed. The introduction of this book into our country is a national benefit.

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*Il Traduttore Italiano*, by A. Cassella,  
R. S. G. Souter.

That the Signora Cassella must possess an accomplished mind as well as considerable skill as a linguist, we affirm and can fully prove, since her reading book is well adapted not only as a book of verbal instruction, but as a means of inducing the Italian student to commence an intimate acquaintance with the best authors of Italy; her extracts are made with careful and pure selections from the first Italian prose writers, such as those of Salvator Rosa, Benvenuto Cellini, and Alfieri, with many others whose very names are unknown to most English readers. We like her table of abbreviations; her little summaries in English at the head of each article; and we particularly approve of her little biographies. This is, indeed, an excellent book, not exactly for children, for whom the Signora's previous work is better adapted; but it is truly admirable for adults learning the Italian language, as well as an agreeable reminiscence for those long tutored in the school of Italian literature.

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*National Education as distinguished from  
Academical Education.* Whittaker.

We not only fully and conscientiously agree with the writer of this excellent pamphlet, but could, if we chose, give him proof of the efficacy of the plan he advocates, the result of our own experience in Church of England Sunday School teaching, chiefly effected by the means of such extracts from Scripture as he recommends and inculcating the hea-

venly doctrines of Christian charity, instead of providing codes of instruction embracing the will of particular sects; by which means the children of each may receive national instruction without offence to any particular denomination.

The grand point of difference between the advocates of Lord Brougham's plans of instruction for the poor, and those of the national school committees is this, neither of them properly distinguish between a religious and a literary education. Lord Brougham would occupy the time of the school solely in receiving a *literary* education, while some of our zealous religionists would employ poor children entirely in theological studies, gaining skill in argument, and mooted points of polemic divinity. Is there no rational medium between these extremes? We think it would be found in giving children instruction in infant schools from the time they can walk till they can be employed at some kind of work, and then inducing them as much as possible, to attend Sunday schools. The children of the poor have much to do during six days of the week, from the time at which they would be dismissed from an Infant school until they are old enough to go to service, and they take themselves great delight in attending Sunday schools, when ladies are willing to superintend them and distribute judiciously chosen rewards. It is singular that our legislature are so little informed on the simplest facts relating to country economy in general. All their attention is directed to the state of great towns, and yet these immense masses of human beings are primarily supplied chiefly from the country. Is it wise, considering the localities of great rivers, wholly to neglect the qualities of the infinity of brooks and rills which feed them into greatness?

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*Memoirs of the Beauties of the Court of  
Charles the Second, with Portraits.*  
*Parts 2d and 3rd.* Colburn.

We are somewhat impeded in our criticisms on this important work, by the absence of the first number which, by some accident, has never reached our hands. As far as we can judge, the illustrations are of a high order, decid-

edly different from any edition we have ever seen of Grammont, as the portraits are almost whole lengths; in their delineation the artists have closely followed the originals of Lely. Nell Gwynn is the best engraving of the second number; the Countess of Rochester by Thomson is certainly the beauty of the third. Nell Gwynn is distinguished by the sheepish helplessness of her face, the proportions of the figure are not very well drawn, but Lely's skill is chiefly shown in a pretty sleepiness of face. Most of his beauties are remarkable for their broad slanting foreheads; Denham, Chesterfield, Bagot, Stuart, and Rochester, are remarkable instances of this feature. We rather regret that this portrait of Frances Stuart was chosen, as there are others which do more justice to her beauty.

The letter-press is a purified and extended edition of the *Memoires de Grammont*. We own we wish the task of purification had fallen to other hands than those of a lady, but at the same time we can aver that Mrs. Jameson is manufacturing a most entertaining work, not altogether inadmissible to a lady's library; she has incorporated all the notes with the practicable text of Grammont, and added to them some anecdotes, selected with taste from recently published memoirs and autograph letters; from the last-named department of the work, we select as a specimen, the following narratives.

"There is a tradition relating to the death of Lady Chesterfield, which cannot be passed without remark, as it is to be met with in many works, and is even alluded to by Horace Walpole. It is said that her husband, having caused her to take the sacrament upon her innocence respecting any intimacy with the Duke of York, bribed his chaplain to put poison into the sacramental cup, and that she died in consequence. This horrible accusation rests upon no proof whatever; it is only certain that it was current during the life of the earl, and even believed by some of his own family. Lord Chesterfield's son, by his third wife, married Lady Gertrude Saville, daughter of the Marquis of Halifax. The marquis and the old Earl of Chesterfield quarrelled, and the latter obliged Lord Stanhope to bring his wife to Lichfield, breaking off all intercourse between the families. Lady Stanhope had always on her toilette her father's work, "Advice to a Daughter." Her father-in-law took it up

one day, and wrote on the title-page "*Labour in vain*." On her side the lady, not to be outdone in impertinence, made her servant, out of livery, carry in his pocket a bottle of wine, another of water, and a gold cup; and whenever she dined or supped in company with her father-in-law, either at home or abroad, she never would drink but of those liquors from her servant's hand; it was a hint to the earl and the company present, that the crime which his lordship was suspected of having perpetrated, by a sacred beverage, was full in the recollection of his daughter-in-law. The most surprising part of the story is, that the old earl endured this."

"Upon the death of the Countess of Kildare, Lady Ossory, being then only seventeen, dreamed that some one came and knocked at her chamber-door; and that calling to her servant to see who was there, and nobody answering, she went to the door herself, and opening it, saw a lady muffled up in a hood, who drawing it aside, she saw it was the Lady Kildare. Upon this she cried out, 'Sister, is it you? what makes you come in this manner?'—'Don't be frightened,' replied she, 'for I come on a very serious affair; and it is to tell you that you will die very soon.' Such was her dream as she related it herself to Dr. Hough."

*Hints for the Table.* Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

Our readers, when they possess themselves of this clever little book, will do what we have just done—they will read it from beginning to end without stopping, and then insist on reading it aloud to every one who will give them the hearing. Need we say more in regard to the excellence of its execution? and for its utility we strongly recommend it to the notice of all ladies who are mistresses of families, as it is replete with excellent hints regarding the whole ceremony of the dining room. Ladies of rank may leave cookery books to cooks and housekeepers, but the art of dining is a different matter. This book is peculiarly devoted to dinner givers, and dinner takers, and to them we recommend this capital little work.

*Hood's Own.* No. 3. Baily & Co.

We find a capital thing or two in this number, the only one we have seen. The frontispiece presents some capital imps—Alfred Crowquill excels in imps.

*Nouvelle Conversations Parisiennes*, by  
L. P. R. F. de Porquet. F. de Por-  
quet

Full of colloquial ease, these dialogues bear the stamp of acquaintance with refined society. The language is intelligent and perspicuous, useful in the school-room, and admirably adapted for the tourist. It forms a valuable addition to scholastic works published by M. Fenwick de Porquet.

*The British Angler's Manual*. By  
T. C. Hofland, Esq.

We have seen some of the illustrations prepared for this work. They are truly beautiful as works of art. Mr. Major is the publisher. In his hands, as the parent of Isaac Walton's illustrated angler, the united efforts of T. C. Hofland and himself, we can safely say, will produce a book which will give the utmost delight and satisfaction to a more than ordinary large class of persons, wholly unconnected with angling, whilst to the angler, in the minutest point, it will truly be a companionable manual.

*The Monthly Chronicle*. No. 1, March.  
Longman & Co.

Many literary names of distinction are announced as coadjutors in this new periodical, nevertheless, throughout the articles of the first number we chiefly recognise the hand of Edward Lytton Bulwer. These papers, we must own, are distinguished as much by his high ability as by his mannerisms. Bulwer is a critic of the most delicate as well as the most acute order, and we observe in that department he usually sets aside the fopperies and egotisms which too often deform his other compositions, as such he is well endowed as the life and soul of a popular periodical; but we cannot advise him to write the whole of his magazine himself, a plan often tried by public favorites and never found to be successful. The article in this number called "Art in Fiction," is a fine production. Twenty years ago, *that* alone would not only have set any

periodical on its legs, but cause it to run fast and far.

*Le Keux's Memorials of Cambridge*.  
Nos. 5 and 6. History. By T.  
WRIGHT, M.A. Tilt.

We have now before us the splendid and expensive history of the University of Cambridge, published by Ackermann in 1825, we are therefore able to compare the progress of the arts of design and engraving between that elaborate work and this cheap but tasteful publication, and are astonished at Le Keux's beautiful plates. What a noble drawing that from the statue of Sir Isaac Newton, by Mackenzie; how finely has Le Keux's graver managed the effect of the light and shade, which gives us a full idea of that master-piece of Roubilliac. The magnificent Trinity-hall is likewise well done, and the vignette of the Combination-hall every thing we could wish. The literature, for it deserves to be called literature, and not letter-press, is written by an author who does justice to the subject. Mr. Wright has brought forward in the present number a curious correspondence from the tutor of Elizabeth's favourite Essex, when that lord was a student at Cambridge, wherein the tutor remonstrates with lord Burghley, the guardian of Essex, that his pupil was not only "*thrid-bare*, but ragged," so much was he in want of clothes.

No. 6, contains an exquisitely clear engraving of Christ's College, from the Street, another from the Court; a curious vignette of Milton's mulberry tree, and a beautiful vignette of the summer house of Christ's garden. We regret to find that Mr. Keux's dangerous state of health, occasions for a time the suspension of the work; but we can add with truth, that there is no visible indisposition in his graver.

*The M. P.'s Wife*. 2 Vols. Bull.

This short and well-written tale of feminine ambition in high life, presents a pleasing contrast in character to the

mawkish inanities with which the common run of fashionable *novellettes* are crammed. There is no plot, embroglio, or *tracaseri* iwhatever; but a good moral conveyed by the catastrophe—the life of a talented, but somewhat indolent parliamentary man, sacrificed to the inordinate ambition of his clever, virtuous, but rank-aspiring wife.

We doubt not the M. P.'s wife will excite very general interest, particularly among the fair sex, to whom we trust, it will prove a sound moral lesson.

We do not think the accompanying tale, entitled *Lady Geraldine*, evinces the same talent.

*Memoirs of Sir William Knighton, Bart.*  
2 vols. Bentley.

A hasty glance at these interesting volumes—for we can bestow no more upon them this month—enables us to perceive the totally different *animus* evinced in the memoir and diary they embody, to that which dictated their contemporary 'Diary,' we have had recently under review. Somewhat of this, perhaps, from the widely different relations and circumstances in which the compilers found themselves was, in some measure, to be expected. As Lady Knighton very properly remarks in her short but modest preface, that "of the professional life of Sir William Knighton, his success is the best criterion. As regards his services to his Majesty George the Fourth, there are probably few who will not deny that they were fulfilled to the utmost of his power, in the spirit of devoted attachment and integrity to his royal master.

To the young and inexperienced, just entering on the arduous duties of life, this memoir will, it is hoped, be instructive and encouraging; for they may hence learn, that great disadvantages and many difficulties may be overcome by steady perseverance and diligent application, and that virtuous and religious principles afford the best security from those evils, which, too often, prevent the attainment of honourable

success. We shall, with pleasure, resume our review of this work next month.

*On Friction and Inhalation in Consumption, Asthma, and other Maladies.*—  
By John Peacock Holmes, Esq.

In the preface, we think the author takes unnecessary pains to justify himself in keeping, against the opinion of medical men, the secret of the means by which he works his cures. As unprofessional, we look to substance, paying no regard to shadows. The author says to the objectors, "come then, ye wealthy ones, who possess woodlands and cultivated gardens far beyond your necessary personal consumption, abandon these to the poor and needy, who are starving for want of necessaries."

As the author, then, keeps the secret to himself, we can speak only of his purpose and method.

"Friction," Mr. Holmes continues, "with such (suitable) substances as shall bring about a translation of disease from the interior to the exterior of the body," is the method to be followed.

In this there can be nothing objectionable. For if he has thus the power of marshalling disease, he is in a fair way to be able to turn him to the right about, and have him drummed out of *de Regimen*.

The grand secret is, however, to provide means of escape for latent disease. By irritation of some particular parts of the body, so as to produce a discharge in cases of erysipelas, we can readily believe, cures may be effected; but we are now speaking of treatment for the consumptive, in whom the excessive excitement thus speedily produced, is attended with dangerous consequences. The practice is, therefore, sometimes good, and sometimes bad—good sometimes in the hand of an able practitioner, and most dangerous in the hands of ignorant pretenders. Why then need there be any secrecy? If the science were perfect, why should there be medical prejudice, though we admit, that every practice must have a beginning. It is in this respect that medical,

and other well-intentioned men, perhaps, do themselves harm—as the departed John Long, who was, in our minds, ignorant when to suspend the exhibition of the remedy, or how to arrest its action when too powerful, or even to judge how great power he should call into action; who by keeping a secret, made no progress from the want of the wisdom of many counsellors. It is not our province, neither is it in our power, to analyse the means to be used in friction; we shall, therefore, leave those pages for the consideration of men of sound judgment—but we think none can deny that friction is a very powerful agent, and one whose powers are too much neglected. Several letters are then introduced, from parties who speak personally of the great relief, and even cure, they have received under Mr. Holmes's treatment.

We are glad, in following the author, that he speaks of his mode of treatment in modest and unassuming language; his is not the "only" mode of treatment in cases of affection of the throat; he allows that very often the usual treatment can only be followed; but he maintains, "from the experience of all times," that little effect is produced by remedies, given by the stomach on disorders of the lungs; yet, after his treatment of inhaling, "the patient feels relieved in breathing, and expectorates without difficulty."

The concluding subject in the work, falls not within the range of the reviewer for this magazine to mention, nor our female readers to enter upon: we can, however say, that Mr. Holmes appears to be very respectably supported by some of the profession, and that his book is likely to work him good.

*The Biographical Treasury.* By Samuel Maunder. Longman & Co.

This work embraces Biographical notices, from the earliest period to the present time. In our capacity of reviewers, the pen fell from our hand in terror when, upon opening the volume, we read a marginal aphorism, as follows:—"THERE IS SCARCELY A GOOD CRITIC BORN IN AN AGE, AND YET

ANY FOOL THINKS HIMSELF JUSTIFIED IN CRITICISING PERSONS."

As the author of the book is not, we presume, the author of the aphorism, we proceed, with more than ordinary modesty, and great humility, to deliver our *humble* judgment upon the merits of this book.

Mr. Maunder is already honourably known to the public as the author of the "Treasury of Knowledge," and other publications, which have gained for him very considerable reputation; and the present work is, in our estimation, well calculated to increase it.

The arrangement is most laborious, and very peculiar. In addition to the biographical sketches, nearly nine hundred pages of closely printed letterpress are surrounded by marginal aphorisms; for instance, from page the first, "Ignorance is the parent of doubt, and doubt the parent of irreligion." "All is hollow when the heart bears not a part;" and "All is peril, where principle is not the guide." "Keep a low sail at the commencement of life; you may rise with honour, but you cannot recede without shame." "The wit of a fool is like an edged tool in the hands of a child."

If, therefore, our "commendations, make the labour light, the wit studious, and the hope rich,"—(see page 654)—we sincerely hope that Mr. Maunder will find this work be to him 'A Treasury,' which will make his wit more studious, and his future labours as useful, and more light.

THE TEMPTATION OF ADAM AND EVE.—EXETER HALL.—Two pictures recently brought back from the United States, are now exhibiting at Exeter Hall, Strand, painted by Dubufe, a favorite pupil of the celebrated David, for the late Charles X.; their subjects are the *Temptation of Adam and Eve* and the *Expulsion from Paradise*. The first-mentioned is a fine illustration, poetical as well as graphical of the text:—Genesis, Chap. iii, ver. 4, 5, 6.

Our first parents are seated upon a bank, amid the embowering foliage of Eden; the form of Adam is one of manliest beauty, ere man was doomed

to live by the sweat of his brow. The artist has assuredly taken his thoughts of Adam's head from an old classic model of Jupiter, and the athletic limbs contrast well with the delicate proportions of the gentle winning creature reclining beside him,—

“—fairest of creation, last and best  
Of all God's works——”

The face of Eve is indeed ‘divine’ and her form and figure to the waist, at least, perfection.

The Expulsion, though a cleverly treated subject does not please us so well as its companion; the drawing of Eve is not perfect, it wants foreshortening, and that of Satan is too theatrical to be in perfect keeping with a picture, in all other respects, of so high a grade of art. Respecting Adam, it is hard to tell what must have been the contortions of man's form under so terrible a decree. The accessories act wonderfully appropriate; glaring lion,—the raging sea,—the lightning-riven tree,—all plainly tell the terrible tale

“Of man's first disobedience.”

This is a subject for general inspection, and it is handled with such beauty and delicacy that all lovers of the arts will gladly visit it. Close observation must be given, duly, to discover the various accessories of the subject.

**BURFORD'S PANORAMA, LEICESTER SQUARE.**—Mr. Burford's panoramic view of Canton, the river Tigris and surrounding country, is by no means the least interesting of the many subjects which have come under our notice during the past month. The spectator has a varied, bustling, life-like portraiture of the great emporium for the sale of that invaluable herb, sacred to the

“Chinese nymph of tears—green tea!”

Vessels of all shapes, sizes and colours are crowding the river, creeks and wharfs, radiant with variegated streamers and awnings; some looking like small floating summer pavilions, so thickly are they decked with brilliant flowers in pots of porcelain; war, and other junks, a mandarin boat, duck boats, joss-house or temple, pagodas, the French-folly, the Dutch-folly, Chi-

nese eating, smoking, gambling, serving tea—a play enacted *al fresco* after the manner of the immortal Richardson, of *fair-fame*, in merry England, with some slight difference of costume, a painter, and picture in progress; all these, with an infinity of other incidents to boot—a clear and laughing sky over all—complete the novel, grotesque, and amusing details of this very excellent Panorama of a far-off and celebrated city.

This exhibition must be highly interesting to a large class of commercial men, whilst, with few exceptions, it speaks to the tastes of the community, being also in a complete change of style from former panoramic exhibitions.

**THE BATTLE OF ARBELA**—*an Embossed Tableau, in copper, in alto-relievo.*—This interesting exhibition is a piece of very skilful silversmith's work, representing the Battle of Arbela, fought between Alexander the Great and Darius; executed by a Hungarian named Szentpeterg, after the celebrated picture by Le Brun. It is beaten out of a thin sheet of copper.

The groups of combatants in the foreground, stand forward in very high relief, and none but a master hand, seconded by unwearying perseverance could have overcome the difficulties which the elaborate details of Le Brun's battle-piece must have presented.

The first attempt was a failure, and the sheet of metal is shown as an interesting proof of the arduous nature of the task, and of the triumph achieved by its accomplishment.

This very curious exhibition of Hungarian talent is under the patronage of the Prince Esterhazy, and has further claims upon the charitable sympathies of the British public, inasmuch as half the proceeds derived from the exhibition, are to be devoted to the relief of the sufferers from the late dreadful inundation at Pest.

**EXHIBITION OF GOTHIC ARMOURY.** This very interestingly illustrative exhibition of the Weapons and Armour

of the Middle Ages, has been opened at great expense.

The collection, principally formed from one of much celebrity, formerly the property of the well known "Armuriers," of Liege; with many suits of splendid armour, purchased in Italy, by the proprietors, from the descendants of the Regal House of Ferrara; together with specimens of weapons from every country of Europe, presents a very valuable study from its variety, value, and extent, alike to the antiquarian, artist, and amateur.

**TYPORAMA OF THE UNDERCLIFF, IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.**—This model is constructed by L. L. Boscawen Ibbetson, Esq.; having, after a minute typographical survey, bestowed five years labour upon it. To be duly appreciated, let the spectator place himself as if he were seated in a boat, by which means he will be able to appreciate the relative heights of the numerous churches and the hills around. To one well acquainted with the Island, and its romantic scenery, this exhibition will afford a great treat, and to the stranger, a very accurate notion of the place itself.

**A Lesson from the Jew to the Christian.**—*The Austrian Observer* is full of eulogiums on the liberal conduct of the Jews of Pest; who, when the dearth was at the greatest, procured a quantity of flour and bread, and distributed 3,500 loaves among the distressed inhabitants, without distinction of religion, besides giving large supplies of meat and money.

**Singular attempt at Self-destruction.**—A poor woman, in a disordered state of mind, went a few days ago to the fountain, in the Place Royale, at Marseilles, and having divested herself of all her garments, except the undermost, got into the lower basin of the fountain, the water of which came above her waist, and placing herself under the fall from the upper basin, remained there until she was completely benumbed with cold. She kept off the assembled crowd from seizing her, by plentifully throwing the water over them. At length the police came up, and forcing her out of the basin, took the wretched maniac to the lunatic hospital.

**The Head Dress of the Greek Ladies in Smyrna,** which is called the *lactico*, is extremely pretty; indeed it is adopted by most

of the European ladies, who have been long settled in Smyrna: it consists of a round scarlet cap, which is held on the hair, in some degree, by a long plaited tress of hair, which is passed twice round it, leaving the scarlet peeping between; the back of the cap is adorned by an eagle, a star, or some other ornament, which is embroidered upon it in gold, and drooping from the centre in a purple silk tassel; some have it of silver, which is expensive, and a few there are of gold, which, of course, costs an immense price. The short embroidered jacket open at the bosom, and with tight sleeves, worn also by the Armenians, is also used much by Frank and Greek Females: it is picturesque, and its novelty pleases the European eye.

**Male Slaves Chained.**—All the male slaves had chains round their legs. The slave-dealers are mostly Egyptians. I could not ascertain for what price the slaves sold, but have been informed that it varies from sixteen pounds to six hundred, which has sometimes been given for a beautiful, accomplished, and youthful Georgian.

**The Seraglio at Constantinople.**—Whoever has been at Constantinople is expected to say something of the Seraglio. Its extent is said to be three miles in circumference. To describe it with any thing like accuracy, appears to me impossible, without one had lived sufficient time in it to explore and analyse the many subjects it offers for observation. It is a building of immense extent, but its different parts are so patched one upon another, that taken as a whole, it does not appear as one edifice. No sort of figure or form that ever was invented could give the remotest idea of the Seraglio. It resembles most a town, and consists of an immense number of houses, temples, turrets, court yards, domes, spires, minarets, archways, gateways, passages, galleries, balconies, all mixed together in the most strange and unconnected style that can be well imagined. Numerous are the walks, gardens, and fountains within the walls of the Seraglio, and a space of ground large enough to manœuvre 10,000 cavalry. The gilding, painting, and varied coloured marbles, all wrought together, have a rich but gaudy appearance, much in the style of the old taste, as exhibited in the decorations of the palace of Versailles, still more elaborate, but less of judgment in the arrangement. But this immense pile, teeming with every symptom of eastern luxury, encumbered with profuse ornament, the work of thousands of men, the cost of millions of piastres, with its shady groves, its spreading lawns and fantastic bowers is now abandoned, and there is no doubt that the gardens will be suffered to become waste, and the buildings a ruin.'

## DESCRIPTION OF OUR PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

*May Fashions.*

No. 1.—*Ball Dress*.—Dress of tulle over white satin. Corsage à *pointe*, with three seams in front, each seam ornamented with a wreath of small flowers (see Plate). Sleeves short and tight, in small flat folds or plaits, but without any gathers whatever; the bottom of the sleeve finished with a wide fall of tulle, in style of a ruffle, but of an equal depth all round, and set on in even plaits. The skirt of the dress is ornamented with a deep flounce, headed by a puffed trimming of alternately white and coloured gauze; a smaller trimming of the same description goes round the sleeve and bosom of the dress, and makes a pretty finish to a *guimpe*, which is worn inside the corsage (see Plate). Hair, in *nattes à la Clotilde*, coming very low at each side of the face: the braid at back, retains *barbes* or lappets of blonde, which, falling low, give much grace to the figure. A full wreath of roses and drooping flowers crosses the head, and descends quite low at the left side. Half-long white kid gloves, trimmed at the top with a *ruche* of tulle. White satin shoes.

Fig. 2.—Dress of *crape* over satin. Corsage à *pointe*, front and back. A wreath of flowers supplies the place of the gauze trimming on the other dress. In all other respects the *toilette* is similar to the one just described.

No. 2. *Walking Dresses*.—*Toilette de Longchamps*. Dress of violet *gros de Naples*; low corsage; the skirt ornamented with a deep flounce of the same. Mantelet of black taffetas, gathered into bands in the centre of the back, and on each shoulder, so as to set neatly and closely. The mantelet is trimmed all round with very deep lace. Hat of *poux de soie*; the front deep, and *évasée*; the trimming, which is very full, is of wide ribbon (see Plate), and a bunch of flowers is placed at the left side of the crown, in a drooping position. White kid gloves; black shoes; silk stockings.

Fig. 2.—Half-high dress of *poux de soie*. Corsage tight, *en cœur*. Sleeves plain, and tight to the arm. The flounce at the bottom of the dress is headed by a *bouillon* of the same (see Plate). Square shawl of satin, *gorge de pigeon*, trimmed all round with white blonde à la *mécanique*. Hat of *poux de soie*, smaller, but, in other respects, similar, to that on the other figure. The trimming underneath the front of the hat is of tulle à *mèches carrées* (square net). Hair in ringlets. A deep fall of lace goes over the corsage, in place of a collar, and is fastened in front by a large brooch. Cambric ruffles; black shoes; white gloves.

## THE NEWEST MODES OF PARIS.

BY OUR OWN PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

[We do not, in future, pledge ourselves, after a few days from the day of publication, to give the same Fashion Plates, as here described; but to supply Fashions of a subsequent date, in order that purchasers of this work, for the sake of its literature and portraits, may also have the latest fashions; but the plates of Fashions so given, will be different to any inserted in the monthly numbers of this periodical, yet drawn, engraved, and coloured by the same hands. The Follet, indeed, is published in eighty-four numbers, during the year, at Paris, so that there is ample selection and variety, and perhaps many of our readers might be glad to know how they could obtain that work. It is published by Mr. Dobbs, in London, and can be had of all booksellers, in the country, at 2l. a-year. or 10s. 6d. a quarter, once, or twice a month.]

Paris, April 24th, 1838.

I have been deliberating, *ma toute aimable amie*, as to whether I would write to you this week, having done so, so lately: but, as I had not room to

give you an account of Long-Champs in my last, I fear, if I do not write, your spring fashions will be sadly *en retard*. I must first tell you, that my little Georgina Frederica is the sweetest



and most thriving baby you ever saw, and promises to be even handsomer than my other children. You would be delighted to see how intelligent she is already. I took her with me to Long-Champs the other day, and she created quite a sensation, I assure you. By the way, our Long-Champs was very brilliant; more so, than these last three or four seasons. The weather, perhaps, was more propitious: for, though cold, the days were fine.

The first day, white hats were universally to be seen; the few that deviated from this general mode, wore straw-coloured *poux de soie*. On the second day, blue was the prevailing colour; and, on the third, pink hats were as prevalent as the white had been on the first day. Of course, these colours will remain in fashion the greater part of the summer. The material most in vogue, seems again to be *paille de riz*. The ribbons of some, white, edged with green, a small bunch of *follettes*, placed rather in a drooping position at one side; the ornaments beneath the fronts of the hats, being small flowers, made of marabout tips. Some other *pailles de riz* were trimmed with a quantity of bright green ribbon, of the beautiful tint of the new grass. A bunch of lilac, or of the fruit and blossoms of the nut-tree, or of the oak, with its bright green acorns, was the ornament. With this, roses, or mixed flowers, were worn underneath. The materials most in vogue, were watered *gros de Naples* and *poux de soie*. But oh! what a difference in size! The forms adopted by their royal Highnesses, the Duchesses of Orleans, and of Wurtemberg, and, indeed, by all our ladies of the very highest rank, being that of the pretty *bibi* bonnets, that made such *fureur* a few years since. They are not, indeed, so small as those bonnets were, for, after the immense ones lately worn, that might seem ridiculous, but are merely *two or three little sizes* larger than our favourite *bibis*. The crowns are still inclined to go a good deal back; the fronts are *evasée*, and set very round to the face, coming quite low at the sides. If I could venture to use a French phrase, without your being very angry (for you know you say that, if I interlard my English with French, I never shall be

able to write the former perfectly), I would say that the face is *en cadrée*, by these bonnets, in a manner that renders them perfectly becoming. The hair, worn with them either in *bandeaux*, or in ringlets, looks equally well.

Some of the most elegant dresses at Long-Champs, were *en lunique*. I told you, in my last letter, that tunics were fashionable in grand costume. Those at Long-Champs were made in the following manner:—The dresses were of *gros de Naples* or *poux de soie*; the corsages half-high *en cœur*; the skirt finished at bottom with one deep flounce; a second flounce, much less deep, commencing at the waist, went down each side of the dress, in the style of robings. This flounce was rounded at the bottom, and then carried round the entire back of the dress, giving the effect of two dresses of the same colour being worn one over the other, the outside, or upper dress, being a short one. Some of these had, I assure you, a very pretty effect. The sleeves seem still undecided. Some were plain and tight, without the slightest trimming whatever; others tight, with three frills; others, again, with only one deep frill; and some brought low and plain upon the shoulder, and then full, as far as the elbow; the remainder tight; a deep cuff, turned up at the wrist, and, in default of this, a ruffle.

The most fashionable material of all to be seen, were silks producing different shades; in fact, a revival of those anciently called *gorge de pigeon*. Shades of green and purple, of purple and orange, of green and orange, and of pink and blue, intermingling with each other, seemed the most prevailing. I cannot say that these silks will be generally adopted: they seem to be too *bye-gone* to become favourites again, as they were in the time of our great grandmothers. I observed some shawls of satin *gorge de pigeon*, trimmed all round with black or white lace, or blonde *à la mécanique*.

Black shoes, with gaiters of the colour, and frequently of the same material as the dress, are coming into vogue. Collars, I have told you, are out, and their place supplied by frills, of one single fall of deep lace, headed by a *bouillon*, in which a coloured ribbon is

inserted. Ruffles are to match these frills, the lace not very deep, however; the ends of the ribbon brought out on the top of the wrist, and fastened in a bow or rosette.

The designs of the newest fancy silks or stuffs are, small stripes rather distant from each other, and very small bouquets, or leaves, or spots, or minute flowers in diamonds over the whole, but very far apart. Others are checks, with the same minute and distant pattern of flowers, &c. Some of the newest washing silks, guinghams, and coloured muslins are of two colours, blue and *bois* (brown), blue and *écru*, pink and yellow, &c. &c. These I do not consider very pretty, still they are new, and with some, novelty is everything. The newest *mousselines de laine* are very small, and distant bouquets of flowers upon white, drab, dust-colour, pale buff, *écru*, or light pearl-grey grounds.

No changes have taken place in ball-dresses since I wrote last. Dresses of rich silks, satins, damasks, and velvets, are still made *à l'antique*, with open skirts and slight trains. Some corsages are literally covered with jewels, and rich deep laces and blondes are in as much repute as ever.

Blonde, tulle, and crape, are the materials adopted for dancing dresses; tunics are still in high favour, and garnitures of flowers more sought after than ever.

The fashion of trimming the dresses with marabouts is not at all on the decline; they are frequently intermingled with artificial flowers, as I have before described to you, and have really a light and pretty effect. I have had a peep at some lovely dresses prepared for the approaching warm spring days; they are composed of *organdy* (book muslin), embroidered all over in small detached bouquets of coloured flowers, the bouquets very light and far apart. A trimming of the same muslin, with an overcast (scollop) at the edge, goes round the neck of the dress, which is made half high, (*en cœur*) and a good deal open in front; the trimming is then carried down the entire front of the shirt, and can even go round the bottom of the dress and form a flounce. The sleeves are plain some way below the shoulder, where they are full in one

or two puffs, as far as the elbow; the remainder of the sleeve is tight to fit the arm: two frills, overcast in the same way as the trimming, down the front of the dress, are put on the sleeve exactly above where the fulness begins. A dress of this kind, worked as I have described in coloured worsteds, the flowers red or blue, the overcasting green, the same as the foliage, forms the prettiest toilette imaginable.

They say that coloured silk mantelets will be fashionable this spring, trimmed with black or white lace: and I have seen some in preparation, made of *organdy*, and lined with coloured taffetas or gauze; these were trimmed with white lace.

*Aprons*.—The newest are made of striped silks, one or two colours. They are cut out at the bottom in three large *dents de loup*, or deep mitres, edged all round with a fine silk cord, and a tassel depending from the point of each *dent* or mitre. The pockets are on the inside; the pocket holes edged with the same cord, and finished at the bottom by a tassel.

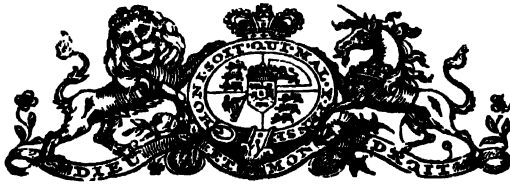
*Colours*.—The prevailing shades for hats are white, blue, pink, and paille for dresses; every shade of grey, *écru*, and grass green.

Now *ma chère amie*, that I have put you in a fair way of introducing our newest fashions in your gay metropolis, I shall take my leave.—Adieu donc.

*Je t-embrasse, et te prie de croire, à l'affection sincère de ton amie,*

L. De F——.

*Contagion*.—It is generally admitted, that those who take the greatest precautions are frequently amongst the first victims of the plague; because he who is always taking some precaution to avoid the malady, is always thinking of it, and in nine cases out of ten, always fearing it. This brings on a sort of feverish anxiety, and if they have any lassitude or feebleness, or in fact any thing in the least degree the matter with them, they *then* become susceptible of imbibing the contagion. The first warning of the plague is head-ache; sometime after ulcers appear, and when they become black it seldom happens that the sufferer recovers: insanity generally takes place prior to dissolution. Lemonade is given in great quantities, which the person should constantly keep drinking. *Hervé*.



## QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

### VIVAT REGINA.

March, 26, 1838.—This being the birth day of Prince George of Cambridge, the Queen Dowager and the Duchess of Gloucester paid congratulatory visits at Cambridge House. The Foreign Ministers, and many of the nobility, left their names during the day. His Royal Highness visited Her Majesty at the palace, also the Princess Augusta at St. James's Palace. The Duke, Duchess, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge honoured the Olympic theatre with their presence.

27.—Her Majesty rode out on horseback. The Duke of Cambridge gave a grand military dinner. The company included the Duke of Wellington, Lord Hill, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, and many other distinguished officers.

28.—Her Majesty took an equestrian ride. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager took an airing in an open carriage and four.

The Duchess of Gloucester visited the Princess Augusta.

The Duke of Cambridge honoured the Archbishop of York with his company to dinner.

The Queen accompanied by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, honoured the performance of Madame Persiani, in "La Sonnambula," at her Majesty's Theatre, with her presence.

29.—Her majesty and her august mother rode out on horseback.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent was attended by Lady Mary Stopford.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, visited her R. H. the Duchess of Kent.

The Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, visited her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

April 1, Sunday.—Her Majesty and her august mother attended divine service at the new Palace. The Rev. Dr. Short officiated, and the Bishop of Norwich preached the sermon.

The Duke of Cambridge visited Her Majesty.

The Queen Dowager and H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, attended divine service, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The Bishop of London officiated in the communion service, and the Bishop of Ripon preached.

Her Majesty was attended by Countess Mayo and Earl Howe.

The Princess Augusta attended St. Philip's Chapel, Regent Street, attended by Lady Mary Pelham.

The Duchess, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended Grosvenor Chapel.

2.—Her Majesty rode out on horseback in the Parks.

The Queen Dowager took a carriage drive.

The Duchess of Kent visited the Princess Sophia, at Kensington Palace, after which Her Royal Highness visited Lady Conroy.

The Duchess, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, at Marlboro' House.

The Duke, Duchess, and Prince George of Cambridge, honoured the Earl and Countess of Jersey with their company at dinner, in Berkeley Square.

3.—Her Majesty entertained a party at dinner.

Lady Portman and Lady Gardiner succeeded the Countess of Durham and Lady Harriet Clive, as ladies in waiting; and Viscount Falkland and Mr. Rich, Lord Byron and Sir Frederick Stovin, as Lord and Groom in waiting on Her Majesty.

The Duchess of Cambridge visited the Princess Augusta.

A proclamation was passed at the Privy Council, appointing Her Majesty's Coronation to be on the 26th of June.

The Queen Dowager took an airing in an open carriage and four, and afterwards visited the Princess Augusta.

Her Majesty honoured the performance of Donizetti's new Opera, at Her Majesty's Theatre, with her presence.

4.—The Queen honoured the performance of the Opera Lucia di Lammermoor, at her Majesty's Theatre, with her presence. The Duchess of Kent accompanied her Majesty. Lady Portman, the Lord Chamberlain, Viscount Falkland, Mr. Rich, and Colonel Wemyss, were in attendance on the Queen; and Lady Mary Stopford on the Duchess of Kent.

5.—The Queen held her first Drawing Room this season at St. James's. Her Majesty arrived at two o'clock, attended by the

Ladies and Gentlemen of her Household in Waiting, and escorted by a party of Life Guards. Her Majesty was received by the Ladies of the Royal Household, and by the great Officers of State. The Duchess of Kent came in state to the Drawing Room, escorted by a party of Life Guards. Her Royal Highness was attended by Lady Mary Stopford, Lieutenant-General the Honourable Arthur Upton, and Captain the Honourable J. Spencer. Her Royal Highness's dress was composed entirely of British manufacture.

The Duke and Duchess, Prince George and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, came in state. Their Royal Highness's were attended by Miss Kerr, Baron Knesbeck, and Colonel Cornwall.

The Princess Augusta, attended by Lady Mary Pelham; and the Duchess of Gloster were also present at the Drawing Room.

A Guard of Honour of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, with the band in state uniform, were on duty. And the Queen's Guard (of the Foot Guards,) were stationed with their band in the Colour Court, and saluted the members of the Royal Family on their arrival and departure.

Before the Drawing room, the Queen received (according to an annual custom, on the first Drawing room of the Season,) a Deputation of the Governors of Christ's Hospital, consisting of Alderman Thompson, M.P. the President; Mr. R. H. Pigeon, the Treasurer, and several other gentlemen. Also the 40 Boys educated in the Royal Mathematical School, founded by King Charles the 2d. The boys exhibited their charts and drawings to Her Majesty.

Soon after two o'clock the entire company were admitted to the Throne Room. Her Majesty was attended by the Marchioness Lansdowne, (First Lady,) Lady Portman (in waiting,) Marchioness Tavistock, Countess Durham, and Countess of Charlemont, Ladies in waiting; Miss Cavendish, and Miss Lister, (in waiting,) Honorable Miss Pitt, Honorable Miss Dillon, and Miss Spring Rice, Maids of Honour; Lady Gardiner (in waiting,) and the Honorable Miss Brand, Bedchamber Women; the Lord Steward, Lord Chamberlain, Master of the Horse, Viscount Falkland, Lord in waiting; Vice Chamberlain, Treasurer of the Household, Comptroller of the Household, the Clerk Marshal, Mr. Rich, Groom in Waiting; Col. Wemyss, Equerry in Waiting; and Master Cavendish, Page of Honour in Waiting.

In the circle, the following foreign presentations to Her Majesty took place.

Baroness de Cetto, the lady of the Bavarian Minister; and Princess Soutzo, the lady of the Grecian Minister, and her daughter, by Countess Sebastiani, the French Ambassador.

The following were also presented to the Queen. The Lady Mayoress, by the Duchess of Somerset. The Drawing room was attended by the Austrian and Republican Ambassadors, as well as many other distinguished

personages from foreign Courts, with their ladies.

The Drawing room was also attended by most of the Noble Dukes, Duchesses, and other distinguished persons then in town.

The following is a list of the nobility and gentry who had the honor of being presented to Her Majesty:—

*Presented by*

|                                |                                     |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Allen, Miss.....               | Lady Bulkely Philipps               |
| Ashburnham, Lady Kath.....     | Countess Ashburnham                 |
| Adam, Lady.....                | Marchioness Lansdowne               |
| Achmuty, Miss.....             | Her mother, Lady Blunt              |
| Anson, Miss.....               | Countess Liechfield                 |
| Annesley, Hon. Mrs.....        | Countess Mountnorris                |
| Buller, Lady Yarde.....        | Duchess Somerset                    |
| Bridges, Lady.....             | Lady H. Williams                    |
| Backhouse, Miss.....           | Her mother, Mrs. Backhouse          |
| Bathurst, Miss Harvey.....     | Lady Knightley                      |
| Barrow, Miss.....              | Lady Parker                         |
| Baring, Lady Augusta.....      | Countess Denbigh                    |
| Brune, Mrs. Prideaux.....      | Lady Yarde Buller                   |
| Barnard, Mrs.....              | Dowager Lady Rivers                 |
| Browne, Lady L.....            | Her mother, Marchioness Sligo       |
| Bast, Hon. Mrs. Thos.....      | Hon. Lady Cust                      |
| Biddulph, Mrs.....             | Lady Cottenham                      |
| Brecknock, Countess.....       | Lady Sarah Murray                   |
| Barrow, Lady.....              | Lady Parker                         |
| Bateson, Miss.....             | Viscountess Powerscourt             |
| Berkeley, Lady C.....          | Her sister, Countess Denbigh        |
| Berkeley, Lady M. }            | Lady Charlotte Berkeley             |
| Berkeley, Lady E. }            |                                     |
| Browne, Lady E.....            | Her mother, Marchioness Sligo       |
| Barham, Lady Katharine.....    | Countess Verulam                    |
| Byng, Hon. Miss.....           | Countess Albemarle                  |
| Burghersh, Lady ..             | Lady Maryborough                    |
| Bouverie, Miss M. }            | Their mother, Hon. Mrs. P. Bouverie |
| Bouverie, Miss C. }            |                                     |
| Birkbeck, Mrs.....             | Marchioness Lansdowne               |
| Berkeley, Mrs. G.....          | Lady Hardy                          |
| Bosanquet, Miss G. }           | Lady Cottenham                      |
| Biddulph, Mrs. K. }            |                                     |
| Biddulph, Miss ..              |                                     |
| Bryan Mrs.....                 | Countess Fingal                     |
| Bates, Mrs.....                |                                     |
| Bates, Miss ..                 |                                     |
| Blunt, Lady.....               | Lady Catharine Cavendish            |
| Bateson, Lady.....             | Viscountess Powerscourt             |
| Blake, Miss.....               | Lady Johnson                        |
| Birkbeck, Miss.....            | Marchioness Lansdowne               |
| Blackwood, Miss Fanny.....     | Mrs. W. Blackwood                   |
| Bushe, Miss G.....             | Her sister, Mrs. H. Lambton         |
| Bentineck, Miss.....           | Lady H. Cholmondeley                |
| Carroll, Miss.....             | Her mother, Lady Carroll            |
| Carroll, Lady.....             | Marchioness Lansdowne               |
| Chambers, Mrs.....             | Countess of Surrey                  |
| Cholmondeley, Marchioness..... | Countess Harrowby                   |
| Chandos, Marchioness.....      | Countess Jersey                     |
| Cuff, Mrs.....                 | Marchioness Sligo                   |
| Cholmondeley, Lady H.....      | March. Cholmondeley                 |
| Cadogan, Lady Augusta.....     | Countess Cadogan                    |
| Cadogan, Lady Honoria.....     | Countess Cadogan                    |
| Canning, Lady ..               | Marchioness Lansdowne               |
| Clare, Countess Dowager }      | Duchess-Countess of Sutherland      |
| Cavendish, Hon. Mrs.....       |                                     |
| Cornwall, Lady ..              | Mrs. F. Lewis                       |
| Cavendish, Miss Har.....       | Lady Cath. Cavendish                |
| Chute, Mrs. Wiggett.....       | Lady Sondes                         |
| Compton, Lady M. M.....        | Lady Queensbury                     |

*Presented by*

Corry, Miss. . . . . Lady O. Rebow  
 Colville, Hon. Lady } . . . . . Countess Clarendon  
 Colville, Miss }  
 Cornwall, Miss. . . . . Mrs. F. Lewis  
 Chichester, Lady Edw. . . . . Lady Cath. Stewart  
 Craufurd, Miss. . . . . Dowager Lady Rivers  
 Crofton, Lady. . . . . Lady Cath. Stewart  
 Creve, Hon. Miss A. . . . . Marchioness Lansdowne  
 Campbell, Lady G. . . . . Countess of Cawder  
 Calvert, Miss H. . . . . Her mother, Hon. Mrs. Calvert  
 Calvert, Hon. Mrs. . . . . Lady T. Spring Rice  
 Cust, Hon. Mrs. . . . . Viscountess Sidney  
 Dimsdale, Hon. Baroness. . . . . Visctess. Torrington  
 Drummond, Miss T. } Her mother, Hon. Mrs. C.  
   Drummond  
 Douglas, Mrs. Admiral. . . . . Duchess Somerset  
 Donkin, Lady A. M. . . . . Countess Rosebery  
 Dickens, Lady Eliz. . . . . Marchioness Queensbury  
 Damer, Hon. Mrs. Dawson. . . . . Lady Wharreliffe  
 Douglas, Miss Helen. . . . . Duchess Somerset  
 Devett, Mrs. . . . . Lady Charlotte Guest  
 Dickenson, Mrs. Chas. . . . . Marchioness Downshire  
 Domville, Miss } . . . . . Lady Domville  
 Domville, Miss L. }  
 Duncombe, Hon. Mrs. A. . . . . Hon. Mrs. Dundas  
 Dundas, Hon. Mrs. . . . . Marchioness Lansdowne  
 Dutton, Miss. . . . . Countess Albemarle  
 Drummond, Hon. Mrs. C. . . . . Viscountess Howick  
 Egerton, Lady Char. . . . . Viscountess Beresford  
 Evans, Mrs. George. . . . . Marchioness Sligo  
 Elliot, Lady Mary. . . . . Marchioness Lansdowne  
 Elliot, Mrs. Robert. . . . . Countess Durham  
 Ellice, Mrs. Russell. . . . . Marchioness Downshire  
 Ellice, Miss. . . . . Mrs. Russell Ellice  
 Ellard, Miss. . . . . Lady Teynham  
 Evans, Mrs. . . . . Countess Fingal  
 Ellis, Mrs. John. . . . . Countess de Salis  
 East, Mrs. . . . . Countess Plymouth  
 Fitzwygram, Miss } Their mother, Lady  
   Fitzwygram  
 Fletcher, Lady } . . . . . Lady Gardiner  
 Fletcher, Mrs. Edw. }  
 Fanshawe, Mrs. } . . . . . Lady Dalrymple  
 Fanshawe, Miss }  
 Fanshawe, Mrs. M. } Their mother, Mrs. Fanshawe  
 Forester, Miss Julia. . . . . Lady L. Meyrick  
 Guest, Lady Charlotte. . . . . Marchioness Lansdowne  
 Gardiner, Mrs. . . . . Duchess Northumberland  
 Glentworth, Viscountess. . . . . Lady T. S. Rice  
 Grimston, Lady Mary. . . . . Countess Verulam  
 Goring, Mrs. . . . . Countess of Surry  
 Grenville, Lady A. . . . . Her mother, March. Chandos  
 Henniker, Lady. . . . . Marchioness Downshire  
 Hervey, Miss. . . . . Lady Knightley  
 Hope, Hon. Mrs. G. . . . . Countess of Haddington  
 Hogg, Mrs. . . . . Countess Stanhope  
 Hughes, Miss. . . . . Marchioness Downshire  
 Hunloke, Lady. . . . . Countess Albemarle  
 Hubbard, Hon. Mrs. . . . . Her mother, Lady Napier  
 Haddington, Countess. . . . . Countess Stanhope  
 Howard, Lady Eleanor }  
 Howard, Lady Harriet } . . . . . Countess Wicklow  
 Hamilton, Hon. Mrs. }  
 Hamilton, Lady }  
 Hamilton, Miss. . . . . Her mother, Lady Hamilton  
 Hamilton, Mrs. H. H. . . . . Lady Wetherall  
 Hall, Mrs. . . . . Duchess of Sutherland  
 Huntingdon, Countess. . . . . Viscountess Torrington  
 Jerningham, Hon. Mrs. E. S. . . . . Countess of Surry

*Presented by*

Johnston, Miss. . . . . Her mother, Lady Johnstone  
 Johnstone, Mrs. Hope } . . . . . Countess Haddington  
 Johnstone, Miss L. H. }  
 Kinloch, Dowager Lady } . . . . . Lady Napier  
 Kinloch, Lady }  
 Kinloch, Mrs. }  
 King, Hon. Lady } . . . . . Countess Lichfield  
 King, Miss. . . . . Hon. Lady King  
 Koch, Mrs. Robert. . . . . Lady Robert Peel  
 Lyndhurst, Lady. . . . . Lady Cowley  
 Law, Hon. Mrs. Chas. . . . . Countess Wicklow  
 Law, Miss. . . . . Her mother, Hon. Mrs. C. Law  
 Lawrence, Mrs. . . . . Marchioness Tavistock  
 Lennox, Lady Arthur. . . . . Lady James Stuart  
 Lucas, Mrs. . . . . Hon. Mrs. Dundas  
 Lucas, Miss. . . . . Her mother, Mrs. Lucas  
 Lawley, Miss. . . . . Marchioness Lansdowne  
 Lambert, Mrs. . . . . Lady Vivian  
 Leigh, Mrs. Tracy. . . . . Lady Worsley  
 Ley, Lady Frances. . . . . Duchess Somerset  
 Ley, Miss } . . . . . Lady Francis Ley  
 Ley, Miss M. }  
 Manners, Rt. Hon. Lady } . . . . . Countess Wicklow  
 Manners, Lady }  
 Muskerry, Lady. . . . . Countess Haddington  
 Montagu, Hon. Mrs. C. . . . . Hon. Mrs. H. Montagu  
 Malet, Dowager Lady } . . . . . Marchioness Lansdowne  
 Montefiore, Lady }  
 Maynard, Mrs. }  
 Mordaunt, Lady. . . . . Lady Sarah Murray  
 Magens, Mrs. D. . . . . Lady H. Williams  
 Macnamara, Mrs. } . . . . . Lady Hamilton  
 Marx, Mrs. }  
 Marlay, Mrs. . . . . Marchioness Thomond  
 Majoribanks, Mrs. E. } . . . . . Lady Sondes  
 Majoribanks, Miss }  
 Mildmay, Mrs. P. St. J } Dowager Lady Rivers  
 Mildmay, Miss A. M. }  
 Mountnorris, Countess. . . . . Countess Shrewsbury  
 Marshall, Mrs. } . . . . . Lady T. Spring Rice  
 Marshall, Miss }  
 Morier, Miss H. } . . . . . Lady Clinton  
 Morier, Miss M. }  
 Mellish, Miss. . . . . Mrs. Chambers  
 Meyrick, Lady Laura. . . . . Countess Darlington  
 Mackinnon, Miss. . . . . Marchioness Salisbury  
 M'Queen, Mrs. James. . . . . Hon. Mrs. W. Stratford  
 Nelson, Countess. . . . . Viscountess Torrington  
 Napier, Hon. Miss. . . . . Her mother, Lady Napier  
 Needham, Mrs. William. . . . . Lady Young  
 Otter, Miss. . . . . Mrs. Otter  
 Orde, Miss. . . . . Countess Plymouth  
 Ouseley, Miss. . . . . Dowager Lady Rivers  
 Orkney, Countess } . . . . . Marchioness Lansdowne  
 Offley, Hon. Mrs. C. }  
 Osborne, Miss. . . . . Lady Osborne  
 Peel, Lady. . . . . Duchess Northumberland  
 Peel, Lady Alice. . . . . Marchioness Clanricarde  
 Pollock, Lady. . . . . Lady Shadwell  
 Pollock, Miss. . . . . Lady Pollock  
 Pollock, Mrs. David. . . . . Countess de Salis  
 Phillips, Lady Bulkeley. . . . . Countess Cawdor  
 Philips, Miss. . . . . Her mother, Hon. Mrs. Philips  
 Prunrose, Lady Ann. . . . . Countess Rosebery  
 Parkinson, Mrs. Coll. . . . . Lady Eliz. Reynell  
 Parker, Miss }  
 Parker, Miss F. } . . . . . Their mother, Lady Parker  
 Parker, Miss C. }  
 Ponsonby, Hon. Mrs. . . . . . Countess Durham

*Presented by*

Ponsonby, Miss E. } .....Hon. Mrs. Ponsonby  
 Ponsonby, Miss F. } .....Hon. Mrs. Ponsonby  
 Plymouth, Countess.....Lady Cottenham  
 Queensberry, Marchioness...Baroness Montagu  
 Quin, Miss.....Lady Clinton  
 Ros de, Lady G. F.....Marchioness Salisbury  
 Rothschild, Mrs. de.....Countess Albemarle  
 Rothschild, Miss de } .....Mrs. de Rothschild  
 Rothschild, Miss L. de } .....Mrs. de Rothschild  
 Robarts, Mrs.....Countess Durham  
 Robarts, Miss } .....Mrs. Robarts  
 Robarts, Miss E. } .....Mrs. Robarts  
 Ricketts, Miss L.....Mrs. C. Ricketts  
 Ridley, Miss I.....Countess of Surrey  
 Rochfort, Miss R.....Mrs. Rochfort  
 Rebow, Lady O.....Dowager Lady Rivers  
 Rubett, Lady L.....Countess Winterton  
 Smyth, Miss G.....Lady Muskerrey  
 Smyth, Hon. Miss.....Duchess of Northumberland  
 Smith, Miss.....Lady Elizabeth Dickens  
 Somers, Countess } .....Countess Albemarle  
 Sherborne, Lady } .....Countess Albemarle  
 Strafford, Lady } .....Countess Albemarle  
 Shelley, Lady } .....Countess Albemarle  
 Shelley, Miss.....Lady Shelley  
 Seymour, Lady.....Lady Clinton  
 Seymer, Miss K.....Dowager Lady Rivers  
 Sharpe, Mrs.....Marchioness Queensberry  
 Sykes, Mrs.....Lady Wetherall  
 Stratheden, Rt. Hon. Lady...March. Lansdowne  
 Somerset, Lady F.....Lady Maryborough  
 Somerset, Miss C.....Lady Fitzroy Somerset  
 Somerset, Lady John....Countess Mountnorris  
 Somerset, Miss F. } .....Lady John Somerset  
 Somerset, Miss C. } .....Lady John Somerset  
 Sandon, Lady F.....Countess Harrowby  
 Staveley, Mrs.....Mrs. Evans  
 Stewart, Miss K.....Lady K. Stewart  
 Stratford, Hon. Mrs. W....Countess Plymouth  
 Tindal, Miss.....Lady Cottenham  
 Thesiger, Mrs.....Hon. Mrs. Talbot  
 Thompson, Hon. Mrs. B....March. Lansdowne  
 Trollope, Lady.....Lady Byron  
 Thornhill, Mrs. Lucy.....Countess Winterton  
 Trollope, Miss L....Her mother, Lady Trollope  
 Thellusson, Hon. Mrs. S. } Her mother, Dow.  
 } Lady Rendlesham  
 Trotter, Hon. Mrs.....Dowager Lady Rivers  
 Vansittart, Mrs. Gen.....Countess Plymouth  
 Vansittart, Hon. Mrs....Dowager Lady Rivers  
 Vansittart, Miss } .....Hon. Mrs. Vansittart  
 Vansittart, Miss E. } .....Hon. Mrs. Vansittart  
 Verulam, Countess.....Marchioness Salisbury  
 Vere, Hope, Lady E. } .....Hon. Mrs. Campbell  
 Vere, Miss Hope } .....Hon. Mrs. Campbell  
 Vivian, Miss.....Lady Vivian  
 Wheatley, Miss S. } .....Lady Wheatley  
 Wheatley, Miss M. } .....Lady Wheatley  
 Wire, Mrs.....Marchioness Lansdowne  
 Wauchope, Mrs. } Duchess-Countess Sutherland  
 Wauchope, Miss } Duchess-Countess Sutherland  
 Wicklow, Countess } .....Marchioness Downshire  
 Wyatt, Lady } .....Marchioness Downshire  
 Wetherell, Lady.....Lady Gardiner  
 Willbraham, Lady Anne .. Duchess of Somerset  
 West, Lady Maria.....Countess Cadogan  
 West, Miss.....Lady Maria West  
 Walpole, Lady M. } .....Hon. Mrs. Perceval  
 Walpole, Miss } .....Hon. Mrs. Perceval

*Presented by*

Walrond, Miss.....Lady J. Walrond  
 Wynn, Miss W. S.....Lady Harriet Clive  
 Wynn, Williams, Miss.....Lady Harriet Clive  
 White, Mrs. Gen. } .....Duchess Northumberland  
 Wood, Lady C. } .....Duchess Northumberland  
 Wood, Miss.....Her mother, Lady C. Wood  
 Wood, Mrs. J.....Lady T. S. Rice  
 Williams, Mrs. H.....Lady H. Williams  
 Young, Lady.....Mrs. Dawson  
 Young, Mrs. } .....Mrs. Dawson  
 Young, Miss A. } .....Lady Young  
 Young, Miss L. } .....Lady Young

6.—The Princess Augusta visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, at Marlboro' House.

The Duke and Prince George of Cambridge, honoured Lord Hill with their company at dinner.

7.—Her Majesty, accompanied by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, visited the National Gallery. Sir Martin Archer Shee, President of the Royal Academy, and the officers of the Institution, received her Majesty and her august mother. The Queen was attended by Lady Portman, the Lord Chamberlain, Viscount Falkland, Mr. Rich, and Colonel Wemyss; Lady Mary Stopford was in attendance on the Duchess of Kent.

Her Majesty and her august mother visited the Queen Dowager, at Marlboro' House.

8.—Her Majesty and her august mother attended divine service at St. James's, accompanied by Lady Portman, Miss Cavendish, Miss Lister, Viscount Falkland, Mr. Rich, and Colonel Wemyss. Her august mother, by Lady Mary Stopford. The Queen Dowager by the Countess of Mayo, Miss Boyle, and Earl Howe; and his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge attended divine service in the Chapel Royal St. James's. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached.

The Princess Augusta attended divine service at St. Philip's, Regent Street, attended by Lady Mary Pelham.

9.—The Duke of Cambridge and the Duchess of Gloucester visited her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

10.—Her Majesty held a Court, at which Count Sebastiani, the French Ambassador, had an audience, to take leave on going abroad. The Queen Dowager, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duke of Sussex visited her Majesty. The Princess Augusta removed from St. James's Palace to Clarence House, and received visits from Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, and the Duchess of Gloucester. The Duchess of Kent and the Duke of Cambridge visited her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

The Duke of Sussex visited the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge.

Her Majesty left Town for Windsor Castle, with her august mother, attended by Lady Portman, in an open carriage and four, escorted by a party of Lancers. The royal suit consisted of Lady Mary Stopford, Miss Cavendish, Miss Lister, Baroness Leichen, Miss Davys, and Col. Wemyss. Her Majesty entered the park by the Mar-

ble Arch. The Earl of Surry attended at the Palace, and conducted her Majesty to her carriage.

April 11.—Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, attended by the Countess of Mayo, Miss Boyle, and Earl Howe, and H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, attended divine service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

The Duke of Cambridge visited the Princess Augusta.

Prince Edward, of Saxe Weimar, arrived at Marlborough House, on a visit to her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

Her Majesty arrived at Windsor Castle, from Town, soon after five o'clock in the afternoon.

April 12.—Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, left town for Bushy Park, when her Majesty partook of a lunch, and returned in the evening.

April 13.—*Good Friday.* Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, attended divine service in St. James's church.

The Princess Augusta attended divine service in St. Philip's, Regent-street, attended by Lady Mary Pelham.

13.—Her Majesty attended divine service, performed in St. George's chapel, accompanied by H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, Lady Portman, Miss Lister, Miss Cavendish, Mr. Rich, M.P., Col. Wemyss.

Her Majesty, and the royal party, walked on the slopes, and on the terrace of the Castle.

15.—Sunday. The Queen attended divine service, accompanied by H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, and other distinguished members of the royal household.

Her Majesty took her usual equestrian exercise, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, and other distinguished individuals of the household.

The Queen Dowager, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Princess Augusta, Duchess of Gloucester, Prince George of Cambridge, and his serene Highness Prince Edward, of Saxe Weimar, attended divine service at the chapel royal, St. James's. The Archbishop of York preached the sermon.

16.—The Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duke of Cambridge, visited her Majesty the Queen Dowager, at Marlborough House.

The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, visited Christ's Hospital, on Sunday evening.

The Duchess and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, visited the Princess Augusta, at Clarence-house.

Her Majesty's royal gate alms, (formerly distributed at the gate of Whitehall-palace) were given away by Mr. Hanby at the Almonry-office, to 168 poor men and women, all of them infirm, and above 60 years old, both men and women received thirteen shillings each.

17.—The Princess Augusta, visited her Majesty, the Queen Dowager.

The weather prevented her Majesty leaving the Castle.

18.—The Duchess of Cambridge visited the Queen Dowager.

The Princess Augusta dined with the Duchess of Gloucester.

Prince George, and the Princess Augusta, of Cambridge, visited the Opera, on Tuesday evening.

The very cold weather prevented her Majesty leaving the Castle. The additional arrivals were Lord Gardiner, Hon. C. Murray, Lord Torrington, Lord Durham, Lord Glenelg, Lord and Lady Uxbridge, and Lady Eleonora Paget.

19.—The Duchess of Cambridge honoured the performance of Donizetti's new Opera with his presence.

The Duchess of Gloucester visited the Duchess of Cambridge.

Her Majesty walked on the slopes at Windsor, for a short time.

20.—The Princess Augusta had a dinner party, the company included their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Duchess of Gloucester, Prince George and Princess Augusta of Cambridge.

The Duchess of Cambridge visited her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

22.—Sunday. The Queen Dowager attended by the Countess of Mayo, Miss Boyle and Earl Howe; and H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge attended divine service at St. James's.

The Princess Augusta attended divine service at St. Philip's, Regent-street, with Lady Mary Pelham.

Their Royal Highnesses the Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, visited the National Gallery.

The Duke and Prince George of Cambridge, honoured Col. Wood, with their company at dinner, at Littleton.

24.—Her Majesty and her august mother, attended by Lady Barham, arrived at the New Palace, in a carriage and four, escorted by a party of Lancers, from Windsor. Her Majesty's suite, including the Hon. Misses Murray and Paget, Lady Gardiner, Baroness Lehzen, Miss Davys, Lady Mary Stopford, and Col. Wemyss, followed in two carriages and four. Her Majesty was received at the Palace by the Master of the Horse, and Lord Gardner, and Hon. C. Murray, Lord and Groom in waiting.

The Queen honoured the performance of Otello, at her Majesty's Theatre, with her presence.

25.—Her Majesty held a Privy Council, at the New Palace, which was attended by the Lord President, first Lord of the Treasury, Secretaries of State, first Lord of the Admiralty, Secretary at War, Lord Chamberlain, and the Master of the Horse.

Her Majesty had afterwards a dinner party.

This being the birth-day of the Duchess of Gloucester, H. R. H. received congratulatory visits from the Princess Augusta, Duke of Cambridge, Prince George, and other members of the Royal Family, Foreign Ministers, and many of the nobility left their names.

The Duke of Cambridge visited the Princess Augusta.

26.—Her Majesty went from the New Palace to St. James's, with her suite, in three carriages, and held a drawing-room, the second this season.

The Duchess of Kent came in state to the drawing-room, escorted by a party of Life Guards. H. B. H. was attended by Lady Flora Hastings, Gen. Sir Geo. Anson, and Capt. Hon. Frederick Spencer.

Her Royal Highness's dress, on this occasion, was composed entirely of British manufacture.

The Duke and Prince George of Cambridge, attended by Col. Cornwall. The Princess Augusta, attended by Lady Mary Pelham, and Sir Benjamin Stephenson. The Duchess of Gloucester, attended by Lady Caroline Legger. The Duke of Sussex, was also present at the drawing-room.

The Queen was attended by Lady Barham Countess Charlemont, and Lady Portman. Ladies in waiting: Hon. Misses Pitt, Paget, Dillon, Cavendish, Spring Rice, and Lister, maids of honour; Lady Caroline Barrington, (in waiting) Lady Gardner, Lady Harriet Clive, and the Hon. Mrs. Geo. Campbell; Lord Gardner, Hon. C. Murray, Lord Chamberlain, Master of the Horse, Treasurer of the Household, Comptroller of the Household, Hon. Col. Cavendish, Clerk Marshall, Col. Wemyss, Lord Alfred Paget, Equerries. Masters Cavendish and Cowell, Pages of Honour.

At the entrée, the following (foreign) - sentation to her Majesty took place:—

Madame P. Ralli, the Lady of the Grecian Consul-General, by Princess Soutzo, the Lady of the Grecian Minister.

The entrée drawing-room, was attended by the Ambassadors, &c. from foreign courts, and many other noble and distinguished personages.

The following ladies were presented to her Majesty:—

| <i>Presented by</i>              |                               |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Antrobus, Lady.....              | Countess of Charlemont        |
| Antrobus, Miss }                 | Their mother, Lady Antrobus   |
| Antrobus, Miss A. }              |                               |
| Allen, Miss.....                 | Mrs. Maltby                   |
| Ashbrook, Viscountess.....       | March. of Downshire           |
| Browne, Mrs. Gore.....           | Lady Langdale                 |
| Blantyre, Lady.....              | Duchess of Somerset           |
| Barrington, Viscountess.....     | Lady C. Barrington            |
| Burrowes, Mrs. W.....            | Lady E. Bruce                 |
| Bourne, Miss S.....              | Mrs. Howley                   |
| Coutts, Miss Angela Burdett..... | Lady Langham                  |
| Cox, Miss Laura.....             | Mrs. Cox                      |
| Cowell, Mrs. S. }                | .....Hon. Mrs. Westenra       |
| Coventry, Miss C. }              |                               |
| Conolly, Mrs.....                | Countess of Charlemont        |
| Cooper, Miss C. }                | Their mother, Mrs. Cooper     |
| Cooper, Miss C. C. }             |                               |
| Dungarvon, Viscountess.....      | Dowager Lady Clinton          |
| Dimsdale, Miss.....              | Her mother, Baroness Dimsdale |
| Dillon, Viscountess.....         | Dowager Viscountess Dillon    |
| Douglas, Lady Frances.....       | Countess of Morton            |
| Fitzroy, Mrs. Hugh.....          | Countess of Euston            |
| Flower, Hon. Miss }              | Her mother, Viscountess       |
|                                  | Ashbrook                      |
| Grosvenor, Mrs.....              | Lady Willoughby d'Eresby      |

#### *Presented by*

|                                    |                              |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Gomm, Lady.....                    | Marchioness Lothian          |
| Gurney, Mrs.....                   | Lady F. Wemyss               |
| Gordon, Lady Duff.....             | Countess Charlemont          |
| Gordon, Miss Duff.....             | Lady Duff Gordon             |
| Gosling, Mrs. Robert.....          | Lady Cottenham               |
| Gage, Mrs.....                     | Dowager Lady Clinton         |
| Gage, Miss Sophia.....             | Her mother, Mrs. Gage        |
| Haggart, Miss.....                 | Her sister, Mrs. Spiers      |
| Higginson, Lady Frances.....       | Countess of Bandon           |
| Howley, Mrs.....                   | Lady Manners                 |
| Howard, Mrs. Robert.....           | Countess of Wicklow          |
| Johnstone, Miss.....               | Countess Delawarr            |
| Johnstone, Hon. Mary Hope.....     | Visctss. Barrington          |
| Kerr, Lady E. }                    |                              |
| Kerr, Lady L. }                    | .....Marchioness of Lothian  |
| Kerr, Lady F. }                    |                              |
| Lawford, Mrs. Admiral.....         | Lady A. Buller               |
| Lothian, Marchioness.....          | Lady Sarah Ingestrie         |
| Langham, Lady.....                 | Hon. Mrs. Abercromby         |
| Langham, Miss.....                 | Lady Langham                 |
| Lechmire, Miss C.....              | Her sister, Lady Saumarez    |
| Morton, Countess of.....           | Lady Portman                 |
| Mitford, Lady G.....               | Countess of Ashburnham       |
| Malthy, Mrs.....                   | Countess of Euston           |
| Maule, Hon. Mrs.....               | Hon. Mrs. Abercromby         |
| Maclaine, Lady.....                | Lady F. Wemyss               |
| Nugent, Lady Rosa.....             | Lady Cowley                  |
| Nutford, Lady G.....               | Countess of Ashburnham       |
| Newark, Viscountess.....           | Countess Charlemont          |
| O'Grady, Hon. Mrs.....             | Hon. Mrs. B. Paget           |
| Poulter, Mrs. B.....               | Duchess of Somerset          |
| Paget, Miss Laura.....             | Mrs. Berkeley Paget          |
| Pepys, Mrs. H.....                 | Lady Cottenham               |
| Robertson, Mrs. Colonel }          |                              |
| Robertson, Miss, of Holleraig }    | Marchioness of               |
| Robertson, Miss A., of Holleraig } | Lansdowne                    |
| Reeves, Mrs. Col.....              | Rt. Hon. Lady Howden         |
| Reeves, Miss.....                  | Her mother, Mrs. Col. Reeves |
| Rollo, Lady.....                   | Lady Clinton                 |
| Stuart, Hon. Frances }             | .....Duchess of Somerset     |
| Stuart, Hon. Cath. }               |                              |
| Sumner, Mrs. Charles.....          | Hon. Mrs. Erskine            |
| Somerville, Mrs.....               | Lady Langdale                |
| Somerville, Miss }                 |                              |
| Somerville, Miss M. }              | Mrs. Somerville              |
| Sutton, Mrs. Nassau.....           | Lady Manners                 |
| Sutton, Miss }                     |                              |
| Sutton, Miss I. }                  | Their mother, Mrs. N. Sutton |
| Smyth, Lady Elizabeth.....         | Countess of Euston           |
| Smyth, Mrs. }                      |                              |
| Smyth, Miss M. }                   | Their mother, Lady E. Smyth  |
| Seymour, Mrs.....                  | Duchess of Somerset          |
| Saumarez, Lady de.....             |                              |
| Scovell, Lady.....                 | Marchioness of Downshire     |
| Spiers, Mrs.....                   | Countess of Charlemont       |
| Vyner, Lady M.....                 | Countess de Grey             |
| Willoughby, Hon. Miss.....         | Lady W. de Eresby            |
| Wingfield, Mrs. R.....             | Her sister, Lady Cottenham   |
| Wilson, Mrs.....                   | Lady Walker                  |
| Watkins, Mrs.....                  | Her sister, Lady de Saumarez |
| Wynn, Hon. Lady W. }               | .....Dow. Visctss. Dillon    |
| Wynn, Miss H. W. }                 |                              |
| Wentworth, Lady A. V.....          | Lady Ernest Bruce            |
| Wilbraham, Miss E. }               |                              |
| Wilbraham, Miss E. }               | .....Mrs. Grosvenor          |
| Wilbraham, Miss J. }               |                              |

27.—Her Majesty honoured, with a visit, the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, in Pall Mall East. Her



Majesty was accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, Lady Barham, Lady Caroline Barrington, Marquis Conyngham, Lord Gardner Hon C. Murray, and Col. Wemyss.

GUESTS AT HER MAJESTY'S TABLE.

H.R.H. Duchess of Kent, April 6, 9, 12, 15, 19, 20, 22.  
 Duchess of Gloucester, April 3.  
 Duchess of Cambridge, April 3.  
 Prince George of Cambridge, April 3, 9.  
 Princess Augusta of Cambridge, April 3.  
 Duchess of Northumberland, March 28.  
 Earl of Aberdeen, March 28.  
 Viscount Powersworth, March 28.  
 Viscount Melbourne, March 27, 28. April 2, 4, 6, 9, 19.  
 The Lord Chamberlain, March 28. April 3.  
 Sir Henry Wheatley, March 28.  
 Hon. Colonel and Mrs. Grey, March 28, 31. April 4.  
 Mr. George Byng, M.P., March 28.  
 Mrs. Byng, March 28.  
 Viscount Falkland, March 27. April 12.  
 Right Hon. G. S. Byng, March 27.  
 Lady Agnes Byng, March 27.  
 Hon. C. C. Cavendish, March 27. April 6.  
 Lady Catherine Cavendish, March 27.  
 The Lord Steward, April 2, 9.  
 Hon. John Ponsonby, April 2.  
 Archbishop of York, April 3.  
 Miss Harcourt, April 3.  
 Earl of Burlington, April 3.  
 Earl Courtown, April 3.  
 Earl Fingall, April 3.  
 Countess Fingall, April 3.  
 Countess of Burlington, April 3.  
 Viscount Palmerston, April 3, 19.  
 Hon. Lady Harriet Clive, April 3.  
 Miss Clive, April 3.  
 Lady Georgiana Bathurst, April 3.  
 Miss Kerr, April 3.  
 Colonel Cornwall, April 3.  
 Lord Durham, April 4, 19.  
 Countess Durham, April 4.  
 Lady Mary Lambton, April 4.  
 Lord Byron, April 4.  
 Lady Byron, April 4.  
 Lord John Russell, April 4, 19.  
 Lady John Russell, April 19.  
 Lord Glenelg, April 4, 19.  
 Treasurer of the Household, April 6.  
 Mr. Harcourt, April 6.  
 Mrs. Harcourt, April 6.  
 Duke of Cambridge, April 9.  
 Baron Knesebeck, April 9.  
 Earl of Uxbridge, April 9, 19.  
 Countess of Uxbridge, April 19.  
 Viscount Morpeth, April 9.  
 Viscount Sydney, April 9.  
 Viscountess Sydney, April 9.  
 Lady Caroline Barrington, April 9.

Hon. Sir E. Cust, April 9.  
 Lady Cust, April 9.  
 The Clerk Marshall, April 9.  
 Lord Alfred Paget, April 9.  
 Lord Surry, April 12.  
 Hon. Colonel Cavendish, April 12, 19.  
 Mrs. Cavendish, April 12.  
 Miss Cavendish, April 12, 19.  
 Baroness Lehzen, April 12, 19.  
 Lady Portman, April 12.  
 Lady Mary Stopford, April 12, 19.  
 Mr. Rich, April 12.  
 Hon. Mrs. Gardiner, April 12.  
 Miss Lister, April 12, 19.  
 Miss Davis, April 12, 19.  
 Colonel Wemyss, April 12, 19.  
 Marquis of Conyngham, April 13.  
 Duke of Argyle, April 19.  
 Lord Gardner, April 19.  
 Lady Barham, April 19.  
 Lady E. Paget, April 19.  
 Hon. C. Murray, April 19.  
 Hon. and Rev. Mr. Cust, April 22.

*The following accompanied her Majesty on horse-back, and those marked (\*) attended her Majesty to the Theatre.*

Miss Cavendish, March 27, 28. April 2, 3, 6, 9, 12.  
 Baroness Lehzen, March 27, 28, 29. April 2, 3, 6, 9, 21.  
 Lady Mary Stopford, March 27, 28, 28.\* April 2, 21.  
 Marquis Conyngham, March 27, 28, 28,\* 29. April 3.  
 Lord Byron, March 27, 28, 28,\* 29. April 2.  
 The Earl of Uxbridge, March 27, 28, 29. April 2, 3, 6, 9, 20, 22.  
 Sir Frederick Stovin, March 27, 28, 29. April 2.  
 Lady Harriet Clive, March 28, 28,\* 29.  
 Hon. Col. Grey, March 28, 28,\* 29. April 2, 3.  
 Countess Durham, 28.\*  
 Miss Lister, March 28.\* April 12.  
 Colonel Wemyss, March 29. April 2, 3, 6, 9, 20, 21.  
 Sir George Quentin, March 29.  
 Lord Alfred Paget, April 2, 9.  
 Viscount Falkland, April 3, 6, 9.  
 Mr. Rich, April 6, 9, 12.  
 Lord Surry, April 12.  
 Miss Davies, April 12.  
 Lady Portman, April 12.  
 Hon. Miss Murray, April 20, 22.  
 Lady E. Paget, April 20, 21.  
 Lord Gardner, April 20, 21.  
 Dean of Chester, April 20.  
 Mr. Murray, April 20, 21.  
 Hon. Miss Cocks, April 21.  
 Lord Melbourne, April 22.

## THEATRES.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—Up to Thursday the 5th, no change took place in the performances at this Theatre, a sufficient proof of Persiani's success. Rubini and Tamburini were there, however, once more to be welcomed to the boards of which they are the most prominent ornaments. Donizetti's Opera *Lucia di Lammermoor*, performed for the first time in this country. It is a straggling adaptation of the Wizard of the North's "Bride of Lammermoor." Had the plot of that novel been closer abided by, the interest of the piece would have been far greater. As it is, it is a mere series of tableaux. Persiani becomes the greater favourite the oftener she is seen. Her conception of characters is remarkable for a musician. Rubini in the part of Edgar, and Tamburini as the Lord Ashton of the novel, were welcomed in a most gratifying manner. Signor Tati, who sustained the part of Bucklaw, at a short notice, would do better if he did not attempt so much. Her Majesty was present at the first performance of the Opera, which we think likely to be a favourite.

On Saturday the 21st, Grisi made her re-appearance in Rossini's *Otello*, to the manifest delight of her enthusiastic admirers. Persiani and Grisi can appear on the same stage without detracting from the merits of either. The one demands admiration, the other wins it. Lablache who also made his bow for the first time this season, is in fine voice, and performed the part of Elmiro with his usual excellence. The only other novelty is a poor Ballet called *Le Chalet*, founded on Donizetti's *Betty*, brought out at the Opera Buffa last season.

Our readers will be sorry to hear that Albertazzi has been seriously indisposed, and with us be glad to hear that she is now convalescent.

Balfe's new Opera to be shortly produced, is founded on the tales of the Merry Wives of Windsor. Lablache will take the part of Sir John Falstaff. We expect a treat from this native importation to the Italian Opera House.

Z—VOL. XII.—MAY, 1838.

There has been open hostility evinced to the recent addition to the stalls ; so much so, as to assume the character of a riot. When discord reigns at the Opera, where, alas ! can we look for harmony ?

**COVENT GARDEN.**—Lord Byron's tragedy of *THE TWO FOSCARI*, was produced on the 7th ult. for the benefit of the Lessee.

The characters were thus sustained—Macready was the Doge ; Jacopo, his son, Anderson ; Loredano, the enemy of the family of Foscari, Ward ; Barbarigo, a senator, Elton ; and Marina, wife of the younger Foscari, Miss H. Faucit.

The plot of the piece is, by some, considered faulty, but it must be borne in mind that the play was never intended for the stage.

On the rising of the curtain, the auditor is at a loss to ascertain the reason of the deadly enmity borne by the Loredano to the House of Foscari, which is not fully explained throughout the piece. We will, however, supply the deficiency, by a poetic illustration from Rogers's "Italy."

" But whence the deadly hate  
That caused all this—the hate of Loredano ?  
It was a legacy his father left him,  
Who, but for Foscari, had reigned in Venice,  
And, like the venom in the serpent's bag,  
Gathered and grew ! nothing but turned to venom !  
In vain did Foscari sue for peace, for friendship,  
Offering in marriage his fair Isabel.  
He changed not ; with a dreadful piety,  
Studying revenge ; listening alone to those  
Who talked of vengeance ; grasping by the hand  
Those in their zeal (and none, alas, were wanting,)  
Who came to tell him of another wrong,  
Done or imagined. When his father died,  
'Twas whispered in his ear, ' He died by poison.'  
He wrote it on the tomb, ('tis there in marble,)  
And in his ledger-book—among his debtors—  
Entered the name 'FRANCESCO FOSCARI.'

Leaving a blank—to be filled up hereafter.  
When Foscari's noble heart at length gave way,

He took the volume from the shelf again  
Calmly, and with his pen filled up the blank,  
Inscribing, "He has paid me."

The crime of Jacopo Foscari, on which his father sits in judgment, is also left in a state of obscurity; we again refer to the above cited poem.

"Half withdrawn

A little to the left, sits one in crimson,  
A venerable man, four-score and upwards.  
Cold drops of sweat stand on his furrowed brow.

His hands are clenched; his eyes half shut and glazed;  
His shrunk and withered limbs rigid as marble.

'Tis Foscari, the Doge. And there is one,  
A young man lying at his feet, stretched out  
In torture. 'Tis his son, his only one;

'Tis Giacomo, the blessing of his age,  
(Say, has he lived for this?) accused of murder,

The murder of the senator Donato.  
Last night the proofs, if proofs they are,  
were dropped

Into the Lion's mouth, the mouth of brass,  
That gapes and gorges; and the Doge himself,

('Tis not the first time he has filled this office,)

Must sit and look on a beloved son  
Suffering the torture."

We find by consulting the histories of the Republic, by Daru and Sismondi, that the younger Foscari was first banished to Napoli di Romania, for receiving presents from Philippe Visconti, in the year 1445, and accused in the year 1450, of the murder of Donato, of which he ought to have been acquitted from the confession of Nicholas Erizzo; but he was banished to Candia, and only again brought to Venice to be subjected to the torture for having written for protection to the Duke of Milan. At the time of his return he is first introduced into the drama. With these brief explanations, the plot may, we think, become perfectly intelligible.—Jacopo Foscari, son of the Doge, is condemned to exile for crimes which his father's Venitian sense of honour considers meet for punishment; but not so Marina, the young man's wife, who could not behold in the object of her love a single stain. In vain she alternately upbraids and supplicates,—the old Doge is firm, although the feelings

of the father strive to trample on the duties of the senator. The son is about to be banished for ever—but ere he goes, the Doge, at length, consents to embrace his only child. And here, the hatred of Loredana, which winds throughout the whole play, stands out in fine relief. They are about to part. But the heart of Jacopo, which seems to live alone for Venice, the land of his birth—burst upon his native soil. He dies at the Doge's feet. Scarcely has the heart-broken old man poured forth his stifled tenderness o'er the body of his child, ere he hears that he is deposed. It is more than his strength can bear; yet he combats his intriguers well. But as he is about to quit the palace, by the same public steps he entered it, (not by a private way,) the cold corse of his son is carried past him from the palace. The spirit of the poor old man cannot bend—it breaks at once, and as the curtain falls, he dies upon the body of his child.

We will now give a few of the beauties of the play, which stand prominent on the stage, and, in our way, throw out a few hints to the performers.—Much of the first act has been judiciously omitted, as the play would have been too long to sustain its fair interest. Although we generally admire greatly the acting of Miss Helen Faucit, we like not her conception of the character of Marina. She overacted the part; and, as there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, she often reminded us of a school-girl or tumboy put out about her new dress, or some such trifle, or a scolding wife, than the bride of Foscari, who died for love of Venice. Less straining after effect would have been better: as when she delivered

"Not his; no!

He shriek! no, that should be his father's part,

Not his—not his—he'll die in silence."

We speak to Miss Faucit in kindness, as she is now perhaps the best tragic actress on the stage; and how effective might the above passage have been made by one of her powers!

Miss Faucit however improves in parts, for instance.

"What

Are judges, who give way to anger? they  
Who do so are assassins. Give me way."

The scene which occupies the whole of the second act, and is said to be from a pencil-sketch of Macready, when in Venice, is exceedingly beautiful. It represents an apartment in the Ducal palace, ornamented with the portraits of the doges; even the black curtain, inscribed "*Hic est locus Marini Faleri pro criminibus decapitati*," hangs conspicuous near the "giant staircase," down which—

"the grisly head of old Falerio  
Rolled from the block."

We pass on to where Marina, pleading with the Doge, calls forth the epithet of "child."

"Call me not 'child!'"

You soon will have no children—you deserve none—

You who can talk thus calmly of a son,  
In circumstances which would call forth tears  
Of blood from Spartans! Though these did  
not weep.

Their boys who died in battle, it is written,  
That they beheld them perish piece-meal, nor  
Stretch'd forth a hand to save them!

DOGE. You behold me.

I cannot weep—I would I could; but if  
Each white hair on this head were a young  
life,

This ducal cap, the diadem of earth,  
This ducal ring, with which I wed the waves  
A talisman to still them;—I'd give all  
For him."

Miss Faucit is good in—

"I do—I do—and so should you, methinks—  
That these are demons; could it be else that  
Men, who have been of women born and  
suckled—

Who have loved, or talk'd at least of love—  
have given

Their hands in sacred vows—have danced  
their babes

Upon their knees, perhaps have mourn'd  
above them

In pain, in peril, or in death—who are,  
Or were, at least, in seeming, human, could  
Do as they have done by yours, and you  
yourself,

You, who abet them?"

And the Doge when talking to Lo-  
redano.

"I!—"Tis true

Your fathers were mine enemies, as bitter  
As their son e'er can be, and I no less  
Was theirs; but I was *openly* their foe;  
I never work'd by plot in council, nor  
Cabal in commonwealth, nor secret means  
Of practice against life by steel or drug.  
The proof is, your existence."

And—

"So that

Methinks we must have sinn'd in some old  
world,  
And *this* is hell: the best is, that it is not  
Eternal!"

Anderson's acting deserves great  
praise. We will quote part of his open-  
ing soliloquy in the dungeon.

"What letters are these which  
Are scrawl'd along the inexorable wall?  
Will the gleam let me trace them? Ah! the  
names

Of my sad predecessors in this place;  
The dates of their despair, the brief words of  
A grief too great for many. This stone page  
Holds, like an epitaph, their history,  
And the poor captive's tale is graven on  
His dungeon's barrier, like the lover's record  
Upon the bark of some tall tree, which bears  
His own and his beloved's name. Alas!  
I recognize some names familiar to me,  
And blighted like to mine, which I will add,  
Fittest for such a chronicle as this,  
Which only can be read, as writ by  
wretches."

And the end of the third act is beautiful.

"DOGE. Boy! no tears.

MARINA.—Let them flow on: he wept  
not on the rack

To shame him, and they cannot shame him  
now

They will relieve his heart—that too kind  
heart—

And I will find an hour to wipe away  
Those tears, or add my own."

And the love of Jacopo for his country  
is finely told.

"Never yet did mariner

Put up to patron saint such prayers for  
prosperous

And pleasant breezes, as I call upon you,  
Ye tutelary saints of my own city! which  
Ye love not with more holy love than I,  
To lash up from the deep the Adrian waves,  
And waken Auster, sovereign of the tem-  
pest!

Till the sea dash me back on my own shore  
A broken corse upon the barren Lido,  
Where I may mingle with the sands which  
skirt

The land I love, and never shall see more!"

And his death is exceedingly beautiful.

"JACOPO FOSCARI.—I doubt not. Father  
—wife.—Your hands.

MARINA.—There's death in that damp,  
clammy grasp.

Oh, God!—My Foscari, how fare you?

JACOPO FOSCARI.—Well!"

And Marina's grief and chiding of the old Doge.

"DOGE. Daughter!

MARINA.—Hold thy peace, old man!  
I am no daughter now—thou hast no son.  
Oh, Foscari!"

Again, when about to quit the Palace.

"No. I  
Will now descend the stairs by which I  
mounted

To Sovereignty—the giant's stairs, on whose  
Broad eminence I was invested duke.

But, come; my son and I will go together—  
He to his grave, and I to pray for mine."

"The people! There's no people, you well  
know it,

Else you dare not deal thus by them or me.  
There is a *populace*, perhaps, whose looks  
May shame you; but they dare not groan  
nor curse you,

Save with their hearts and eyes."

And the old man's death.

"BARBARIGO.—I pray you sit.

DOGE.—No; my seat here has been a  
throne till now.

Marina! let us go.

MARINA.—Most readily.

DOGE (*walks a few steps, and then stops.*)  
—I feel a thirst; will no one bring me here  
a cup of water?

BARBARIGO.—I—

MARINA.—And I—

LOREDANO.—And I—

(*The Doge takes a goblet from the Hand of  
Loredano.*)

DOGE.—I take *yours*, Loredano, from the  
hand  
fit for such an hour as this.

LOREDANO.

Why so?

DOGE.—'Tis said that our Venetian crys-  
tal has

Such pure antipathy to poison, as  
To burst if aught of venom touches it.  
You bore this goblet, and it is not broken.

LOREDANO.—Well, sir!

DOGE.—Then it is false, or you are true;  
For my own part, I credit neither; 'tis  
An idle legend.

MARINA.—You talk wildly, and  
Had better now be seated, nor as yet  
Depart. Ah! now you look as looked my  
husband!

BARBARIGO.—He sinks! support him—  
quick—a chair—support him!

DOGE.—The bell tolls on! Let's hence;  
my brain's on fire.

BARBARIGO.—I do beseech you, lean on  
us.

DOGE.—No!

A sovereign should die standing. My poor  
boy,

Off with your arms! *That bell!*

(*The Doge drops down, and dies.*)

And here the curtain falls upon the sor-  
rows of the lovely Marina.

We must be excused for the straggling  
manner in which we have extracted  
from the Tragedy; but we knew no  
other way in which the beauties could  
be consecutively pointed out, and as  
we fear, however, fine as many por-  
tions of the play are, that it is not of a  
nature to ensure a long run; we wish  
all who really love fine imagery and  
language, to go with a guide in their  
hands.

## Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

### BIRTHS.

On the 6th of April, the lady of John  
Vaughan, Esq. of Watlington Park, Oxford-  
fordshire, of a daughter.

On the 9th, at Wilton-place, Belgrave-  
square, Mrs. A. R. Twine, of a son.

On the 8th of April, in Hunter-street,  
Brunswick-square, the lady of the Hon.  
R. V. Powys, of a son.

On the 7th of April, at the Vicarage,  
Cawthorne, near Barnsley, York, the lady  
of the Rev. A. M. Parkinson, of a daughter.

On the 23rd of April, at St. Heller's, the  
lady of Frederick William Hill, Esq. 10th  
Regiment, of a daughter.

### MARRIAGES.

On the 27th of March, at Marylebone  
Church, by the Rev. Havilland de Sau-  
marez, M. A., James de Sumarez, Esq.,

of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law, to  
Eliza Frances, eldest daughter of Frederick  
de Lisle, Esq., of York-place, Portman-  
square.

On the 4th of April, at Weymouth, by the  
Rev. Willoughby Brassey, the Rev. George  
Cæsar Hawkins, Vicar of Pinhoe, Devon,  
second son of John Cæsar Hawkins, Bart.,  
to Eleanor, eldest daughter of George Villiers  
Villiers, Esq., late of the Royal Horse  
Guards.

### DEATHS.

On the 28th of March, in the 31st year of  
his age, the Rev. John Southwell Ifill, M.A.  
third son of the late Benjamin Ifill, Esq. of  
the Island of Barbadoes.

On the 11th ult., at Paris, the Rev. John  
Devereux, formerly one of the Chaplains at  
Moorfields Catholic Chapel.

# COURT MAGAZINE, MONTHLY CRITIC, LADY'S MAGAZINE, AND MUSEUM.

UNITED SERIES.



## A Family Journal

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,  
DRAMA FASHIONS, &c. &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

### OUTLINES OF BRITISH FEMALE COSTUME.

(GENERAL REMARKS UPON THE ART OF ILLUMINATION.)

*Subject matter of the Plate in the Present Number, in Illustration of an Article at p. 276.*

Figure 1.—Ancient British Female.

Figure 2.—Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni. A.D. 61.

Figure 6.—Anglo-Saxon Lady of Distinction, of 8th century, in Full Dress. From Cottonian MS. Claudius, b. iv.

Figure 9.—Winter, or Riding-dress, of Anglo-Saxon Female of 8th century. Cottonian MS.

Figure 10.—Anglo-Saxon Lady in Full Dress of the 9th and 10th centuries. From Harleian MS. 2908.

Figure 11.—Anglo-Saxon Matron; a *muffler* on the left hand. From Harleian MS. 2908.

Figure 12.—Etheldrytha, a Princess of East Anglia. From the Duke of Devonshire's Splendid Benedictional of the 10th century.

Figure 13.—Alfgyfe, Queen of Canute. Dress of Danish period. From MS. Register of Hyde Abbey.

Figure D.—Anglo-Saxon Ring, inscribed, Ahlstan, Bishop of Sherborne. From the *Archæologia*, vol. iv. p. 47.

The placing before the public eye any branch of history accurately illustrated, furnishes, in our humble judgment, an aliment for the curiosity of amateurs, a text for the investigations of the student, as well as the learned, and an agreeable variety for the general reader. To make much progress, however, the union of the joint character of artist and antiquarian is indis-

pensable: for, if it require an experienced hand to re-produce, with accuracy and elegance, the crumbling monuments of antiquity, it demands, also, some little research to clear up the obscurities presented in the representations of the scenes of by-gone ages.

Our present endeavour will also form an agreeable *rest* in the full-length series of portraits, which we have conti-

nued for some years, whilst, with a new reign, the minds of all men are, as it were, predisposed to look to the beginning, as well of our state and customs, as of our national costume of the earliest periods : and we shall avail ourselves of the interval, in providing still choicer stores of a truly historical caste for the delight and amusement of our readers. The Bayeux Tapestry is well known, yet but few persons have seen the old, worm-eaten relic which represents, indisputably, the greatest event of the eleventh century, which involved the destinies of Europe at that epocha of the world ; which, nevertheless, furnishes alike a faithful portraiture of the costume, armour, and usages of the period.

Again : how little known is the profusion of taste, talent, and unwearied labour which was lavished, during the middle ages, upon the illuminated books throughout Europe—the Bibles, Psalters, Missals, Livres des Heures, Libri Bestiarum, &c. &c., with all their world of grotesque and arabesque (the graphic epigrams of the time), quaint groupings, and miniature likenesses of the rich, and noble, and saintly possessors ! Well has one (recently deceased), most competent in matters of taste generally, but, in this department of national art especially, remarked, that, “it is to be regretted that we possess but very incomplete accounts of those artists of the thirteenth and following centuries to whom we are indebted for the laborious, and often splendid performances, which decorate the choral books and other manuscripts written in Italy (and other parts of Europe) during those periods. Sometimes, it is true, these illuminations were the work of monks and nuns, and other religious persons, who, being insufficiently instructed in design, could do little more than evince their devotion to their patron saints by the prodigal use of gold and fine colours. Still, it is certain, that the leisure of a cloister often produced artists of great ability in this way ; and, besides these, Italy has been at all times provided with schools of professed illuminists, or miniature painters, of a superior order, whose works are alike estimable for their beauty, and interesting as ex-

amples, showing generally, though upon a small scale, the style of art that prevailed at the time, and in the schools, in which they were done ; and these specimens are, in many cases, found in a more perfect state of preservation than the *frescos*, and other large works of painting remaining to us, of the same periods. To this it may be added, that the processes which were resorted to by the ancient illuminists, in preparing and laying on the different metals used in decorating their paintings, and in mixing their colours, have long ceased to be remembered ; so that, whatever performances of this kind now remain to us, merit also our regard as—  
*the monuments of a lost art.*”

The art of ornamenting manuscripts in gold, silver, and colours, which prevailed in Europe from the fourth to the sixteenth century, inclusive, and which forms the connecting link (as Sir Frederick Madden very justly remarks) between the ancient and modern schools of painting, has hitherto received only a portion of that attention it is justly entitled to claim. “In regard to the works of Dr. Dibdin and M. D’Agincourt, they both labour under the same disadvantage, that of not representing the subjects to the eye by means of colours without which it is impossible to form a just notion of the style or execution of a miniature. Many of the specimens in the Decameron are engraved with a beauty beyond all praise, but they rather exhibit a tasteful selection from a certain number of beautiful MSS., accompanied by a running commentary, than a critical history of the progress of art. The author, indeed, very modestly, assumes the merit of producing a Sketch, capable, as he owns, of being filled up with the most costly and elaborate finishing. “The public taste in this department of the Bibliomania,” observes Dr. Dibdin, “is yet partial, and not sufficiently cultivated ; but a more intimate acquaintance with its characteristics will only convince the zealous student of its various and inexhaustible attractions.”

Though the work of M. D’Agincourt has the superiority from its more elaborate character, still it is by no means complete, for were his specimens always faithfully delineated, (which there is

often reason to doubt) they are confined almost wholly to manuscripts executed by Greek and Italian artists, and afford only a casual and very unsatisfactory glimpse of the state of art in the greater portion of Europe. Great Britain, indeed, is wholly neglected, yet there are well founded grounds for belief, that more considerable progress in design and colouring had been made during the tenth and eleventh centuries in England and France, than in Italy.

Mr. Ottley, speaking of the illuminations in St. Ethelwold's Benedictionary, (now in the Library of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, and from which figure 12, plate 1, Anglo Saxon period is taken) in a letter to Mr. Gage, printed in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxiv. p. 30, writes thus: "I can honestly say that I think them in the highest degree creditable to the taste and intelligence of this nation, at a period when in most parts of Europe the fine arts are commonly believed to have been at a very low ebb."

Sir F. Madden, in his very elegant specimens of "Illuminated Ornaments, selected from manuscripts of the middle ages," leaving, as he states, the history of the higher grade of miniature painting,—its rise, decline, revival, and final extinction,—to those who may hereafter be enabled to enter on it more fully," (and how desirable would it be, even if accomplished, in regard to Great Britain alone!) has confined himself (more especially) to general remarks on the practice and style of ornamenting manuscript volumes in gold and colours, more particularly as exemplified in borders, arabesques, and initial letters; on all of which the pencil has been exercised with an elaborate minuteness and beauty of execution, which, in some respects, may challenge more admiration than the larger and more masterly efforts of the limner.\*

The use of *minium*, or vermilion, he

\* At the recent sale of the late Mr. Ottley's Missals, we made a purchase of some of these curious and valuable missals, *one* of which had been purchased by Mr. Ottley for (we understood) eighty pounds. We shall have great pleasure in showing these to our subscribers and friends;—the following is a list of those in our possession.

adds, in marking the commencement, titles, or particular words of manuscripts, seems to be of very high antiquity, since we find it commonly in the Egyptian papyri, the earliest specimen of writing which has descended to modern times. In the same papyri often occur mythological figures, painted in red, blue, green, yellow, and white colours. From Egypt the practice may have passed to Greece and Rome; but, previous to the Christian era, no evidence exists of the mode of writing manuscripts in either country; and in the rolls of papyri discovered at Herculaneum (written in Italy, in the early half of the first century,) there is no trace of any ornament whatever. These rolls, however, appear to have been of an inferior description in point of decoration, since we know from Ovid and Pliny, that the Romans, long before the destruction of Pompeii, were accustomed to rubricate their MSS., and adorn them with paintings, in a style far more beautiful than the elaborate arabesque which travellers still see upon the chamber walls of Pompeii. But in the most ancient MSS. now remaining, red letters were used, yet sparingly, and only at the beginning of books, or for titles. Such is the case in the Medicean copy of Virgil, in the Alexandrian Codex, and in the St. Cyprian and St. Augustine, formerly in the monastery of St. Germain des Prés; in each of which the books commence with three lines written in vermilion. All the above volumes are assigned by the best judges to the fourth or fifth centuries.

Among the Greeks of the Lower Empire, the use of cinnabar, prepared in a peculiar manner, and termed by them the sacred *ἱγκαυστον*, was appropriated especially to the emperor, on the signature of his name to the imperial rescripts, as confirmed by an edict of Leo, A.D. 470. This usage continued till the thirteenth century, and, in the Western Empire, was adopted by Charles the Bold, in the ninth, but does not seem to have been continued by his successors. Whether any, and what difference existed between this cinnabar and the vermilion used in manuscripts, we are ignorant; but, in appearance none can be discovered, as



we are assured by the learned Montfaucon.\*

The process of laying on and burnishing gold and silver (continues Sir F. Madden) appears to have been familiar to the oriental nations, from a period of remote antiquity; and although there are no instances of its use in the Egyptian papyri, yet it is not unreasonable to believe that the Greeks acquired from Egypt or India the art of ornamenting manuscripts thus, which they, probably, conveyed to the Romans. Among the later Greeks, the usage became so common, that the scribes or artists in gold, were especially termed χρυσογραφοί, or writers in gold, and seemed to have constituted a distinct class. Pliny is silent as to the practice in his time, therefore we may suppose it commenced among the Latins, at the beginning of the second century. The luxury thus introduced, was augmented by writing on vellum stained of a purple or rose colour, the earliest instance of which is recorded by Jupiter Capitolinus, in his Life of the Emperor Maximinus, the Younger, to whom his mother made a present of the poems of Homer, written on purple vellum, in golden letters. This took place at the commencement of the third century. For upwards of a hundred years the practice seems to have continued of rare occurrence; but, towards the end of the fourth century, we learn from a well known passage of St. Jerome, that it had become more frequent. It was, however, confined solely to copies of the Scriptures and devotional books, written for the libraries of princes, and the service of monasteries. The celebrated Codex Argenteus of Ulphilas, written in silver and gold letters on a purple ground, about A. D. 360, is perhaps, the most ancient existing specimen of this magnificent mode of calligraphy, after which may be instanced the copy of Genesis at Vienna, the Psalter of St. Germain des Prés, and the fragment of the New Testament in the Cottonian Library, (British Museum) Titus, cxv., all executed in the fifth and sixth centuries. This taste for gold and purple manuscripts seems only to have reached England, at the

close of the seventh century,\* when Wilfrid, archbishop of York, enriched his church with a copy of the Gospels thus adorned, and it is described by his biographer, Eddius, (who lived at that period, or shortly after), as "*inauditum ante seculis nostris quoddam miraculum,*" "*almost a miracle, and before that time unheard of in this part of the world.*" But in the eighth and ninth centuries, the art of staining the vellum appears to have declined, and the colour is no longer the same bright and beautiful purple, violet, or rose colour of the preceding centuries. It is rare also to meet with a volume stained throughout; the artist contenting himself with colouring a certain portion, such as the title, preface, or canon of the mass.†

An unique example of a MS. written and illuminated on gold grounds, on both sides the leaf, is preserved in the British Museum, a faithful fac-simile of which Sir F. Madden has given in the work above quoted.

It is curious to remark, how individual efforts, in matters deeply interesting, will sometimes have a host of followers and imitators. For upwards of seven years we have been presenting to the English public full length colored portraits of celebrated women; we are ready to confess that to the artistical diligence of our French neighbours we are greatly indebted, but let any candid reader be a judge between us, how great the research in entering

\* Yet, if we may credit an Annalist of the reign of Henry V., the Bible sent over by Pope Gregory, to St. Augustine and preserved at that period, contained several leaves stained of a purple or rose colour. See *Wanley's Catalogue, libr. Septem*, 173.

† See the "*Nouveau Traité de Diplomatique*," tom. ii. pp. 98—101. In the British Museum, are two MSS. of this description worthy notice. The first is in the Royal Library, marked l. E vi., and was executed, unquestionably, in the eighth century, by the Hiberno-Saxon school of art. It is a copy of the Gospels, in folio, several of the leaves of which are stained of a beautiful rose colour (visible by holding them to the light), with inscriptions on them in gold and silver capital letters, an inch in height. The second instance occurs in the Cottonian Collection. Tit. A. 11, and is a copy of the Gospels given by king Athelstan, to the Church of Canterbury. The three last leaves are stained of a purple colour, with titles in gold and silver

\* *Palaographia Græca*, cap. 1.

upon such minute, and, we have been constantly assured, most interesting detail, which we have set before our readers. In proceeding a step beyond this, we have drawn from the fountain sources of old and by-gotten literature and records, printed and in MS., from which we have gleaned far and wide from the invaluable treasures of our museums, public libraries, and other sources, that truly most delightful of all histories.

**AUTHENTIC RECORDS OF WOMEN IN THEIR DAY CELEBRATED FOR THE BEAUTY, WIT, SOME RARE VIRTUE, OR EXTRAORDINARY POWER WHICH THEY POSSESSED OVER KINGS, PEOPLE, AND EMPIRES.**

After a while, the fashions of our English court assimilated with, that is, were copied from, these choice and elegant costumes. There, then, we held a sovereign sway, each noble and distinguished lady selecting, according to taste or judgment, that costume which was most suited to her sense of elegance, most likely to display to advantage the charms of her figure, and the golden and diamonded stores, of which she was the envied possessor.

The British public next anxiously looked for memoirs of celebrated women, as well as their portraits, and publishers were not wanting to feed the appetite of the hungry, some with good food, others with a repast which public censure soon condemned as unwholesome. Then lately we had publishers who were resolved to dip still deeper into the pictorial and historical records of the past, and republish entire, ancient works of value, so that the path which we *originally* took in England, is crowded by a host of imitators.

Departing a little from our first plan, it became necessary for us to adopt a course *now* peculiarly our own, and by selecting from Royal English Portraits, we have again rivetted upon our work the attention, and (we may be allowed to say) the approval of the public.

But thus entering upon English history, our minds were naturally led to

think of our ancestors, and even whilst so engaged in thought, a fair damsel put to as a very homely question. 'I wonder!' quoth she, 'how they used to hold their pens before the patent penholders were brought into use, can you tell me?' Smilingly, she uttered this, knowing our delight for antiquarian research and the pursuit in which we are engaged. Simple as this question may appear, yet in ages to come, equally anxious will be the enquiries upon subjects not more important. Perhaps some persons (not grandfathers or grandmothers) might be unable to answer how the community managed to shelter themselves from the rain before umbrellas were invented.

The beginning of a new reign, as we have before hinted, coupled with the manner in which our thoughts were carried back to ancient English History, brought us to the resolve of making a temporary break in our series, by preparing, as promised in our number for March, p. 276, illustrations of which we give our first plate in the accompanying number; we repeat the title, as giving our work a claim to the merit of priority.

*"British Female Costume from the Earliest Period."*

Judge then, fair readers, of our delight in seeing by circular from the Royal Society of Literature, dated May 10th, (1838), that the ground chosen by us is also to be occupied by so learned a society of noblemen and gentlemen. It is mentioned, that a fund is to be especially raised for publishing, in quarterly parts, a *Biographia Britannica Literaria*, arranged in chronological order, and comprising an entire Literary History of the United Kingdom, beginning with the commencement of the Anglo-Saxon period.

We rejoice in having such fellow-workers in the field, and the Court Magazine takes pride and pleasure in having made such a wholesome stir amongst men of literature.

[We have a second Plate in progress to illustrate this era, and reserve further remarks until its appearance.]

## O D E

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY, MAY 24th, 1838.

HAIL ! to sweet MAY, for she doth give  
The charm of life to all who live :

Whether upon the wide-spread plain,  
Or in the deep sequester'd dell,  
She shows the glories of her reign,  
And bids the woodland concert swell.

MAY is the month of sparkling showers,  
Of peeping buds and blooming flowers ;  
Her tendrils bind the roseate bowers,

Where peace and virtue rest—  
Her balmy breath revives the weak ;  
Recalls the blush to beauty's cheek ;  
Through ev'ry form with being rife,  
Awakes the genial springs of life,  
And tells them to be blest ;—  
She gives to motion myriad wings  
And every brilliant insect sings  
Her bounty and her praise ;  
Though not to them the power is given,  
With the sweet nightingale and thrush,  
To pour in rich melodious lays  
From towering elm and lowly bush  
A strain less meet for earth, than heaven.

O, MAY ! benignant MAY ! to thee  
The more endearing gift we owe ;  
(The source whence boundless good shall flow),  
The boon of youthful Majesty.

Let other lands boast brighter skies  
And flowers whence gaudier hues arise  
Or plains whose perfumed gales dispense  
More fragrance to the shrinking sense :

Enough for us to own,  
No land can boast a Queen so fair,  
So virtuous, lovely, wise, and dear,  
Nor one, on whom her subjects dare  
Rely with such implicit trust—

For their's "the love that casts out fear,"  
The faith that, to its object just,  
Deems wisdom, innocence, and truth,  
Strong intellect, and stainless youth,  
The peerless jewels of the crown.

To Britain, in her social state,  
VICTORIA comes as MAY—  
She finds dominions wide and great,  
She makes them bright and gay.  
Oh ! ne'er may mildewing blight await,  
On her refulgent day—

Or, if some purifying breeze  
 Be needful—gently may it pass,  
 Nor bend the forest's stately trees,  
 Nor check the springing grass ;  
 Whilst, like the sun, HER ROYAL SMILE,  
 Shall renovate the landscape round ;  
 And e'en the lowliest sons of toil  
 (The tillers of the ground)  
 Shall bask in bliss such beams impart  
 And feel their solace cheer the heart.

For not alone to learning's claim,  
 To Science, Enterprise, or War,  
 To Art, in every varied name,  
 To Commerce, and to lands afar—  
 Will her all-anxious views extend—  
 However queenly, lofty, great,  
 Her heart will ever softly bend  
 To those who "dwell in low estate—"  
 For she hath felt—as woman feels—  
 And she hath read—what God reveals—  
 And, 'midst the pride of pomp and power,  
 Of festal mirth and glory's hour,  
 When music's softer joys entrance,  
 And beauty threads the mazy dance,  
 Throughout the dazzling scene—  
 With steady eye and tender heart,  
 Her healing influence shall impart  
 The aid that drooping want requires,  
 The meed to waken slumb'ring fires  
 In the pale student's mien.

Not less the vision of a poet's brain  
 All brilliance and all beauty is SHE seen,  
 Whom kings may envy, and kings sue, in vain—  
 Thou benefactress of the humble train,  
 Who, on this joyful day,  
 Lift up their heads, to pray  
 GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

BARBARA HOFLAND.

*Hammersmith, May 24th, 1838.*

### LIFE'S CLOSE.

FROM THE TRAGEDY *DIE SCHULD*, BY MÜLLNER.

Wie der letzte Laut verklinget.

As the last note dies away  
 When the fingers gently stray  
 O'er the harp in tuneful play ;  
 Like the ring a drop will make  
 Falling on some crystal lake,  
 Wider spreads, but feeble grows,  
 As the circle onward flows,  
 Till it nears the flow'ry shore,  
 Kissing which, 'tis seen no more :  
 Soft as this would I away,  
 And, like a sound, have life decay !

H. C.

## THE BEAR'S PASS: A STORY OF NORWAY.

BY MRS. S. A. GIBSON.

## CHAPTER I.

"NORNA, my child, throw another log of wood on the fire, and lay out the table for supper. Would that thy father were returned! 'tis bitterly cold, and the wolves are abroad; even now, methought, I heard their howl in the distance."

Norna rose from the low stool on which she was seated, and, aided by her brother, began to arrange the earthenware dishes for their homely supper; then she brought, from a closet at one end of the room, two small flasks of spirits, a pot of fresh butter, and a quantity of the *flabro*, the hard, black biscuit, too often, alas! the only food of the poorer peasants of Norway; preserved cranberries, fresh milk, and a piece of the flesh of the rein-deer, with some porridge, which was being boiled in a large cauldron on the fire. Such were the comparative luxuries which completed the repast, save the addition of the national dish of pancakes, which important piece of cookery was left entirely to the direction of the good-humoured girl, who was looked up to by the surrounding neighbours, as the cleverest of cooks, and the neatest of housekeepers.

The table arranged to her satisfaction, the pretty Norna took her seat again by the side of her mother, who was leaning her head upon her hands, with her elbows resting upon her knees, and gazing upon the fire, evidently in deep thought, only changing her attitude at intervals as the porridge on the fire began to hiss and bubble: she would then take a stick and stir it well, every now and then turning an anxious gaze towards the door, and listening intently, as if some distant sound met her ear. At her feet was crouched a fair-haired youth, whose blue eyes and open countenance were the very counterpart of his sister's, who was busily employed in mending a fishing-net.

Norna was the first to break silence. "I have been thinking, dear mother," she said, casting an eye to the table, "that, though we fare better, thank God, than most of our neighbours, and are happy to boot, notwithstanding our cottage is but of wood, and our dresses of common woollen stuff, yet the Lady Hulda and her merry sister, Margaret, must find, aye, and *feel*, too, a great difference between the peasant's home and the baron's grand castle; and much do I marvel, that such noble ladies should leave a palace where they were waited on and looked up to as queens, and surrounded with pomp and pleasure, to spend so many days as they have now been with us, in the cottage of a poor huntsman."

This was said in an inquiring tone; for poor Norna, who was by no means exempt from that woman's failing, curiosity, had for many days vainly racked her brain to discover a secret, that her mother seemed resolved to keep locked up in her own bosom. Turning her head towards her daughter, the old woman replied, in a tone in which was mingled evident severity—

"It mattereth not to thee, child, *wherefore* our noble guests should tarry thus long with us. Thy only concern is to see to their comfort; and thy only duty, to obey thy parents in all things, and be silent as to those things which thou mayest see or hear."

The young girl, at this rebuke, hung down her head; and, drawing her stool close to the boy, after a moment's silence, she began helping him in his work, singing an old ballad in a low and plaintive voice. The old woman's anxiety for her husband's return seemed now greatly to increase; for she hastily opened the lattice, and leaned far out of the window, gazing long and intently all around her, notwithstanding the coldness of the air.

"Oluf," whispered Norna to her brother, "stir the porridge, and then

come sit thee by me, and tell me some old legend to wile away the time."

"Nay, sister," replied the youth, "I am in no humour to chaunt ditties or think of ghost stories: wherefore does my father tarry so long? By the good King Eric's wishing-cap! would that he thought me old enough to accompany him! How often I have wished to follow him to the Skál, and how proud should I be to return with a bear's skin hanging over my shoulder."

Norna sighed; and, kissing his forehead affectionately, said, "Alas! brother, is it not enough that *one* of our family should thus peril his life? What would our mother do, if *both* of ye were absent, and how could she bear the thought that, some day, she might be deprived both of a husband and a son? No, dear Oluf, Heaven grant that thou may'st never be a wolf-hunter!"

"Tush, coward sister!" exclaimed the fair boy, as he freed himself, somewhat sullenly, from her embrace: "thou art not worthy to be a huntsman's daughter. What! disdainest thou the exciting pleasures of the chase? Art thou not—" but here his speech was closed, for Norna, seeing a cloud of anger gathering on his brow, placed her hand on his mouth, laughing the while so good-naturedly, that Oluf would have been worse than ill-tempered had he continued the conversation.

For some minutes there was again profound silence; when, on Norna's remarking that it was waxing late, Oluf jumped up, and began tidily to arrange the net that he had finished, saying—

"Now, I would forfeit a smile from the stately Lady Hulda, and a kind word from the merry Lady Margaret (and *that* is not a little), if my father would but return; and, mother, *do* come in, there is nothing to be heard, save the roar of the cataract at the distance, and a precious noise it makes, too, since the melting of the snows. And, look! the moon is shining as bright as if it were day; be sure my father is safe, and watching will not hasten his coming: therefore, dear mother, let me close the casement."

The good woman either did not hear her son, or else disregarded his advice, for she continued at the open window till the baying of dogs in the distance announced to her her husband's approach, when she hastily opened the door of the hut, and, at the well-known sound, the brother and sister, quitting their seats, began to re-arrange the table, pouring the porridge into a large wooden bowl.

"Welcome home, my Carl; wherefore hast thou tarried so long?" exclaimed the huntsman's wife, as an elderly man, of strong and powerful frame, armed with a heavy spear, and followed by a couple of hounds, crossed the threshold, "'tis full an hour and a half beyond thy usual time."

"When I had toiled up the steep, black rock, methought I saw traces of a man's feet in the marsh; 'twas strange, for I could not recognize the footmark as being that of one of our neighbours. I followed their track as far as the descent towards the ravine, and there the tracing stopped; when, thinking that my absence might cause alarm at home, and seeing, by the height of the moon in the heavens, that I had wandered farther and later than I had intended, I hastened homewards. Forgive me, wife, it shall not be so again. Norna, tell our noble guests that supper is on the table, and that we wait their pleasure."

The young girl left the room, and, in a few minutes, ushered in the Lady Hulda and her sister.

There was a great difference of features and manners between the maidens, and yet both were *passing fair*. Hulda, the senior of her sister by several years, was taller and more stately than Margaret, and far more serious and commanding in her manner: the long tresses of her dark brown hair were confined by a silken net; her hazel eyes were mostly bent upon the ground, but when she raised them in conversation, her gaze was full of the eloquence of silent sorrow—such a look as will soften the hardest heart, or check boisterous mirth, and cause the giddiest to sigh. Her countenance bespoke grief and a certain degree of pride combined; and her marble forehead and pale face, contrasted with the bright and ever-

changing hues of Margaret's glowing cheek.

The younger sister was barely seventeen, her father's darling, and the spoiled child of the family: she was the giddiest, wildest, and most untamable creature imaginable. She had the best of hearts, and it spoke in her open countenance; the creature of impulse, she was *one* moment all smiles, and the next, all tears; mirth laughed in her blue eyes, and her fair hair that hung in ringlets upon her shoulders seemed "to have caught a sunbeam and kept it prisoner." Every one loved Margaret: the very heavens seemed to smile upon her; the very earth upon which she trod seemed to bear her tiny footsteps with affection. The peasant, as he met her in her evening walk, would doff his cap, and bless her as she passed; and the children of the surrounding villages would gather flowers and wild fruit from the mountains, and bring them to Carl's hut, as offerings to the stranger lady, who would stop and speak to them, and laugh at their innocent games.

Hulda, more reserved and less sprightly than her sister, was only appreciated by those who knew her *well*; but those who *did* know her, bore towards her the most devoted affection; and many a heart at the court of Stockholm ached for the proud and handsome daughter of the Baron Von Ritterstedt, who returned their love with bitter scorn.

Both the ladies were habited in the national court dress of Sweden, of rich black velvet, with Spanish sleeves slashed with white—one of the most becoming-costumes that the vanity or coquetry of woman had ever invented.

Supper passed in silence: the two ladies were helped first, and waited on respectfully by the huntsman's family, whilst the old Thorga sat near the fire, gazing thoughtfully and affectionately upon her favourite Hulda.

As soon as meal was ended, the ladies withdrew, when Carl, with his wife and children, took their places. Their conversation was upon different topics; but the thoughts of the huntsman frequently turned upon the mysterious footsteps which he had seen. "'Twas strange," he re-echoed, "for, on this evening, he had by chance taken Sotto, the blood-

hound, to Ej Firrol, a village at some distance in the valley, and had lent him to his good neighbour Hanz, and the intruder *must* have discovered this." Soon, however, other matters so engrossed his attention, that he had forgotten the cause of his alarm, when a noise at the casement made him start on his feet: this movement was quickly followed by a piercing shriek from the ladies' chamber.

In a moment, the cottage presented nothing but bustle and confusion. Oluf flew to the door, whilst the rest rushed into the room whence the sound proceeded.

Margaret was kneeling at her sister's feet, gazing earnestly at her as she leaned back in her chair, whilst she covered her face with her hands: the window at which she was seated, was open, and both the sisters appeared embarrassed at the entrance of their host, although an expression of suppressed mirth gave a look of peculiar archness to Margaret's countenance.

"It is nothing, good Carl," she said, as, with her hand, she motioned them to leave the room; "'twas merely a bird that flew in at the window, attracted by the light, and startled my silly sister, whose nerves have been weak since her illness."

The cottager bowed, and slowly retired: but, if *he* believed the story, there was *one* who knew, by the heightened colour of Margaret's cheek, and the averted glance of the frightened Hulda, that the lady's words were not all truth; and the old Thorga lingered for a minute, and gazed thoughtfully and inquiringly upon the young people, ere she closed the door and returned to her husband.

Before the reader is made acquainted with the cause of this sudden commotion, we will give some account of these maidens, and of the incidents that caused them to pass, for a time, this life of seclusion in the barren wilds of Norway.

#### CHAPTER II.

The father of Hulda and Margaret, was a Swedish nobleman of vast wealth and ancient lineage, but of a proud and haughty character. Few loved him; and it was whispered, that his young and beautiful wife had lived unhappily

with him, and had died, in the flower of her youth, of a broken heart. Fear, rather than affection, appeared the predominant feeling of his daughters towards him : they saw but little of him, and, during their childhood, were educated in strict seclusion, their only companion and playmate being their cousin Franz, the orphan child of a sister of the baron's, who had incurred the displeasure and indignation of her family, by a marriage with one beneath her rank, who, dying a few years after their union, left his widow to struggle through poverty and misery. All her applications to the baron were unheeded, and it was only on her death-bed that her brother deigned to pay her a visit of forgiveness, and, somewhat softened by the recollection of his sister's virtues and meekness, offered to take charge of her boy and adopt him as his own.

When Franz first became an inmate of his uncle's castle, he was a fine, bold boy, five years old, with an open countenance, fair curly hair, and laughing blue eyes. The child used to spend his days in climbing the steepes and rocks that surrounded the domain ; and, when older, he would hunt the wolf or elk deer, or guide his little cousins to the spots where the prettiest flowers were to be found, or where the reina moss grew the thickest, and the woods would ring with the peals of their merry laughter. But time flew on with rapid wing, and Franz became a tall, handsome youth ; and his cloth frock was changed for one of velvet blouse ; his green cap and heron's plume for a toque adorned with an aigrette and feathers ; and his rustic hunting-knife, for a gold-hilted dagger. Moreover, Franz became one of the king's pages ; and many a heart was sad, and many an eye was wet, on the day that he took his departure from the home of his childhood for the Swedish capital, for the merry Franz was a favourite with all. But none were so sad as the gentle Hulda, though she showed it less, for her disposition had always a touch of melancholy, and such brings a calm with it in sorrow, that cannot be attained by those whose feelings are ever varying from light to shade.

"You will not forget us, Franz,"

sobbed little Margaret, as he vaulted gracefully into his saddle and waved his hand in token of adieu to the baron's followers, who thronged the court of the castle to see him take his departure. "You will not quite forget your poor little cousins, and our pleasant walks and rides, and the old ruin on the hill, and the rock, and the—" and poor Margaret burst into tears.

"No, no, cousin Mag, fear not," cried the youth, with a husky voice, half pleased at the thoughts of his future prospects, and half ashamed to show his emotion at leaving his old playmates, "I will not forget you, and I will write often, and think of you always, whether in mirth or in grief : so, God's blessing be with you ! and, give me a parting kiss. But where is Hulda ? Nay, she might have tarried to have bid me farewell ; but, may be, 'twould hurt her feelings ; and, somehow or other, methinks I could not bear to bid her adieu ; so, wilt thou say it for me, Margaret ? and, once more, fare thee well !" And the youth, spurring his steed, was soon out of sight.

Franz had guessed rightly ; Hulda could not bid him adieu, but she watched him from the casement of her chamber, till his form lessened in the distance, until she could no longer see him ; then she fell on her knees before her crucifix, to pray for the happiness of the companion of her childhood, and to weep over the first grief that her young heart had known.

Months rolled on, and the passing time grew into years ; and Franz, in constant attendance on his sovereign, did not re-appear at the castle, but many were the letters which he wrote, often accompanied by presents and tokens of remembrance and affection for his fair cousins. The sisters were at this time, insensibly passing from the dawn of youth to womanhood, when the baron declared his intention of taking his daughters to Stockholm, for the purpose of presenting them at court. This news caused no small sensation in the neighbourhood of the Castle of Mardo, and much sorrow amongst the peasantry, to whom the sisters had been as ministering angels, not only distributing their charity



amongst them, but often interceding with their father in their behalf, whenever his natural severity or harshness urged him to act tyrannically towards them. None, at this news, felt more sorrow, than did their old nurse Thorga; she had been a faithful attendant of their mother's, and it was in her arms that the baroness had breathed her last. She was a Norwegian, and had married in her own country, where her husband and children always resided; but, during six months of the year, she left her cottage to repair to the castle, which contained those who were nearly as dear to her as her own children, and she now feared, and with some probability, that the baron might find husbands for his daughters, amongst the nobles who thronged the capital, and that it might therefore be long ere she should see them again.

A heavy melancholy sat upon the old woman's brow, as she bent over Hulda, to give her a parting kiss; and the maidens wept, as they guided their palfries over the drawbridge, and waved their handkerchiefs, and gazed at the old castle, with its turrets and dungeons, and the lake, whose waters were as calm as the unruffled sleep of an innocent child, and the wood of firs, in which they used to ramble, till a turn in the road hid the Baron Von Ritterstedt and his train from the eyes of those who were watching their departure.

It was a year after this event, and about six months before the period at which this story commences, that Thorga, who had returned to her family, received a message from the baron, to leave her country, and repair immediately to Mardo, there to await his arrival, as he had intelligence of great importance to communicate to her. She set off instantly on her journey, and performed it with such speed, notwithstanding that it was long and wearisome, that she had reached the castle, situated near the boundary which divides Norway from Sweden, several hours before the arrival of those whom she went to meet, so that she found the several vassals in a state of hurry and bustle, preparing for their lord's arrival, each busy in trying to guess the reason of this sudden return.

Just as the last ray of the setting sun had ceased to illumine the turrets of the castle, and had appeared to sink into the bosom of the lake, the train of Von Ritterstedt crossed the drawbridge, and the baron, alighting, helped his daughters to descend from their palfries.

"My children! my dear children!" exclaimed Thorga, rushing forward to embrace them. Margaret threw herself into her arms, and burst into tears; whilst Hulda, without speaking, or lifting her eyes from the ground, ascended the large stone staircase, and, entering her own apartment, she threw herself into a chair, burying her face in her hands, and sobbing audibly. "My dear children," repeated the old woman, who, with Margaret, had followed her into the room, "Welcome back to Mardo! a thousand welcomes to the home of your childhood! But what mean these tears?" she added, seeing that the sisters still continued weeping, and remarking, at the same time, the paleness of Hulda's cheek, and the grief that was stamped on her brow.

It was some time ere she could get any answer to her repeated inquiries; and, as Hulda raised her head to speak, when the brush of excitement was over, one of her waiting-women entered, to tell Thorga that the baron wished to confer with her in his study. Leaving Margaret, therefore, to attend to her sorrowing sister, she obeyed her lord's commands: and, of this interview, we will give a succinct account.

On arriving at Stockholm, they had found Franz awaiting them with impatience: great was the delight at meeting. Margaret cried and laughed alternately; now clapping her hands for joy, now staring with surprise at her cousin's armour (for he was changed from a page, to an officer in the king's guard). Then she admired the tie of his sword-knot; and laughed at his broad shoes, fashionable with the Swedes in that century; whilst Hulda smiled at her giddy sister's mirth, and only thought how tall and handsome Franz had grown, and how happy she was to see him again.

Every leisure moment that the young officer could call his own, was spent

with his fair cousins ; and, as time wore on, his affection for Hulda increased, till she became the idol of his heart, the all that made this earth a Paradise to him—"the ocean to the river of his thoughts." Deep and faithful was the love that the maiden bore him ; and often, when Margaret's merry laugh sounded in the feast or dance, would the lovers steal from the glittering scene, and wander together in the gardens of the palace, breathing hopes that never were to be realized, and building airy castles that the breath of fate was to crumble into dust.

The beauty of the sisters was soon the topic of all Stockholm, and the theme of many a wandering minstrel ; and there were not wanting amongst their admirers, many who would offer them the wealth and titles of the noblest families. Amongst these, was Count Eric Von Artmann, who boasted his descent from the ancient heroes of Scandinavia, and was rich enough to purchase half the country that gave him birth ; he was joyfully received, therefore, by the baron, when he made his proposal for the hand of his eldest daughter, and a glad consent was given by the delighted parent. Summoning Hulda to his presence, after a long lecture upon the duty owed to parents by their children, and his expectation that she would obey him in all things, the baron proceeded to inform her of the proposal which he had accepted for her. Fear, at first, chilled every feeling in his daughter's breast, and appeared to freeze the blood that flowed in her veins, for she sat pale and trembling, gazing at her father in mute astonishment : but, when he ceased speaking, she summoned all her courage to her aid, and, throwing herself at his feet, disclosed her attachment to her cousin, and her determination never to become the wife of another. It is impossible to describe the baron's feelings of rage, at what he termed her unexampled folly, in thinking of wedding a penniless boy, and her unequalled audacity in not consenting to submit to his commands : her sorrow and appeals were alike disregarded. That evening, Hulda was removed to a country-house near the capital, belonging to a friend of her father's ; and the next day,

Franz was entrusted with a mission of importance to the Court of Denmark, by the special request, it was said, of the Baron Von Ritterstedt, who claimed this favour from the king, as a reward for past services.

Many were the trials that poor Hulda had to submit to, but nothing could shake her immovable resolution ; and, at the end of two months, the baron determined to put into practice a plan that Count Eric had advised,—to send her, under the care of her nurse, to the wilds of Norway ; trusting that the hardships and utter seclusion of a life so different from that passed amid the gaieties and splendour of the capital, would tame her into obedience, and a ready compliance to their wishes. Margaret, who loved her sister better than aught else on earth, would not be separated from her, and generously gave up her own pleasures and amusements, to cheer her sister's solitude. Such was the state of things, at the time when the event described in the first chapter, took place ; and six months had created no change in the feelings of our heroine.

Such is the depth and fervour of love in woman's heart, that, when based upon esteem and true affection, it defies the storms of adversity, the sarcasm of the heartless, and the temptations of the world. It is eternal (at least in *this world*) ; and well may we say with the poet, "Love is, indeed, a light from Heaven !" for, to a woman who truly loves, the world is nothing ; all fades from her eyes ; all is nought to her, save the one loved being, and the God who will unite her to him for ever, in another and a better land.

#### CHAPTER III.

The huntsman's cottage was situated midway upon the slope of one of the highest of the Hardanger mountains, whose lofty summits tower over the blue and fathomless depths of the Fiord, that runs far inland, passing the heights Bergen and the desolate and barren rocks that line the western coast of Norway. Behind it rose the majestic Alps of the north, crowned with eternal snows, whose echoes are, ever and anon, awakened by the awful thunder of the avalanches which fall into un-

explored vallies and abysses, whose depths mortal eye has never scanned. On one side was a black and precipitous rock, up which the peasantry might often be seen toiling, in their way from the small town of Eidfiord, situated in the valley beneath; and, on the other, a wretched village, composed of a few miserable huts, boasting, indeed, of a church, and small burying ground; whilst on a green, in the front of the house belonging to the priest, the inhabitants would meet in the summer's evenings for the various amusements of dancing, singing ballads, and telling old legends. At the present moment, there is not a vestige of the place remaining; all around is bleak and desolate; not a ruin, or even a stone, is left by the levelling hand of Time to arrest the gaze of the traveller, and to tell him that *once* the habitations of men stood there!

In front of the cottage was a vast plain of marshy land, covered with wild heath and stunted cranberries, and abruptly terminated by a frowning precipice, down which a river, formed by the mountain snows, rushes with appalling violence, forming the celebrated Cataract of the Vorinfos, which here falls a perpendicular height of a thousand feet, dashing the white and feathery spray half way up the rocks which appear to hem it in, for they close around it, leaving a dark and narrow opening through which the river winds, till it spreads into the smiling vallies beyond, and empties itself into the Fiord. The scene here baffles all description! Niagara may, indeed, be still *more* terrific; but the mind loves to dwell on the awful majesty of the Vorinfos, and the striking grandeur of the surrounding scenery.

The spot from which it is, in general, viewed by strangers, is both dangerous and difficult of access, for the valley into which it flows, being considered nearly impracticable, from its extreme narrowness leaving hardly any space between the river and the slippery sides of the rocks, it can only be viewed from the summit over which the adventurous traveller leans, grasping the nearest shrubs, and held back by the guides, whilst he gazes, with

mingled feelings of terror and admiration, at the abyss beneath him.

The sun had just withdrawn his rays from the peaceful vallies, though they lingered still upon the snowy summits of the higher mountains, and the peasantry were wending their way homewards to their evening meal. A heavy snow-storm had announced the approach of their long and early winter, and white patches were to be seen on the plain, where a partial thaw showed that summer still struggled for the supremacy with her mortal enemy.

A cheerful fire was blazing in the cottage of Carl, in a small apartment of which, three individuals were in earnest and serious conversation.

"You have now heard my unhappy story, Norna," said the Lady Hulda, fixing on the young girl her large dark eyes, that were humid with the recollection of the sorrows that she had been recounting, "it remains only for me to ask if you will aid me in the escape that I am determined to make, or betray me to your mother, who, however fond of the child whose infancy she has tended, would deem it a grievous wrong towards my father, did she not acquaint him with this rash attempt of my cousin's."

"Lady," answered the girl, "can you doubt me? have not you and the Lady Margaret been ever most kind to me, and could I leave you in your sorrow, or betray you, when you confide in me? No, lady! Norna is no deceiver; Norna is poor and humble, but she is faithful."

"Sister, oh! my sister," sobbed Margaret, throwing herself on her neck, "must I lose you this night, this *very* night? Shall I, *indeed*, part from you, perhaps *never* more to hear your sweet voice, *never* again to see you smile. Oh! my own sister, let me go with you, I care not for hardships, there *can* be none where Hulda is. What are privations to me? there *can* be no sorrow so great as *that* of parting from you. Let me accompany you, my sister."

"Hush, dearest!" exclaimed the scarcely less agitated girl, returning her embrace, "this *must* not, *cannot* be. Thou seest what Franz says," she

added, opening a small roll of parchment, tied with a silken string, "we shall depart, to tarry only until my father's wrath is appeased, and who can do this, but thou, his favourite child? Therefore, my own Margaret, for *our* sakes, for the sake of the sister whom thou lovest, cease this useless grief, and remain here, that we may the sooner meet in happiness."

"Well, then, if so it must be, I will resign myself to the will of Providence, and strive to comfort me: but see, the sun is set, and night is hastening on: this enterprize is fraught with great difficulties, and we must give our thoughts to its accomplishment. Thou gavest the note to our cousin, Norna, telling him that Carl had brought back the blood-hound, whose kennel is by the side of the rock, and that, therefore, there is no possibility of escape on *that* side of the mountain?"

"I did, lady, and he answered that, as he could not get access by the path that he had explored on the night when he threw in yon parchment, and caused us all so great an alarm, that he would, with some trusty men, find his way by the river side to the foot of Vorinfos, and that, difficult as it appeared, he would, nevertheless, clamber up the rock, and, by the help of ropes, and the assistance of the men who would remain below, safely convey the Lady Hulda down, and take her to the place where the palfries will be waiting."

"Gracious God!" exclaimed Margaret, clasping her hands, "it cannot be! that awful abyss into which I have never yet had courage to look—which the bravest approach shuddering: it is too, too dreadful. Thou would'st not risk thy life, Hulda?"

"Alas! what would life be without Franz?" answered her sister; and, blushing at the vehemence with which she had spoken, she turned to Norna. "At what hour said he that he would be there?" she inquired.

"At the tenth hour, lady."

"'Tis well, then: leave us now, good and faithful girl; at the ninth hour, when all sleep, be ready to accompany us, and thou wilt escort back my weeping sister, when I am gone. In the meanwhile, we trust to thee to persuade thy father to pass this night with

his sick brother at Eidfiord, for he has keen ears, and might, notwithstanding all our precautions, be aroused in the night, when we leave the cottage. For the present, as we are already suspected, we had better part. Tell my poor Thorga, that I am too unwell to join you at supper, and that Margaret will keep me company; we would spend this evening together, and alone, for we have much to talk over ere we part."

The moon, obscured at intervals by passing clouds, rode high in the heavens, when the three females, enveloped in furs from head to foot, stole cautiously out of the house, and, trembling with apprehension, wended their way across the plain as rapidly as they could, turning their heads in the direction of the village that they had left, whenever any distant sound met their ear. The night was singularly calm; a sharp frost had congealed the half-melted snow, making the path that they had chosen, most slippery and dangerous; whilst the, sometimes total, eclipse of the moon, when a cloud shadowed her silver disk, often perplexed them, causing them to fear, lest they might lose their way on the large plain, and obliging them frequently to stop, and listen to the roar of the cataract, to guide them in the direction which they were to take.

At length, they stood upon the rocky platform that, green with a moss ever verdant from the spray that sprinkles it, hangs over the yawning abyss and frightful whirlpool at the foot of the cataract.

How grand was the scene before them! The moon shining upon the snow-clad mountains; and the water that fell dashing and roaring with tremendous noise, sparkling in the light like feathery flakes of snow; and the mist that rose as smoke, or some thin vapour, on every side veiling the black and frowning rocks.

Nature! how glorious art thou at all times! whether in our own cultivated England,—amidst the vineyards of France and orange-groves of Italy, or in the rude and uncultivated wastes of Asia and Africa; but, how much more glorious in the solitudes of mountains, where no human being intrudes, and,

with ill-timed levity, breaks the sacred and holy spell that hangs around thee, with frivolous converse of the world, banishing the lowly, but sweet contemplation, in which thy admirers love to indulge.

The maidens gazed around them with feelings of deep awe; and Hulda, after breathing a prayer to the glorious Creator of the wonders that surrounded them, approached the brink of the abyss cautiously, and leaned over it. A passing cloud at that moment obscured the sky; yet she fancied she could discern a dark object, something resembling a human form, on a small point of rock, that jutted out nearly midway between the place where she was standing, and the ravine beneath her.

"It is Franz! he is, doubtless, fixing the ropes by which I am to be lowered," she said, with a slight shudder of apprehension. "Yet, he stirs not; he does not gaze upwards, as if he expected us."

At this instant Norna, who had remained standing at some distance, not to interrupt, by her presence, the solemn parting of the sisters, rushed towards them.

"Lady!" she exclaimed, "in God's name haste, or all will be lost. I see figures moving in the distance on the plain. Our escape is probably discovered, and they are in search of us!"

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Hulda, frantically, "what will become of me? Franz, dearest Franz! Alas! he hears me not: he does not see us! I must trust to my courage, and descend to where he stands, alone; they will not *dare* to follow me, and we shall be far off, ere they have time to retrace their steps. Nay, sister, cling not thus to me; I *must* go," Kissing the young girl's brow, she placed her, fainting, in the arms of Norna, bidding her hold her back till she was in safety; and, grasping the shrubs within her reach with a firm hold, she began her perilous descent.

Norna, placing Margaret gently on the ground, advanced fearlessly to the brink, and, grasping the branches of a wild thorn, gazed below in breathless suspense and agitation. The courageous

maiden continued her dangerous way with caution, descending, as nearly as possible, in a direct line from the spot whence she had started, still gazing upwards, as if fearful that one look towards the foaming cataract might cause her brain to turn, and precipitate her into the dread abyss. At each step that she took, the horror of the young Norwegian became more intense; much did she wonder, too, that Franz should not strive to attain her he loved, and fly to assist her; when, lo! the moon burst forth in all her splendour, and discovered to the eyes of the now *agonized* girl, the form of a large bear, who, probably attracted by the snow that had fallen on the previous night, had wandered from his cave, and was seated on the point of the rock. It was plain that the unfortunate lady was not aware of her danger, for she continued her course till her foot touched the rock, when, on turning to throw herself into the arms of her lover, she found herself face to face with the terrific animal! There was a pause: then a long, piercing shriek, that, was heard above the din and roar of the waters: then a desperate struggle, as *each* strove to pass, and down, *down* they went together, into the eddying whirlpool that yawned to receive them. Two dark, undistinguishable masses rose twice to the surface of the foaming waters, and then the raging torrent carried them far away to its ocean home, and buried them in its blue depths, where the north wind sings its requiem over the grave of the young and beautiful; and the waves, as they ripple against the shore, seem the sighs and lamentations of the naiads for the lovely and unfortunate mortal!

Poor Norna had remained kneeling, as if spell-bound, upon the spot where she was uttering prayers for Hulda's safety; from the moment in which she had first seen her danger, a strange fascination had appeared to hold her in its thralldom: she uttered scream after scream, in impotent terror, till those who had been sent in pursuit of the fugitives tore her away, and carried her raving, to her home, with the senseless Margaret!

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Long years have fled since this dread-

ful occurrence took place, but the rock still retains the name of "The Bear's Pass," given to it by the peasants of the surrounding hamlets ; and many a Norwegian maiden sheds a tear of compassion for the fate of the beautiful Hulda Von Ritterstedt, whenever the story of her woes and early death is made the theme of conversation on a winter's evening.

It is said, that the stern baron never recovered the shock that he received on hearing the dreadful tale, and that he followed his daughter to the grave in less than a year, leaving his broad lands and ancient castle to his only remaining child, who, when time had somewhat softened her anguish, gave

her hand in marriage to a Swedish nobleman, attached to the court of Henri IV., and spent the remainder of her days in France, far from a country that brought only painful recollections to her mind.

Franz had arrived in time to see the body of his mistress still floating in the stream, and would have thrown himself into the raging torrent, had he not been withheld by his attendants, who conveyed him to Carl's hut. Thence he disappeared two days afterwards, and, as he never returned to Stockholm, or was ever after seen by any of his friends, his fate is a mystery that cannot now be ever solved.

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### NIGHT'S POETRY.

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A veil is thrown around created things,  
 The sense of sight is powerless and dead,  
 Each passing sound, with increased echo rings  
 Upon the ear, and fills with unseen dread  
 The wakeful mind, still ready to receive  
 Whilst either sense remains ; yet losing sight  
 To gratify, and quick desire relieve,  
 'Tis restless, and grows busy with affright,  
 Creating conscious fear ; 'twould fain perceive  
 Some unfelt, fancied ill, throughout the night.

'Mid the dark—ebon shade, each chasing each,  
 Black, dismal clouds, in steady order pass,  
 Borne through the air unseen ; but now a breach  
 In the slow, panoramic, vap'ry mass,  
 Reveals the firmament, bespangled o'er  
 With gems that twinkle in the dark expanse  
 In modest brilliancy, these quick restore  
 The lately powerless eye ; with instant glance,  
 It turns the new-born objects to adore,  
 And wakes the mind from its bewilder'd trance.

'Tis moonless still, and mighty volumes roll  
 Across the wide, the dull-illumined sky ;  
 Stretching, with angry frowns, from pole to pole,  
 Like moving mountains robed with majesty.

Silence prevails on earth, for heavy sleep  
 Pervades the whole, and every object near  
 Is dimly seen ; an undefined heap,  
 All colourless, disguised in shade so drear,  
 That undistinguish'd thus a semblance keep,  
 And none, their proper form, exhibit clear.

The clouds depart, and, scattering, unfold  
 Innumerable orbs diffused around ;  
 Each by one undefined power controll'd,  
 Which all man's wild imaginings confound :  
 In number countless, lost in endless space  
 They fill the wonderful infinity,  
 Existing each in its ordained place,  
 To work the purpose, the unknown decree,  
 Of that great Power, whose majesty we trace  
 In all created things—a DEITY.

Now, at the confine of yon cloud, appears  
 A light, whose actual effulgence seems  
 Screen'd by transparent work ; dread darkness cheers ;  
 Yet would the eye, untaught, e'en shun the beams  
 Thus thrown around, and, with astonish'd gaze,  
 Expectant wait, the vault of heaven to see  
 In one continuous and mighty blaze !  
 But time reveals to man each mystery,  
 And this now strikes no more with blank amaze ;  
 The darkness fades and dim obscurity.

'Tis the appointed Empress ! whose soft ray  
 Mellows the dark, the all-prevailing gloom,  
 And brightens up the night another day !  
 Spreading around a fairy-tinted bloom  
 Which melts the stern, bold outline of the rock,  
 And lends to it a mild, though sov'reign air ;  
 Her lovely beam will instantly unlock  
 The separate charms of nature, ever fair—  
 But, wrapt in dreary shade, the captive flock  
 Is fair in vain, the silver moon not there.

Welcome, bright orb divine ! for, 'tis thy light,  
 Which, on his lonely watch, the sailor cheers,  
 As speeds the bark throughout the cloud-screen'd night  
 Across the briny wave, and lulls his fears :  
 'Tis thou, too, guid'st the wanderer on his way,  
 And, to the suffering houseless, bring'st relief ;  
 The lover seeks, with filial love, thy ray,  
 Which magnifies his joy, allays his grief,  
 And all creation fondly bids thee stay,  
 For night is rich, indeed, with such a chief.

How clear is now the night ! the gloom is past,  
The moonbeam dances gracefully along  
Fair Nature's face, and all around is cast  
A silvery veil, to shield the sleeping throng.  
The stars more steady shine, save here and there ;  
Each has a new-born lustre now acquired ;  
The deep blue sky is soften'd, and the air  
Yields, with this varied influence inspired,  
A heavenly atmosphere ! till night so fair,  
Is all celestial-born, and heaven-attired.

Changed is the scene : for loudly roars the wind,  
And rain impetuously falls to earth ;  
The threat'ning heavens with frowning clouds are lined,  
And man is awed whilst majesty has birth.  
The forked fire, with more than instant flash,  
Stands high in air ; 'twould seem, as 'twere a guide  
Marking some victim for the impending crash  
To vent its fury. Hark ! the deaf'ning tide  
Reverberates along with frequent dash,  
As if some force its power in vain defied !

Crash after crash, with quick succeeding leap,  
Bounds through the air betwixt each vivid flame :  
Wind, thunder, lightning, rain, all active keep  
In concert wild ; and eagerly proclaim  
Their separate strength—combining force with force,  
Till all the earth doth undisguised shrink  
Amidst the awful grandeur of its course ;  
And mountains vomit forth, and valleys drink,  
And rivers swelling headlong, swiftly toss  
With vain importance in the sea to sink.

Night aids the raging storm to magnify,  
Giving it terrors which the day could not ;  
The fiery gleam strikes fiercer on the eye,  
And heavier far the after sound is shot  
Upon the ear. Man only can exclaim,  
How WONDERFUL IS NIGHT ! What unseen power  
Of might, and skill, and majesty could frame  
The thick, black veil ; and, 'midst the darkness, shower  
Magnificence sublime ? throughout the same  
Creating man, and this his wondrous dower !

H. C.



## THE LOVER'S RESCUE.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE OF THE TIME OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

BY THOMAS EGERTON WILKS.

*Sir Reginald.* An prithe Master Jester, who is this Lady Alice?

*Fool.* Sir Knight, my memory fails me; but now I recollect me, I have heard folks say she is her father's daughter.—*Old Play.*

"Is this heath interminable?" exclaimed a weary traveller, as he paused, and, leaning on his staff, gazed eagerly around him. "Is there no friendly hostelry where I may repose my wretched head, and, in the forgetfulness of sleep, seek the happiness, of which, when waking, accursed memory deprives me?"

Vain was his eager glance; the moor which he was traversing, spread for several miles around him, nor did the cottage even of a poor peasant gladden his sight. The sun, just disappearing at the extreme edge of the horizon, announced that darkness would speedily shroud surrounding objects, while the distinct, although as yet, distant muttering of thunder, denoted an approaching storm. With an agitated air, the wanderer seated himself on one of the rude ridges into which the surface of the heath was broken, threw off the cap which had shaded his brow, and bared his burning temples to the cool evening breeze which, happy in its unconsciousness, swept sullenly and heavily past him. He was young, but from the furrows which marked his brow, it seemed as though sorrow had been but ill-apportioned to his length of years, and his athletic form was evidently attenuated, either by care, or bodily suffering—possibly both. He was clad but meanly, and yet betrayed a certain nobility of air, as though once far superior to his present condition, while his whole appearance seemed that of one whose fair prospects had been blighted, and who had sunk beneath the frowns of fortune, but not resignedly.

"This desolate heath," he muttered, "must be my resting place; hence, if by my sinking frame I augur rightly, my soul must pass from life to eternity. Well, well, so much the better, my pil-

grimage will be ended, a consummation for which I have prayed so often." While he yet spoke, the sound of horsemen at some distance, stole upon the breeze: actuated by that instinctive love of life which all alike experience, although in some cases, as in this—involuntarily, the wayfarer turned, and sought with eager glance to pierce the deepening twilight, and scan the persons of the approaching travellers.

There was, as a nearer view informed him, but one individual, but he led by the bridle another horse fully caparisoned, although boasting not of a rider. The person who now approached, was mounted on a sorry steed poorly saddled; he was clad in a suit of rusty black, primly cut, and void of aught like ornament; his hair was closely trimmed; he wore on his head a steeple-pointed hat, and by his side hung a short sword. He was evidently a puritan preacher, for, in his girdle might be descried the books whence he doubtless read his daily, almost hourly supplications, and likewise those mortal weapons y'clept pistols, wherewith he possibly enforced his spiritual adjurations; his age seemed dubious, for while the little of his hair which could be distinguished, was a grey, approaching nearly to white, his eye was penetrating and brilliant. As he neared the spot where our foot-traveller sat watching him, he suddenly stopped his horse, while in a tone, savouring partly of astonishment, and partly of alarm, he exclaimed, "God save you!" as yet, however, not knowing whether the being before him was one for pity or distrust. No answer was immediately returned, and in a more resolute manner, the querist continued, "Who art thou?" "One," replied the other; "whom a long and wearisome journey hath nigh

destroyed ; little matters it how soon the last pang is administered."

"Where are ye bent for? Whence come ye? Why sit ye there at this time of the even?"

"Fatigue, good sir, chains me to this spot," was the somewhat evasive reply."

"Your name?"

"It matters little—call me Rugby."

"Well, master Rugby, I am, as you see, a poor preacher, one who would willingly, aye marry, an' with joy, lay down his life an' it be required, in defence of the faith ; one, moreover, who would as willingly, and while he liveth, aid the cause of the poor in pocket or spirit ; rise therefore, and mount this steed, which is, as ye see, unburthened, and I will anon guide thee to the nearest public, called, an my memory, for I grow old, fail me not, the Neville Arms. There thou may'st obtain those creature comforts of which, it becometh us in great moderation to partake."

These words were delivered, as indeed was most of his subsequent discourse, in a canting tone and manner strikingly disagreeable, but the nature of his offer was such as to deserve thanks and merit consideration.

"I thank thee heartily," replied Rugby, "for thy kindness, thy christian charity, and although five minutes back, death seemed a welcome visiter, yet, now that I may escape him, I feel strangely tempted to accept thy offer."

"Of a verity," said the preacher ; "thou must be of the true faith, for none but we who hold it carefully, can regard with such philosophical indifference, the approach of the destroyer ; the gaudy men, termed by ungodly ones, 'cavaliers,' have ever too much of worldly vanity to answer for, not to dread fearfully the last moments of existence ; verily, my soul rejoiceth to see thee so willing and well prepared."

Rugby gazed somewhat suspiciously upon the face of the speaker. "I know not, reverend sir," he replied, "whether those words were uttered in sober earnestness, or spoken jestingly : at least there was a meaning in them which has resolved me to accept thy charitable offer."

"Now again, I fear me thou art *not* of our flock, or thou wouldst well know we never jest."

"Well, well, I thank thee ; were all thy sect like thee, I had not been as I am now."

"My son," replied the preacher, as Rugby rose from the ground, and mounted the led horse : "judge ye not so rashly by appearances, neither blame a religion because individuals err ; I tell thee 'twould indeed be wondrous in our sight, could we behold a flock wherein not one wayward sheep is nurtured ; beware, beware of scandal, leave ye that vice to the sons of Belial, of whom we spake anon."

The stranger laughed aloud and bitterly.

"A little time back, and I should have cavilled, and drawn swords and perhaps heart's blood about such words as these ; now I am better schooled, prithee tell me, good sir, is experience conducive to the happiness of mankind?"

The preacher spurred his horse, and they trotted on some little distance ere he vouchsafed, in his canting tone, to deliver his opinion : "Verily, experience is calculated to promote happiness, inasmuch as it teaches us to avoid those snares and pitfalls into which we might otherwise be trepanned. The man who hath the largest stock of experience, hath most chance of escaping the ills of life, and consequently hath the largest chance of happiness."

"Then am I supremely blest," exclaimed he who styled himself Rugby ; "time was, when I believed that friends were sincere ; that love was true and disinterested ; that I was happy ; now, now that experience—blessed experience, hath taught me the falsehood of these silly fancies, I possess felicity ; do I not, sir?"

"Of a verity," apostrophized the preacher, looking upwards ; "of a verity, the words of the sage Solomon are truly the essence of wisdom—all is vanity ; then, turning to his companion, he exclaimed with energy, forgetting in the impulse of the moment the canting manner he had hitherto assumed. "Vanity, then, is the cause of your apparent inquietude. Why, should you presume to imagine yourself possessing, or worthy to possess those blessings denied to all others? Why, dare suppose that woman, false to a proverb,

should be true to you? Or why, that friendship, which hath long since shaken hands with this world, and in its stead left cold convenience, should return merely to gratify you? Go to! go to! That man must be a fool, who, when he awakes from a charming dream, sighs and bemoans because 'twas not reality. Adopt my plan, friend; treat all who greet you well, as best suits ye, mould them to your purpose, and be prepared to find them knaves and hypocrites; then, if their deceit be very galling, treasure in your heart of hearts the wrongs thus offered, and when opportunity affords, revenge them."

"Marry sir, are you a preacher?"

"A poor, but zealous professor of the faith which liveth unscathed through all persecution," replied the other, resuming momentarily his canting tone.

"Your words are those of the worldly-minded, aye, of the scoffer; much marvel I at thy advice."

"An it suiteth thee, not reject it," carelessly replied the preacher; "pursue thy own wayward course; seek the phantoms ye can never grasp, and spend thy days in useless repinings."

"My days are numbered," replied Rugby: "long enough, surely, have I struggled with my misery."

The preacher laughed. "Thou art crazed, man! why shouldst thou wish to die? Live and revenge thine injuries."

"Are these thy Christian precepts?"

"Marry are they; revenge is sweet."

"Revenge, to me, presents no charms," sighed Rugby; "the false friend who betrayed me, is already dead; the other cause of my despair, I know not where to find, and fear I love too well."

The distant muttering of the storm, now became louder, and large drops of rain, heralded its immediate approach. The preacher enveloped himself in the folds of his Geneva cloak, and quickened his horse's pace into a smart canter, in which action he was imitated by his companion. Traces of vegetation speedily became visible on the hitherto desolate heath; half an hour's sharp riding materially changed the face of the country, and through the misty twilight which now began to receive the aid of the rising moon, rich masses of wood might be perceived varying

the sterile prospect, while, immediately before them, in a gentle valley, a few scattered lights announced the vicinage of some hamlet or town.

"Our ride approaches a conclusion, friend Rugby," said the preacher, after a long pause, and now suffering his steed to relax its pace—a pace no longer imperatively necessary, as the storm, which had at worst, but slightly reached them, was now dying swiftly away. "Yon glimmering lights, which shine to us through the darkness, even as the bright star of hope shineth to the afflicted sinner—" (*"Hypocrite,"* muttered Rugby)—proceed from the village of Neville, in the middle, whereof, stands the hostelry of which I spoke, well known to travellers, and called the Neville Arms. Hast thou any objection to offer against a warm seat by the blazing hearth of Gideon Broadfoot, the owner thereof?"

"Truly, no," replied Rugby; "I have walked so far this day, and refreshed so slightly, it is little marvel that I look with joy to the prospect of repose and sustenance."

A short time further, and they reached the village alluded to, and opposite the ancient, time-worn market cross, they dismounted, and entered the house of entertainment the preacher had described. Mine host was speedily summoned, and that important personage, after bowing lowly to the preacher, whom he appeared to recognize, lost no time in conducting him and his weary companion, into a small apartment adjoining the kitchen, from which latter, proceeded a loud and confused clamour, clearly evidencing that it lacked not its usual number of wayfarers and was-sailers.

"Good Master Broadfoot," said the preacher; "I pray you bring us, with all convenient speed, some of those creature comforts, whereof the elect partake with discretion, and the ungodly with unprofitable waste."

"Of a verity, reverend sir," replied the host, with a species of sly leer; "your wants shall be supplied:" so saying, he applied a light to an old-fashioned iron lamp on the table, and to a pile of faggots on the hearth, and then left the apartment.

Rugby had thrown himself on a

bench immediately on entering the chamber, and now lay without speaking, partly overpowered with fatigue and partly from a wish to endeavour to pierce the mystery which appeared to attach itself to his newly-acquired friend, who, on his part, actuated by motives, probably not dissimilar, drew a rude chair in front of the blazing embers, and said, "And so my son, the world hath misused you; wilt thou take upon thyself to aver that none of these evils have been evoked by thine own conduct?"

"Marry, no," answered Rugby; "I have been reckless—improvident—perhaps guilty—but little matters that to any save myself. I know not how I came to speak of my own wrongs or sorrows, seeing that they cannot interest a stranger."

"Are we strangers?" cried the preacher. "Have we not met before? Methinks, my son, you are not unknown to me?"

"Nor thou to me," replied Rugby, "although my memory serves me so ill; I remember not thy name, nor where I beheld thee."

"Thou art a cavalier?"

"I have been so, I confess; now, I acknowledge no party; ingratitude alike disfigures all."

Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the host and all his family, each bearing some portion of the goodly, nay even luxurious repast which, to Rugby's infinite amazement, presently adorned the rudely formed table. Delicate dishes, fit for a princely board, smoked savourily before them, while rich wines of various vintages added their peculiar charms to the repast.

The arrangement of the dishes completed, the preacher invited his companion to commence the meal; noting, with an amused eye, the surprise which Rugby's countenance betrayed, as he contrasted the rich dishes with the desolate-looking ill-furnished room, and anon with the puritanical dress, canting tone, and assumed austerity of the puritan's manner.

"Prithee waste no time, Master Rugby, in studying analogies just now; but in this, at least, deign to follow my example;" and so saying,

the preacher seated himself and commenced a vigorous attack upon the good fare before him.

Rugby followed his example; but presently inquired, with some earnestness, "prithee, sir preacher, how is it so poor a house of entertainment can furnish forth so goodly a repast?"

"Marry, sir, thus it is: when I travel, knowing well how bad the fare is so far from London, I ever forward before me some few trifles to assist my host's exertions in preparing a suitable meal. Here I am well known, and was expected at this very hour; a friend who was to have accompanied me has been delayed in Salisbury; it was his horse ye rode, his place ye now occupy: he was to have assisted me this evening in an adventure calculated to advance my interest and happiness; perchance, you will likewise there sustain his part?"

"Most willingly; that is, provided the part you would have me play, lieth within the compass of my power, and is consistent with strict honour."

"Were it not within thy power," and the preacher smiled, "I would not have been requested; and as to honour, my son—why, as the world goeth, there is nought to start at; but there is time enough,—fill thy goblet, and when sufficiently refreshed (of a verity, I have scarcely begun my meal), I will narrate what you can perform to serve me."

The meal passed almost in silence, and when concluded:—"Friend Rugby," said the preacher, seating himself opposite his companion, "it is now time we understand each other more fully. You have told me that you hate the world; abhor men, because they have wronged you, women because they are fickle and deceitful; nathless, you will not surely scruple to return good for good. I have saved thee from a lingering death on yonder moor—it is in thy power to assist me—will ye do it?"

"Name the service you require."

A little hesitation was visible in the other's countenance—in a minute it vanished.

"I will trust you," he said, "with my secret." He rose from his seat, removed false eyebrows from his face, rubbed away a few cleverly painted wrinkles, threw aside a wig of admi-

rable workmanship and stood confessed, a gay, reckless looking cavalier, whose long curling locks contrasted ludicrously enough with his prim Geneva cut clothes and appearance. He was handsome still, but had evidently once been far more so, ere profligate excesses had left their deteriorating lines upon his youthful countenance.

A pause followed this strange metamorphosis, during which he evidently enjoyed the manifest astonishment of Rugby, who at length exclaimed, "may I inquire the motive for this strange disguise?"

"In good truth," replied the cavalier, "it is my purpose to engage you in my plot, and consequently necessary that you should understand the part you have to play. Thus then it stands:—I carry with me this night, from a house hard by, which you shall see anon, a fair and beauteous damsel; her uncle, with whom she resides, is a firm follower of the faith according to which I am attired, and my only chance of gaining admittance to his mansion is by outwardly, at the least, appearing as one of his flock. I have a letter of introduction, which I obtained by a stratagem hardly worth detailing, from one Pious Praying-for-Grace, which represents me as a worthy follower of the true light; this will gain me entrance and lodging for the night, and then, as soon as the household slumber, and the bark of the watch dog is stilled, away steal I with my fair one, to scenes more adapted to our age and wishes. Is it not a well digested plan?"

"Doubtless," replied Rugby; "but, prithee, how can I assist you?"

"With your right hand and sword, if necessary; the prize once in my possession, I surrender it not with life. Should an alarm be given, ere we are safely gone, the uncle will, of course, endeavour to recover his ward, and then the sword's point must serve to cut the knotty question."

"Warfare is my element—I will stand by you; but stay—are we two sufficient, think you, to fight the whole household?"

"Marry, no; I have two auxiliaries with whom we can easily effect our purpose; you shall see them." He dashed the silver tankard, which he

held in his hand, violently against the table and, in a few minutes, the host of the hostelry obeyed the rude summons.

"Prithee, good master Broadfeet, send in those two fair gentlemen ye wot of, who even now are carousing in your kitchen."

"Yes, your honor."

"And, hark'ye, another pottle of wine. And now, sir," turning to Rugby, "list to me; in five minutes I resume my priestly garb—in ten, I leave you to put my project into immediate execution; and, when ye hear the distant castle clock strike twelve, with my doughty warriors, who will lead the way, you must hasten to assist me."

Ère Rugby could reply, the door unclosed and admitted two, equally strange, but widely dissimilar individuals. The first who entered was a young man of perhaps six and twenty, bearing a silly yet sly expression of countenance, and clothed in a garb not unlike the habit of our modern harlequin—"a thing of shreds and patches;" his form was slight, his gait stooping, and he bore in his hand a sword, the sheath of which he employed himself in diligently rubbing with his coat sleeve, as though vainly endeavouring to remove some of the rust with which it was encrusted. For a moment after his entrance he ceased, made a very low and somewhat ungraceful bow, and then, without wasting a single look upon Rugby, resumed his occupation.

After him came a man of wild and savage appearance, great height, and corresponding strength; high cheekbones; a wide mouth, always half open, as though for the purpose of displaying the formidable teeth within; bushy eyebrows, almost hiding the small, dull eyes they clustered over; a swarthy skin; and a large, ungainly head, covered with matted black locks, were the principal characteristics of this unamiable-looking being. He wore a gaudy, fashioned in the style of some two centuries before (at that period still common among the peasantry), confined round his capacious waist by a broad leathern belt, which, moreover, bore a huge clasp-knife, possibly used alike to carve his food, or strike his foe; while the stout ashen stick, or rather club, which he held in his

brawny hand, completed a striking portraiture of savage ferocity. The contrast presented by the four individuals thus congregated together, was singularly picturesque. The giant savage, turning his eyes alternately from one to the other of his companions; the motley garb, useless employment, and mingled simplicity and cunning of the slight figure next him; the gay, reckless bearing, courtly manner, but incongruous attire of the cavalier who stood gazing at them from the opposite side of the table; and lastly, the ragged habiliments, yet striking, though care-worn face and figure of Rugby, altogether formed a picture calculated to attract the attention of a curious bystander, had such an one been there to witness the interview.

"Friend Rugby," said the cavalier, after allowing the person thus addressed time to survey his new associates, "thou seest thine and mine companions in this midnight scheme. This silly fellow, who is wasting his time so idly, is Redmond, surnamed the Fool; once a jester, employed by the former owner of Neville Castle, to aid the hilarity of his guests, now turned from his place and calling, by the puritanical spirit of the present master; he relishes the thought of nought, so much as annoying the man who has treated him so farsical. What say'st thou, thou Kilgrew in miniature, is't not so?"

"Why, yes, indeed, Master John, it is as you have said," replied the Jester; "always premising that fair Mistress Alice be not displeased."

"Alice!" exclaimed Rugby.

"Alice!" echoed the cavalier, turning his bright, keen eye upon him; "Alice Neville: do you know her?"

"No," replied Rugby, moodily; "but I once knew a maid who bore the name of Alice, and its sudden utterance revived a recollection I would fain dismiss for ever."

"I will wager ye a gallon of sound claret, the Alice ye speak of ne'er was so fair as mine," gaily replied the cavalier; "but we have no time to spare just now in such silly discourse. He, who stands by this motley personage, is Ralph, surnamed Strongi'th'arm, the best man at single-stick in the country,

and, moreover, well skilled in playing with short sword or clasp-knife; make thine obeisance, thou ogre, to this, thy new and most worshipful acquaintance."

The man thus spoken to, bent his huge body slightly to the cavalier, and then to Rugby, meanwhile regarding the latter with a sullen glance of inquiry, as though estimating the power *he* might possess in the arts just enumerated as appertaining to himself.

"And now, friends," resumed the cavalier, that ye are all acquainted, I shall forthwith take my departure. But say, Rugby, hast thou a sword? Thou shakest thy head; well, then, mine shall serve thy purpose," and he drew from its place of concealment, beneath his Geneva cloak, the weapon of which he spoke; the gay and richly-ornamented sheath much better harmonized with its owner's looks and bearing, than did his present disguise. "Take ye this," he cried, "gird it round thy loins, and strike in the name of the—stay," and he broke into a short laugh, "I forgot, I am not playing the pious preacher just now. But pray you, Master Rugby, be careful of it; the blade is true Toledo, and the handle, even as you see, is curiously carved and decorated. I should be pleased to see it come unscathed from the warlike conflict, should such a thing chance to form our night's diversion."

"A stouter weapon would, perchance, be more desirable," said Rugby, as he drew from its sheath, and examined, the slight, coroneted blade.

The sight of it appeared to awaken some pleasant reminiscences in its owner's mind; he took it from the hands of Rugby, gazed on it earnestly, and, half involuntarily, exclaimed, "How well I recollect the night, when I received this costly gift from the fair hands of a certain duchess, who, pretty but vulgar, had caught the heart and engrossed the attentions of the inconstant Charles; and her grace, the duchess, gazing on me with looks redolent of love, said, as she gave this weapon into my hands—but hark! What sound is that? By Heavens! 'tis the castle clock sounding nine. I must away without a moment's pause, else will my errand prove bootless. Master

Rugby, use this weapon with discretion; I would not have it injured for worlds. Here, take one of my pistols," producing two superb ones from the inner portion of his belt, "and avoid using the sword, if possible. And now," as he resumed his wig, and other portions of his disguise, may I depend upon your fidelity?"

"You may," replied Rugby. "I willingly owe favour to no man, and am glad I may thus return the one you anon conferred upon me on yonder moor."

"Good! the identical feeling upon which I calculated. And now, my friends, individually and all, I pray and conjure you, abstain from all deep potations till your work is done. Be ye not drunk: remember, the creature comforts may not be abused, for all who do so shall not enter—pshaw! I have studied preaching till, I have become one of the craft. What I mean is this, do my work well, and then, returning here, drink my health, and that of pretty Mistress Alice, and it please ye, till not a man sits but sees double. The rewards I promised you, Redmond, and you, Ralph, shall be paid to-morrow: and you, Rugby, will this purse of gold content ye?"

"I want no gold," replied Rugby, and his brow glowed; "nor do I work for hire. I will, as I have told thee, willingly aid thy emprise, but require no further reward, than the satisfaction of requiting thee for the past."

"As ye please," carelessly rejoined the other, who having now donned his disguise, whispered a few words in the ear of Ralph, and departed. The latter now for the first time spoke—

"If it so please you, Master Rugby," he said, in a voice, the deep and sullen tones of which corresponded well with his wild appearance, "I will await with my companions in the kitchen, the hour when we must join our master."

Rugby, eager to be relieved from the presence of one so unprepossessing, willingly gave the permission he appeared to crave, and Strongi'th'arm withdrew; while the Jester, having carefully watched his retiring figure until the door closed behind him, laid aside his sword, helped himself to a deep draught of the wine on the table,

and then seated himself, as though perfectly willing to enter into conversation with his new acquaintance. Rugby, however, betrayed no intention of the kind; he had once more thrown himself on the rude bench in silent abstraction. In vain, then, did the fool whistle, or cough, or sigh, until finding it impossible, by such means, to attract attention, he hazarded an observation.

"We shall have no child's play, sir, to-night."

Rugby looked up, recalled his far-straying thoughts, and replied, "Think ye, then, we shall be called on to use our weapons?"

"Marry, beyond a doubt; and, i'faith, I'm glad on't, too. They call me fool, and never yet would trust me with a sword; but now, Master John has given me one, and, by the rood, as the old baron used to say, I'll prove I'm fit to use it. Let me see," he continued, and his eye, glancing wandringly about, betrayed the partial aberration of his mind, "there's Rob, the butler; 'twas he refused me wine t'other day, and now he shall suffer for it."

"But, touching our adventure of to-night," said Rugby: "think you, in case it comes to open warfare, we shall have many against us?"

"Many?" echoed the Jester. "Many? Why, if they get intelligence of what is going on, we shall have all the household upon us. There's not one amongst them would not die to defend pretty Mistress Alice, who—"

"Defend!" interrupted Rugby.—"What! does not the lady go willingly?"

A slight colour passed over the Jester's face, as, with a sly leer, he regarded Rugby for a moment, and replied, "I guess so. What I meant was, if they *thought* she was in danger. Poor young lady!" and now he spoke in a rapid tone, as though willing, if possible, to lead his hearer's thoughts in another direction; "poor young lady! fond as she is of Master John, I'll wager my cap and bells, there was once, one whom she would have liked better. Did ye ever hear of him?"

"Never," said Rugby. "But who is this Master John?"

"Who is Master John?" repeated

the Jester, with evident surprise: "what! don't you know?"

"I know his features well, but cannot recall his name to memory." Tell me, Jester, who is he?"

"Ah, but can you keep a secret? Will you swear by the rood, as the old baron used to say, not to tell again?"

"I can preserve a secret inviolable, without an oath."

"Oh! ha! and so can I!" and the Jester chuckled, with such a hearty, inward glee, that Rugby could scarcely suppress the rash desire which rose within his breast, to strike the knave to the ground. He did, however, succeed in concealing his anger, and calmly said—

"You design to joke with me, I perceive."

"Exactly so," cried Redmond: "'tis my vocation. I am a jester, and 'tis natural for a jester to joke: he! he! he!"

"And so, the lady had a former lover, had she?"

"Oh, yes, indeed; and a brave, handsome fellow, they say he was: but jealous—jealous as a fury; and, upon some offence or other, away flies he to King Charles's court, in France, and never so much as says 'Good-bye!' to his lady-love. However, he suffered for it."

"As how!"

"Why, the Protector Cromwell confiscated all his estates, for being a royalist: so, she was fortunate in escaping a marriage with him, after all. By the rood, as the old baron used to say, 'twould have been poor work to have married a beggar: say'st thou not so, sir?"

"Indeed, I think so."

"And so think I. Fool as I may be, I am right there."

"And now the lady loves Master John, as you call him, does she?"

"Why, of course she does," and the Jester carefully glanced at and watched his companion's visage, "or else she never would run away from her uncle with him, would she?"

"Doubtlessly not."

"To be sure not," replied the Jester; and, apparently satisfied with his survey, he once more resumed his useless occupation of cleaning the rusty scabbard. "Oh, it was a fine thing for the

baron, getting back his titles and estates at the Restoration: no one expected it, for he; and his brother, and their father, had all been in the army of the Parliament."

"Just like the inconsistent Charles," muttered Rugby, as he started from his seat, and paced the chamber with rapid strides: "enemies are rewarded, friends forgotten, else had not I been here, and desolate."

"What! have you lost estates too?" asked Redmond, with a vacant stare. "By the rood, as the old baron used to say, to judge by appearances, one would think you never had any of which to deplore the loss: he! he! he!"

"Silence!" thundered Rugby. "You were placed here to perform your master's bidding, not to indulge in rude curiosity."

"I crave your pardon," answered the Jester; "remember, I did but take pattern from your honour," and so saying, he paid his *devoirs* once more to the wine-cup, and slid from the apartment.

"Strange! strange!" murmured Rugby, as he resumed his hurried and unequal pace to and fro the narrow room, "that I should be engaged in an adventure such as this! Strange, too, that the king should be thus unmindful of past wrongs or services! This is another proof of Charles's weakness: the friend of Cromwell, the puritan Neville, is restored to the rank of his ancestors, while the companions of the monarch in his exile and misfortunes, are neglected and forgotten! Who, too, is this Master John? His face is not unknown to me, and yet my treacherous memory refuses to recall his name. Who can he be?" and thus he pondered on, until the hour arrived at which his required service was to be performed, and, with it, his companions.

As these three dissimilar individuals, thus strangely linked together, issued from the hostelry, the door of which was carefully closed and barred after them by the host, the hour of midnight tolled from the village church. The night was bright and cloudless: high in the heavens rode the placid moon, softening with her gentle beams the distant landscape, and anon glancing



on some humble casement, chequering each pane with hues of gold. A slight hill rose before them, on the summit of which stood the large, but now partly dismantled castle, which, no doubt, had once guarded the village thus lying around it. Few words passed as they advanced towards it. Redmond led the way, followed by the giant ruffian; and, after him, came Rugby, one moment indulging the gloomy thoughts which filled his bosom, and the next, seeking, by a lengthened gaze on the surrounding scene, to catch some portion of its peaceful character. Each was armed: by the side of the latter hung the cavalier's sword, and, in his belt, was the cavalier's pistol. Redmond bore in his hand, with menacing, yet witless gesture, the weapon he had been so recently employed in cleaning; and Ralph carried over his shoulder a club of ponderous dimensions and weight. Much would their appearance have amazed the inhabitants of the little hamlet, had any been there to see them; but such was not the case. No light gleamed in the cottages: no sound—save the occasional bark of some watchful dog from a farmer's homestead, roused from his slumbers by the stealthy footsteps, and anon quieted by their speedy passing and being heard no more—disturbed the stillness of the night. The villagers, fatigued by wholesome labour, slept in peace, nor dreamt they of the scene about to be enacted.

When they reached the castle, Rugby observed, within the deep shade cast by its antique donjon keep, a carriage and four, around which stood several attendants, evidently awaiting the arrival of their employer or master, a personage whom he readily guessed to be "Master John." Passing this, they cautiously crept over the bridge now built across the moat, in place of the former more warlike drawbridge; and then, led by Redmond, who officiated as guide, they approached that portion of the building which bore the most evident marks of decay and disuetude. Here, at a small, arched door, the Jester stopped, and having knocked gently three times, he turned to Rugby, and whispered—"Twas from this door the old baron used to go hunting in the times of yore; but at last, six men car-

ried him out, heels foremost, in a wooden box; and after that,—he! he! he!—he never hunted again. I thought it fine fun then, to see the noisy old fellow nailed up in a box, and I couldn't but laugh to think what a rage he'd be in when he got out again; but well-a-day, he never came back, and the times changed, and they turned me away, and I went and looked for the old baron, but I couldn't find him." And the merry laugh with which he had commenced his speech, with that facility for displaying violent changes of emotion which appears to distinguish the imbecile, terminated in a vehement burst of tears, and he continued whimpering.

"Must we enter here?" demanded Ralph, modulating his rough voice to a low grumbling.

"I know not," said Rugby. "Answer thou that question?" addressing the Jester.

The latter paused for a minute, and then, having overcome his sobbing, answered, "Yes: but when those within seek, or need our presence, this door will be opened."

"That moment has arrived!" suddenly exclaimed a well-known voice near them, "and the door-way is unclosed." And, as he spoke, the mock preacher—for he it was—threw open the entrance, and led the way into a large and desolate apartment: damp and mildew had stained its stone walls, and in many places the roof had fallen in large patches to the floor, leaving wide gaps, through which the tranquil, starry sky, shone lonely though brightly. A glimmering lamp, giving but little light, stood on the ground; another, unlighted, was beside it: this the preacher now illumined, then turning to the silent group, he said, somewhat anxiously, "The moment has now arrived which will determine the success or otherwise of my adventure. Ralph you, remaining outside this door, suffer none to enter, but guard it carefully; and, hark ye, sirrah, should the clash of swords be heard within, come hither instantly. You, Redmond, haste to the carriage, bid the postilions be ready to depart instantly;—away!" and his retainers vanished. "You, Rugby, will stay here till my return; I go now to meet my sweetheart, in five minutes

I shall return with her, for, by Redmond's accurate description, I can thread the castle passages as well as the baron himself. But say, do I still look the preacher well? Anon, I deceived the lord of this domain delightfully."

"Your air is somewhat too anxious and hurried for the staid Puritan," replied Rugby; "and your black curls are stealing from under that prim cut yellow wig very picturesquely; but little matters it, the lady of course will but slightly care about the disguise being preserved, when no one but herself is by, to notice the inaccuracy."

The cavalier preacher looked keenly, and somewhat doubtfully at him: "True," and then, after a pause; "stay you here, although I trust to accomplish my purpose without alarming the inmates, and consequently, without requiring your assistance," he raised the lamp, turned, as though about to quit the chamber, then suddenly stopped, and as though animated by some new idea, walked hurriedly up to Rugby.

"Master Rugby, did you not tell me on the moor, that the falsehood and inconstancy of woman, had disgusted you with the sex?"

"I did."

"Good! pay then, no heed, should the wayward wench prate of deception, or scream with well-affected alarm for assistance—women assume these little airs sometimes, to give importance to an after consent."

"I know it."

"Ah! Rugby, they will pretend aversion where they are best affected, and seem most to love, where they care little—"

"Or nothing," interrupted the other; "I know that too, women are all deception."

"Right, quite right, Rugby," said the cavalier, shaking his hand heartily; "I commend thy penetration and right judgment, they are all deception; but now for the last part of our game," and so saying, the cavalier left the chamber by a small door exactly facing the one by which they had entered, his countenance bearing that peculiar air of satisfaction which a man wears, when he

fancies he has performed some remarkably clever and convenient action.

With his arms folded, and leaning against the side of the chamber, Rugby patiently awaited the return of his new friend; anon, would his thoughts glance to the days of yore, when blessed with affluence, rank, and beauty's smiles, he had dreamed this earth an Eden; then would the heavy breathing, and regular step of Strong'ith'arm, as he paced to and fro, without the door, disturb his meditations, and recall his mind to present events; then was it he repeated the question he had already so frequently asked himself; "Am I certain the wench goes willingly? Though I hate the sex for their deformity of mind, I have no fancy to stand idly by, and hear a woman's cries for succour, unheeding; but these are bootless reflections, which a few moments patience will set clear." Here he was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of Redmond, through the door which led without the castle; his face, always pale, now looked almost cadaverous, and he muttered his words with such mingled haste and earnestness, as well nigh to render them incomprehensible.

"They are coming! they are coming! I've been watching the light as it shone in her room, and traced it gleaming through the casements of the galleries; they will be here directly, and then he will take her away from the castle for ever."

"The sooner the better," said Rugby; "for the night is far advanced, and I would willingly seek my couch."

The jester heeded him not. "She was always kind to me; aye, even yesterday, she gave me bread and meat, and bid me be of good cheer. What has she to do with her uncle's conduct to me? Would it not be different, if she could help it? Is there no other way to wound him, save through *her*?" Whilst the jester thus unconnectedly maundered on, a slight bustle in an adjoining chamber, struck the ear of Rugby, and then a piercing shriek announced the near vicinity of some terrified female. Redmond bounded into the air, as though shot, when the sound reached him, and then, half inarticulately, exclaimed,—

"'Tis her voice ! 'tis she ! the kind, the good, the gentle—I played with her when a child, and watched her grow to womanhood, and shall I cause her sorrow ? No, no, she must yet be saved," and he rushed through the door, into the court-yard, and disappeared. Again the scream was repeated, and hesitating no longer, Rugby darted across the chamber, threw open the inner door, and in another moment, stood before the mock preacher, who with one arm round her waist, was endeavouring to force forward a young girl, from whom the shrieks had proceeded."

"How, sir ?" exclaimed Rugby ; "How is this ? Said you not the woman went willingly ?"

"Marry, and so she doeth, good sir, but her humour is peevish this even, nothing more ; come, my own dear," but the girl falsified his word, for, escaping from his grasp, she rushed towards Rugby, and sank at his feet."

"Mercy, aid, save me !" she frantically exclaimed ; "this man, who, under the guise of religion, sought and found hospitality here, now seeks, first by deception, and then by rude violence, to force me away with him. In pity's name, save me from this danger."

"This enterprize must be abandoned," and Rugby spoke in that cold, decided manner, which argues a fixed determination.

"Good, my friend," replied the cavalier ; "and wherefore ?"

"Because the lady is not willing ; she seeks for protection, and must have it."

"I thought," retorted the other, with a sneer ; "you were prepared to war with all the sex ?"

"I overrated mine own humour," said Rugby, calmly ; "I now, upon experience, find I was not framed to see a woman's tears, and scorn her sorrows."

"How sentimental ! aye, and chivalric ! Well then, Master Rugby, we must exchange passes. I will not resign the prize so nearly won, at the command of a houseless vagrant," and he drew, and as he did so, thrust back the puritan wig, and once more suffered his cavalier tresses to fall upon his shoulders. A sudden thought struck Rug-

by, as he too unsheathed his weapon : "Ah ! and is it thus we meet, then ? I know you now, my Lord of Rochester."

Rochester—for it was indeed, that self-willed, profligate nobleman, half started, and his face flushed with anger, at finding his incognito thus destroyed, while the intended victim screamed with renewed terror at the well-known name, and crept still closer to her defender. With characteristic coolness and audacity, the earl momentarily recovered from his confusion. "Ye know me ; do you ? So be it, you know me then to be one of the best swordsmen in merry England ; that all the arts of rapier, broadsword, and sabre, are my own ; fail not, likewise, to recollect, that at the first clash of our weapons, Ralph Strong'ith'arm, will rush in, and brain thee with his club ; moreover, that useless gewgaw of a weapon, now in thy hand, will be of little use, when opposed to this stout steel, which lately I borrowed of the castle armoury."

"Rochester, years back, we met in France ; wild and profligate, I always knew thee to be ; but surely not villain enough to wrong this innocent girl ; you see she is unwilling to accompany you : away then, and suffer her in honour and safety, to return to her bower."

"That she may afterwards prove her gratitude to you, my princely Brutus,—hey ? No, no, so give her to me, or now for the clash of swords."

"I am ready," cried Rugby, and he rushed forward to meet his antagonist. At the first pass, as the latter had foretold, Rugby's frail weapon shivered to atoms, and Rochester, partly losing temper, in the heat of the moment, pressed on his rival, when the lady sprang from her recumbent position, and forcibly clung to his sword arm.

"Strike not," she screamed ; "strike not an unarmed adversary, my lord ; see ye not his sword is broken ?"

"He is my enemy," fiercely cried Rochester ; in an instant he recovered his accustomed levity, and lowered the point of his sword. "I thank you, lady," he answered ; "for the worthy hint, then, turning to Rugby, "what is thy chance worth now, most redoubtable defender?" he sneeringly inquired ;

but Rugby's eyes were fixed on the pallid features of the girl, now first turned full towards him.

"One word, one word," he muttered incoherently; "Your name is—is—Alice Eccleston, say;—is it not so?"

"It was once so," replied the lady falteringly; "but when the king restored my forefather's estates, 'twas changed to Neville."

"What does all this mean?" inquired Rochester, "or, rather, what is it to me?"

"More than you think for, my lord," gloomily said Rugby, "you gave me a pistol, as you may chance to remember, behold," and he drew from under his cloak, his left hand, in which was grasped the weapon; "had not that woman's features palsied my hand, nay, even my heart, you had, ere this, paid with your life for this lawless action; but now, do as ye please, no let or hindrance shall ye have from me."

"Oh, say not so," screamed the lady; "do not you desert me; deliver me not to misery and despair."

"Did not you deliver me to misery and despair," exclaimed Rugby, and with such vehemence, that the stone walls reverberated the sound, and both his hearers involuntarily started; "you are amazed, you look on me as though you thought me mad, girl: I am not mad, and with one word, I'll prove it to you; I am—I am Walter Vere!"

"Walter Vere?" screamed the lady, "then I am safe still!"

"Walter Vere!" exclaimed the earl, "then my *devoir* is not accomplished yet!"

"Yes," gloomily added Rugby; "Sir Walter Vere, to whom you, Lady Alice, played the inconstant; the very man whose hopes *you* nourished until they became part of his very existence; and then, with levity and neglect, crushed—annihilated them. The hour for vengeance is arrived; behold, Alice, how I act;—without a sigh—without an effort to save, I resign you to the spoiler; take her, my lord of Rochester—'Alice screamed,—had she been true to me, I would have perished to spare her one single pang; but now—it joys my soul to see her anguish."

"Away then," cried the earl, "let us not delay; come lady——"

"No—no—I will not move," shrieked Alice, as she struggled in his grasp. "Walter, Walter, you are deceived—fatally deceived—I never wronged—never was inconstant to you; behold here, at my bosom, hangs your portrait, the one you gave me at parting; it has never been cast from me—the heart which pants beneath it is yours—in mercy then, save me!"

"Ha! that portrait? Is it possible?"

"Come, come, Alice, these struggles are vain; mine you must be," said Rochester, as he bore his beautiful prize toward the door.

"Hold, sir," cried Rugby; "this must be explained; if—if Alice has, indeed, been true to me——"

"I am thine—thine only," murmured Alice, breathless with agitation.

"Then, my lord, you must pause——"

"Pause, master Rugby? no, no, I have paused already too long; what ho! Ralph, Redmond, what ho!" and momentarily the giant Strong's Arm burst into the chamber. "Seize yonder malapert, and if he resist, brain him with your club. Now, Alice, to the carriage." Ralph sprang towards Rugby, to carry these instructions into execution, and received the contents of the latter's pistol in his brawny chest, and, whilst his mighty frame rolled in dying agony to the ground, his destroyer darted upon Rochester who, taken by surprise and encumbered with the almost senseless form of Alice, could make but impotent resistance, wrested from him his sword, and threw him to the centre of the apartment, himself guarding the door for egress.

"Foiled, by the Mass!" said Rochester, "one struggle more though, most potent master Rugby."

"'Twould be useless," answered Rugby, coldly; "listen, my lord, to those sounds," and, as he spoke, the alarum of the castle rung briskly, and numbers of people were heard advancing, and, above all, rose the shrill voice of the jester, as he said:

"Master John is a good fellow, but I love my mistress best; so on, on lads, to save her."

"By heaven," exclaimed Rochester, "I shall be discovered; and, should this adventure reach the court, perchance ruined as well!" A sudden

thought appeared to strike him : "Master Walter Vere you must assist me ; detain these people until my carriage has conveyed me hence, and afterwards conceal my name."

"And why?" asked Rugby.

"For two most powerful motives :—first, because in consideration thereof, I will presently move the king and parliament to restore your estates ; secondly, because I will prove to you that lady's fidelity."

"Ha! I accept the terms ; but be speedy, else 'twill exceed my power ;" and he crossed the chamber, and barred the door leading to the interior of the castle, just in time to preclude the entrance of the jester, the baron, and numerous servitors who clamoured loudly for admittance.

"The tale," said Rochester hastily, and anon glancing with ill concealed uneasiness toward the door, "is soon told. When you and I were together, squandering away our wealth at the court of Charles in France—I, hoping to secure this fair creature for myself, even then loving her dearly, obtained her letters directed to you, and, by the arts ye wot not of, made you think her false."

"Villain!" exclaimed Rugby.

"Nonsense," said Rochester, "all's fair in love ; if I was a villain to hatch lies, you were a fool to credit them of so fair a lady," and he bowed to Alice. "Now, most valiant Rugby or Vere, woman-hater or gallant, or any other alias, may I depart?"

His latter words were lost upon Rugby, who had thrown himself upon his knee before Alice ; whilst she, hanging fondly on his shoulder, murmured forgiveness almost before it was asked.

"Marry," resumed the earl, "this is

pleasant to be third in a love party ! By the bright eyes of my mistress, I like it not." Another sound caught his ear :—"Ha ! They are going round to the courtyard ; so—so—master Walter, you will have full revenge at last !"

"Not so," exclaimed Rugby, turning from Alice ; "the ecstasy of this moment induces a full forgiveness of the past ; away, away, my lord ;" and he threw open the door which led through the outer chamber to the courtyard.

"Farewell, then," said Rochester, "Please Momus, I shall reach London to-morrow, and then I will mention your hard fortune to the king ; for the present, Rugby, remember secrecy is the word ;" then, turning to the lady, he added, half serious and half joking, "this night, madam, has almost made me a convert to the doctrine of virtuous love. And now, most amiable lovers, good night." He darted from the chamber, crossed the courtyard, dexterously escaping the grasp of those who sought to detain him, sprang into the carriage, gave the signal to his postilions and, with the speed of lightning, fled from Neville.

"Your uncle, Alice?" demanded Vere ;

"Is impatient to behold you, and will most willingly forgive, as I do, all past errors. See! he comes."

"Then we may yet be happy!" exclaimed Vere. "Once reinstated in my father's home, and with you, Alice, for my wife, all that this world affords of happiness must be mine."

The hopes of Walter and the promises of Rochester were all fortunately fulfilled ; the unjustly attainted estates were restored, and long did their possessor and his lovely bride live to talk of, and bless the happy chance which had effected "*The Lover's Rescue.*"

## T R U T H.

Hast ever seen a feather in the air,  
 By softly whispering breezes borne along  
     The aerial way ?  
 Hast noted, how each tiny breath will bear  
 The sailing down, aloft, with force too strong  
     For it to stay ?

Like captive then it yields ; yet short delay,  
 And, when the breath is spent, it slowly sinks  
     Adown again :  
 Another comes, and still compell'd t' obey,  
 'Tis floated higher, that one even thinks  
     It falls in vain.

(As, when the sorrowing mind, perhaps awhile,  
 By others' joy invited to be gay,  
     May then be boon :  
 Yet, 'tis no healthy, but a sickly smile,  
 That, o'er the pallid cheek, is seen to play ;  
     It fades too soon.)

Again adown ; and now, perchance, the wind  
 Is later in its coming than before ;  
     It falls full low :  
 The breeze no longer fans it up we find,  
 Beneath the current, now its power is o'er,  
     In vain 't may blow.

Just so with Truth ; though ERROR may pervert  
 Its present triumph ; yet it must, at last,  
     Stand firm and free :  
 Although each noxious breath awhile may hurt,  
 The tender bud shall 'scape the coming blast,  
     And sov'reign be !

Not like the downy feather shall it lie,  
 Subject, e'en then, to every passing breeze,  
     From none secure :  
 TRUTH shall subdue, and force its foe to fly,  
 Pursued on every hand by its decrees,  
     Till all is pure.

H. C.

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY MISS EMMA WHITEHEAD.

*(Continued from page 448, May.)*

SERGEANT Hugh Doyle, the dragoon, as he quitted Fairy Fanny at the door of Mr. Astel's chamber, smiled bitterly in memory of the past, and hastily entered the room, where he found Herbert Astel involved, like himself, in deep and painful thought. He, however, was only devising how to claim the property which otherwise would eventually belong to Emily, and in such a manner as to run no personal hazard.

Desperation is sometimes the best friend of misery, and when Mr. Astel contemplated the destitute condition of his daughter, he resigned himself to the blind impulse of affection, and regardless of future consequences determined to make known his existence and assert his right of inheritance, if only for her sake. Yet, though he so resolved, some secret dread suggested the necessity of caution, and from his reliance alone in the honor of Counsellor Lewisteme had he, at last, confided in him, and despatched his daughter upon the happy errand which avowed his escape and gave him openly a claim to the property thus bequeathed to him. Emily had joyfully undertaken the task, altogether ignorant of the risk he incurred by the chance of his being discovered in the asylum where he had remained so long concealed. But no sooner was he informed that another claimant was likely to appear, in the person of a youth, long since supposed to be dead, than new disquiet and difficulty perplexed him. Falling, therefore, into profound reveries of thought, it was under such circumstances of necessity that he requested to see Sergeant Doyle.

The soldier, indeed, possessed too much good sense not to perceive that these consultations were somewhat out of his way, but as he entered, the most skilful physiognomist could not have discovered that such an impression weighed upon his mind. His mien,

not less intelligent than reserved, was full of the dignity becoming worth and independence of spirit. Emily arose and welcomed him courteously, while her father, who was pacing the room in restless excitement, stayed his steps, shook him by the hands, motioned him to be seated, continuing, nevertheless, his own unquiet action up and down the apartment. Embarrassment, impatience, and fear, were evidently at work within his bosom, but Hugh Doyle was apparently too much occupied by the curious skill with which the young lady exercised her needle, to take much notice of these symptoms of agitation. Herbert Astel at length prepared to speak.

"The moment of explanation has come, for her benefit, that I may fulfil the last duty that I owe her; I am content to endure ignominy or shame, or, if my enemies prove too powerful for me, I will brave their machinations, and abide the fatal issue of this hour."

"Not for me, father," said the young lady, with mournful calmness, "you would wrong yourself and me by bringing this misery upon us. It is neither just nor proper that you should criminate yourself, or become the victim of treachery for my sake; moreover, let me hope that you will not belie me so much."

"Silence, Miss Astel," her father cried, and, in nervous irritability, he paused ere he spoke again. "Henceforth we will understand one another—you, to whom and what you are bound, and by what ties of duty—and I, whether motives of love or dread will induce you to obey me. For you, Sergeant Doyle, let us hear what honesty and courage will say to that which seems like cowardice or guilt; but here, sir, I throw away the trammels which have bound me;" and, as he seated himself, his trembling hands and livid complexion might have been well

regarded as omens portentous or indicative of crime.

"I can only say, sir, that you may command my services in what way you will," said the dragoon, "only let no passing anger compel you to reveal that of which you may repent."

"Let me entreat you, dear father, say not another word," faltered the young lady, "for all my love and honour are your own, and remember that if, to obtain this property, you make those sacrifices, you buy it at a price even dearer than my life."

"Do you see, sir, the happiness of having children?" asked Herbert Astel. "Here is one ready to vouch for her parents' guilt; aye, to believe that her father is a murderer, and that with as little remorse as if it were to speak of his high honour; and doubtless she can give evidence in confirmation of the fact, or undertake to argue the point whether or no, and this to show her skill and insight into human character."

"Suppose you speak to me alone, sir," said Doyle, in some perplexity, "and inform me how to prosecute your claim upon this fortune, or wherefore you resign it."

"No, sir, no," he answered; "look in the girl's face, and there find corroboration of the words I have spoken. She has wasted away with amiable sympathy of the crime that oppresses me; she assumes the soft voice of consolation, humbly abets all my manoeuvres of concealment, and only fails to call me the villain that she thinks me."

"Nay, this is too cruel, you must excuse me, sir," said the soldier, and he moved to withdraw.

"If you please, sergeant, you must remain," said Emily, quietly continuing her work. "My father argues with singular unkindness and unlike himself, but in this instance I wish him to believe that no prospect of wealth can ever compensate me for any act wherein he shall be injured for my supposed advantage."

"It shall be all revealed, nevertheless, girl," said her father, and, while he spoke, he pressed her wrist with such emphatic energy that he left the mark of violence where he touched. The soldier beheld the action in mingled scorn and pity, and, not aware that the

excited mind may unintentionally commit such ills, believed him now capable of any inhumanity with which the world might charge him. Perhaps the sad sight of womanly softness, doomed to such severity, had its full weight in prejudicing his thoughts, but however that might be, he now regarded her father with distrust fast verging into absolute aversion.

"You must make up your mind to the worst, Emily," said Astel at last, as if ashamed of his sudden violence, "for you may yet be applauded for your penetration in recognizing that as guilt which looks so very like it. The tale is, however, shortly told."

"I do not perceive," interrupted Hugh Doyle, beholding the ghastly change in Miss Astel, "nor can I comprehend what relation this can have to your right in the Hamburg property. Let me hope that you do not think me curious in your affairs, which need, in truth, no explanation to me, sir."

"It is an exposure that I have myself sought," said Astel, in deep embarrassment, "and let me rely on you to direct me, since your conduct has taught me to put trust in you; for that I have been wronged, betrayed, duped, deceived, is only one portion of my misery; and, girl, no fainting or folly, for you must hear it out."

His daughter gave her melancholy assent, and as Herbert Astel paused, he now became aware of the soldier's casual regards being fixed upon him, and quailed beneath this inquiring scrutiny, as if under the dominion of fear or the striving of conscience. But, notwithstanding this, it also appeared that he sought to assume some show of resolution and calm decision of purpose, but, through this feigned outward address, the truth of his confusion and uncertainty of mind were only too apparent, and this to the most fearful degree of human shame imaginable.

"You have, doubtless, heard of the extraordinary murder of Amelia Astel?" he all at once hastily inquired, "and that I was one of the supposed perpetrators of the deed."

The soldier hesitated in pronouncing an answer in the negative, like one who suspected the sanity of his interrogator, but, seeing the horror that



engrossed Emily Astel, he replied, smiling, as if at the absurdity of the question.

"It is true, however, and fatally so," said Astel. "But, as there is a living judge above us, I am innocent of that enormity, and were I to appear before him at this hour, I would asseverate and swear the same. No, sir, it is not to be believed, that on the simple fact of her preferring one more rich or prosperous than myself, that I should commit such outrage upon humanity, forget the sacred bond of our youth, dissever the last tie which bound us to each other,—and then her life so precious to me,—for sir, we were lovers at one time."

"One would think that only hate could do such villain's work as that," said the soldier; "but then, it's the hardest thing in life to meet a rival in the way of love, and if you had measured swords with *him*, there would have been some bravery in it."

"But listen, Doyle," said the other. "In the estimation of some people, I had good reason for unkindness towards her. She had vowed to be mine, and yet united herself to another. When we met, she charged me with deceit and treachery: mad with misfortune, we quarrelled long and bitterly; and it may be argued that there were motives on my side to desire her death, for I was then a beggar, and her maternal inheritance devolved to me."

"May I enquire how you became implicated in the deed?" asked the dragon: "though innocent, yet chance might so betray you."

"It did, it did," cried Astel, hurriedly. "The same cruel destiny that separated us, awaited us both on the night of her unhappy death; and from that very moment, tracked by the shade of that dark hour, my life has been a withering curse, my existence hateful to me, and I,—I have been the victim of conscience, mocked everlastingly by the memory of that event."

"Ask him no more, Sergeant Doyle," said the young lady. "He is ever at war with himself, and will talk wildly, and conjure up strange tales, but believe him not, he is not to be believed. Let me entreat you to hearken no more."

Doyle who had been hitherto looking downward with sedulous intentness, now glanced about him in the action of enquiry, but neither responded to his gaze. Emily Astel pursued her employment in painful serenity of sorrow: the marble rigidity of her mien, just relaxed enough to enable her to continue her mechanical occupation, while her father was shrunk into himself, overcome with humiliation, or it might be, the consciousness of guilt. However, he darted an uncertain glance in the soldier's direction, and hastily withdrew it.

"I am not to be thwarted, Emily, or to be again betrayed," said he, with angry bitterness. "I have decided on the full confession of my feelings, my persecutions, and my wrongs; and let me now seek the advice of this man, or convey me to the nearest magistrate to take my deposition upon the case as it then existed—as it now exists."

"I trust, sir," said Doyle, "that you will not involve me in the necessity of exposing any errors that you may have committed, nor indeed do I wish to hear those secrets which it has cost you so much anxiety and misery to keep."

"It was in the dusk of the evening," said Astel, as if he were conning some oft-repeated subject by rote. "I intended to bid her farewell, and quit the country for ever; Sir Andrew was from home, I visited her, and found her alone. In broken explanation we discovered that she had been duped into marriage, that I had been betrayed by him whom I employed to convey my letters, for I was then at variance with her father. In anger we had met, we now conversed in tears; and yes, it was so, late that night we parted; and she in tenderness gave to me some token of her kindness. The hour was late, nor do I know how the time passed; when I perceived that it was money she had given me, I turned and retraced my way, wishing to return it."

The speaker here ceased under the influence of some overpowering emotion; the soldier played with his helmet in all the sympathetic distress of one who hears, or expects to hear, the criminal confession of his fellow-man; while diverted by this plausible commencement, Emily Astel breathed more freely,

and relaxed the vigour of her occupation.

"And what hour of the night might this be, sir?" said the dragoon.

"Dark, it was the purple darkness of deepest night, it might be between twelve and one," answered Astel; and in agitated whispers, he added:—"I returned to the house, the family had gone to rest, the street door yielded to my touch, I went to her room: still horror was upon me and I called, but my breath heaved louder than my tongue could speak, my feet pattered in dabbled moisture as I stole along. I entered the place where we had bade adieu, the lamp still burned, her blood crept onward, and met my footsteps to welcome me—she was dead."

"Infamous villains," cried Doyle, grasping his sword; "and they have murdered her."

"Oh! God bless you for those words," gasped Emily; "then you know it was not my father."

"Yes, she was gone," groaned Astel; "and as I knew it and felt it, and acknowledged it, the abiding curse of my life; the friend whose mockery and triumph have brought me to want and dishonor, and ignominy was near and derided me. He told me that I had killed her, and I saw that it was true."

Hugh Doyle answered not, but turned his interrogating glance of judgment upon him, and as mortal eyes are dazzled with the sun, thus did the senses of Herbert Astel reel and become dizzy, before the unwinking scrutiny of his companion. It was as though he sickened, and sunk away before its influence.

"The doors were open, and I was found there alone," said Astel; "my feet were soaking in her blood, my arms had clasped her. In the anguish of separation I had left her, and forgot my sword; the mantle that had clad me now wrapt her form, that sword had killed her. You will allow, at least, I looked too like her murderer."

"But these facts surely were never yet made public," cried Doyle; "as they might have carried something like conviction with them. It might have been dangerous, sir."

"Some space of time passed by," said Astel, "and Giles Mullin was be-

side me. He had been my confidant, my uncle's clerk, and now was in the service of Sir Andrew. He smiled,—his smile is worth a human life. He whispered me that I was in his power, hinted of her lost reputation, lost through the fatal visit of this night. He only said the word: caught in the snare, I bribed him, promised him eternal benefits, and bound myself to be the slave of infamy—the sport of villainy,—all for the wretched life which was permitted me."

"You must have surely been mad, sir," said the dragoon; "when possibly, by your own account, your evidence would have sufficed to save yourself, to clear the reputation of the lady, and possibly, might have given the clue to the true murderer."

"It might have been so," said Astel, in renewed confusion; "but he threatened me, declared his intention to charge me with the crime; I looked around, and took the terms he offered. Yes, yes; her blood was on me, and here it is felt, even to this very hour."

"You know best to what extent of guilt you stand committed," said Hugh Doyle.

"I must have left the doors open," said Astel; "and thus opened the way to her destruction, for I stole from the place unseen, since my habits of dissipation, my character for profligacy, would have been the ruin of her reputation for ever."

"Let me frankly own to you," said Doyle, "that I still cannot see sufficient reason for the measures you adopted, and if you wish the world not to judge harshly, you will be silent on this point; for this bribery of the man, what purpose did it answer, but of ignominious bondage to yourself?"

"Why, the fear of death, the dread of infamy," cried Astel, eagerly; "even natural cowardice, may be found to be the best excuses of my conduct, and if not, I dare the worst. I have been subject to this villain, his intimidation, threats, extortions, till oppressed with the memory, my fortune ruined, and health destroyed, I attempted to fly the country, and was defeated."

"Weak and miserable absurdity," cried the dragoon, "to fly before the scoundrel who had wronged you! Not

one step would I have retreated, but braved him at the foot of the gibbet, and to the last. This was the way to prove your innocence: the only way."

"Oh! do not say so, but bid him be concealed until we quit this place," cried Emily, whose agitation had hitherto kept her silent. "Resign all prospect of the estate, dear father; it cannot avail me now, and let us fly together; it is the only kindness that you now can do for me."

"You see, it is as I say, Doyle, she thinks me guilty," said Astel, smiling bitterly,—“but what had best be done. To claim the property, is but to bring upon me the new infliction of this man's persecutions; and sir, the lawyer, his friend, had taken especial liking to my daughter, so that my life, at length, was to be bought at this last price of human honour."

The soldier fumbled with his sword-hilt and muttered words of scorn, till silenced by the manner of Emily Astel, who rising suddenly threw herself upon her father's bosom. The action was full of the timid dignity and modesty that awes while it enchants. "I do not plead for you, my father," said she, but only for myself. "Yes, bid me go again to Mr. Lewisteme, the secret is safe with him, resign your interest and mine, and let us escape from him, far sooner than that man, that Cravenlaw; dear sir, you know my meaning, and yield for my sake, since you will not for your own."

"Never, never," he exclaimed, withdrawing from her embrace. "This boy, this new heir, is but some fresh deception in the hands of Cravenlaw; I left the proofs of my right to the estate pawned to him, till the time I could redeem them. You are my legal representative, and to you they belong; it is the least justice that can be done you. Sergeant Doyle, I look to you for counsel, and hope this kindness from you."

"If you had bade me meet the fellows in the field, or even at the game of single stick, I could have said something to it," he answered, in bluff embarrassment; "but really here, this Counsellor Lewisteme would suit your purpose better. However, if convinced of your own innocence, I would assert

it even unto death; but if the thought of self-reproach deter you, I would retire, concealing my own safety, and leave this lady to assert her rights. This can be done, I will defend her from peril, and Counsellor Lewisteme shall do the rest."

Thus speaking, he smiled as with the encouragement of hope, but Emily replied with looks bedimmed with tears, and her father flung away, and paced impatiently the room.

"It is the intention of Providence that this event should be cleared up," he said, at length, "and let it be fulfilled. I will have my claims urged to the uttermost, and will openly appear. I tire of my fears, and will not flinch even at the latest hour. But, sergeant, think upon it."

"I will give you my opinion," answered Doyle, rising to retire, "and you shall take it as it is meant. There are many facts, even in your statement, that must go against you, that must prejudice the mind in your disfavor; for the love of *her*, I would conceal them."

"You told Mr. Lewisteme, that there were motives of secrecy and caution," asked Astel, addressing his daughter, who answered in a faint affirmative; and after a lengthened pause, he added: "These facts shall now be stated to him, one and all. Sergeant Doyle, let me see you again."

"And this man's name is Mullin, Giles Mullin?" asked the soldier.

"The same, sir, the same?" said Herbert Astel.

"He is of the nature of a cat, and to be treated like one," was the answer.

"Have you any papers that expose these extortions, this intimidation, sir?"

"None, none that bear proof about them," said Astel? "the money he gained was nothing of great consequence to me; but oh! the property lost or squandered in nervous madness and mental misery; there, there, he ruined me?"

"He is a fellow to be defeated, but we must not meet him face to face," said the dragoon? "I should like to worry him as I'm a man."

"I need not enjoin secrecy; and let me see you soon," said the other? but still, ~~and~~ they parted, they drew aside in

deep conversation together. It seemed that the dragoon received some instructions from Mr. Astel, but little of their meaning was heard by Emily, excepting when, all at once, Hugh Doyle burst into open laughter.

"Should you mind watching the house? should you fear it?" was the question.

"I fear, I!" laughed the soldier. "No, no, trust me, not all the ghosts and haunted houses in the kingdom."

After these words nothing more was audible, till at last, on her father giving further information, the soldier retired. But he was in some perplexity, for he foresaw that the present design could never prove of any benefit to Mr. Astel. He was compelled to admit there were certain evidences against him; for instance, his midnight return to the house, the pretence of restoring the money, the fact of his being found on the spot, with other circumstances which might go a considerable way in the argument of his guilt.

He felt too truly indeed, that he might be innocent, but it was almost impossible for him to bring proof of it; and now Hugh Doyle feared and trembled for the first time in his life. But no sooner had he departed, than Miss Astel renewed such gentle carresses and terms of endearing persuasion as might win her father to coincide in her opinion and renounce his intentions for the present; but though half kneeling in entreaty she clung to him, he coldly threw her away, reminding her that her own suspicions and doubts had led him to this determination, and that nothing could now alter it.

"Remember girl," said he, in some excitement, "remember, you have already sacrificed for me one who was dearer than ever I could be; now, you will at least, gain a fortune, even though you should lose a father, and fortune is another name for husband. At all events, it will buy you one, so let me be alone;" and thus he quitted her.

Emily Astel, accustomed to misfortune, and to endure such variations of temper as it induces, beheld in patient resignation her father's departure, nor reproached him in thought or word for his unkindness. But, as she sighed upon it, some dearer recollection wafted

her emotion away, and she retraced in dreams that brought blushes along with them, all the pleasing incidents of the last few days. For even in sorrow this delight remained; the satisfaction of knowing that she had seen, heard, been in the presence of Edmund Lewisteme; that is, that she had beheld him for an instant, listened to his sigh, ruffled against him in passing, and all these circumstances are very fitting to be admitted into the chronicles of true love; at least, she deemed it to be fitting, and it is only a just supposition to infer that there are many in the wide world who agree with her in thought.

But still, it is true that the conduct and feelings of men are at the best enigmatical, so at least, thought Lewisteme, as he returned home in perplexity and doubt of the smile with which Fanny Lynne had appointed him to meet the fair incognita; and how he became reconciled to this dereliction from his first love, it has never been ascertained, but nevertheless, upon the promise of that smile, he already began to jump at conclusions which were in themselves paramount to the confession, that he was willing to forget the past, and make amends for all the disappointments he had hitherto experienced. But what would his mistress have said to this! It is believed that dead men tell no tales, nor loquacious women either that ever yet was heard of, and grief was never meant to be immortal; moreover, it has been averred, that Emily had too little vanity, not to have conceded this one point of constancy, that, at her death, he might be happy with her who should be able to please him.

However, the charms of this beautiful unknown, now utterly occupied Lewisteme, and he waded patiently through parchments and debated in active controversy, with such fire of eloquence and obstinacy of research, that it astonished those about him. But he was under the new excitement of love, which stirs with ambition, and he dreamed of her and her applause; while, had others known the motive of these exertions they might have pitied it; yet, from such every-day causes, the inspirations of genius oftentimes arise. Thus, he argued and amused the hours

until the period of his appointment with young Fanny Lynne.

Led by the impulse of recovered hope, he hurried along, and on reaching the Rose, paused to gain breath and self-composure; till, weary of the task, in unrepressed agitation, he entered and presented himself before the beauty of the borough.

This very enigmatical of all maidens laughed outright, in the full meaning of laughter, and bidding him tread softly, lest he should conjure up spirits with his foot-fall, led the way to the green chamber, celebrated as the abode of pleasant slumbers and sweet dreams, once enjoyed by Emily Astel, and here she would have left him; but the force of past incidents and present association worked such change upon him, the revulsion of feeling from unreal joy into certain melancholy, that Fanny Lynne beheld and paused, with smiles of wondrous import, awaiting what he might have to say. And what was best to be said, was matter of shrewd and speculative cogitation. It must not be too little, that would argue an unworthy indifference; if too much, it might suggest ridicule, or hint the really painful state of his excited mind. But still the absurdity of his situation struck him, and produced the corresponding smile of that which played so mischievously in the mien of Fanny Lynne.

"I come by your own appointment," said he, "and you must not leave me without explanation. Who is the lady? Now can I see her? Nay, Fanny, I must and will hear something further."

"Oh you will see and hear enough for any man," said Fanny; "and if ever you wish to know pretty ladies again, it is your own fault. As sure as you saw a spirit here one night, you shall behold it again. Aye, you may start, and something might be told you, but find it out yourself."

"What might be told?" asked he, still more perplexed by the sagacious nods which accompanied her words. "You know all my desire to serve and befriend you, for the sake of times past; you cannot have any better interest with me or deserve more; so come, tell me."

"You said that you would save me from the hands of Cravenlaw," said

she, "so that it would be a pity that you should ever sigh again; but I have promised not to tell. But let me show you the way, and you shall find it out."

Lewisteme, in new bewilderment, listened; and was fain to imagine that she had lost one at least of her senses, yet when he perceived the malicious air of secrecy that possessed her, he was silent, but questioned her by such close scrutiny, that she was somewhat confused.

"Well, don't be frightened," she answered, smiling. "Whatever you hear, listen; and what you see, behold and watch. But keep your room till the moment arrive when all is safe, and then, at the sound of a silver bell, you may come forth, and cross the passage to the chamber opposite; enter and go forward, and you will see her. Remember, I have not had my name for nothing." So saying, Fanny Lynne waved her hand in playful adieu, and like one of that tiny race of mischief-making spirits from which she took her name, vanished as noiselessly, and with such airiness of motion as might hardly bend the feathered blade of grass whereon her footing lighted.

She left Lewisteme in unspeakable amazement at her conduct, and full of anxiety respecting it; so much so, that his thoughts involuntarily recurred to their old subject of regret, as to something even less painful than his present distraction. And how could he ever cease lamenting the beauty and worth which had once enchanted him, or exchange it for the light and frivolous idea of one whom he had never known, and therefore could not value; besides, he began to suspect that he was the dupe of some preconcerted folly, and repented thoroughly of his weakness in coming there, perhaps, only to become a party to some absurd scene of exposure, or to meet with the ridicule which he richly deserved.

As he thus meditated in inconceivable distress, the only refuge of all his high-flown expectation was in the sad remembrance of her, for whom he had resolved never more to mourn. In that chamber she had doubtless dreamed of him; but, could her innocence ever have imagined this hasty forgetfulness

of her affection? He glanced towards the glass door where he had once beheld that beauteous vision, and the likeness of all its awful reality uprose; it seemed as if he saw the form, and hailed it once again, so vividly his thought depicted it, and suddenly, like one struck with the intuitive knowledge of the truth, he sprang up, and held his bursting heart, for could it be that she might still be living? He sickened with the pain of ecstasy, and then in very shame of the idea, turned from the glaring flame of light around him, and searched into the coming mist of night, which was fast sinking down upon the city. The window-panes were clouded with thick fogs; the ray of lamps, the space below, were almost invisible, but through the shadowy grey of the dim atmosphere, he managed to trace out the shower of falling rain, in lagged drops of moisture passing downward, and just escaped from the wan moonlit clouds, to melt and pass away in nothingness.

"No," he sighed with the decisive action imitative of the descending shower; "even as youth and happiness and time, are seen and gone, come and hasten hence, like this frail rain; as pure as this *she* came, and has departed.

While yet in this mournful state of emotion, he became aware that the noisy revellers and visitants of the Rose, were hastening away, and their departure left the sense of such oppressive silence as ensues in all places of public resort, to which the sound of mirth and gaiety is only found familiar. He listened deeply and long, and at length the accent of the silver bell was heard; but only when it sounded the second time, did he move forward to obey it.

Strict to the letter of his instruction, he left his lamp behind, and presently was standing at the door of the destined chamber. In strange palpitation, between uncertainty and the revived desire to behold the fair unknown, he lingered yet awhile, and trembled as he entered. The twilight of almost utter darkness obscured the room, but as he hesitated, Fanny Lynne emerged from out its shadow, and motioned him on tip toe forward to another entrance, from whence the faint ray of light was emitted, which thus imperfectly illu-

mined the surrounding gloom. He advanced, and would have spoken, but ere he could attempt it, the maiden brushed by him, and was gone from the place.

He could not well tell how he arrived immediately opposite this opening; such dizzy agitation occupied his senses, that he was only just aware that it was necessary to do so, but as his reeling faculties regained their strength, this beauteous vision dawned upon him in all its reality. She was seated with her back towards him, yet surely without reality, such heavenly resemblance of form could hardly well exist; so lovely was the sight, that he scarce breathed, while gazing on it. And when she moved and sighed, for all this speaks in the language of memory, the delusion was at least complete; but to his apprehension, he saw her, and her alone. He tremulously whispered and approached her.

"Madam! dear, and lovely creature," he sighed, and with an almost unheard cry of alarm, she turned towards him, but she echoed that cry, as if with the last tones of expiring nature, and as he faintly touched her yielding figure, the stamp of momentary madness was impressed, where only the soul of intellect and wisdom had ever shown before. He stood stroking and smoothing the tresses on her brow, and when she uttered, "Edmund, dearest Lewis-teme," sunk at once into the seat, to which she motioned; but this was but the calmness of the delayed tempest.

No sooner did she attend him with motions of endearing and consolatory tenderness, than the certainty of truth was all apparent. He kissed her hands, lips, and throat, and clasped her to his heart in that hysterical passion, where tears express joy, and smiles depict the bitterness of misery, in all the perversity of distracted sympathy. At her gentle expostulation, one burst of manly emotion broke from him, fierce as his frenzy of delight, and strong as the happiness that called it forth, and only when she herself was sunk into anguish, beyond even this relief, did his strength recover from the shock, and no longer succumb to the agony of bliss which overpowered him. It was now, that both looked into each other's looks with confidence

entire, firm in the conviction of unchanging esteem.

"Dear Edmund," said she, in whispering faintness; "forgive all the deception that has been practised, so shameful to me, and dreadful to yourself, and yet, in my unhappy fortune, only too necessary."

"I may well forgive you the happiness of this moment," said he; and silent with excess of joy, the busy throng of hope, oppressed him with all its strange confusion of idea, and new visions of felicity began to replace those which this hour had effaced; but if this high excitement appear unreasonable, let those only judge, who have had one supposed to be dead, restored to their affections, or having parted from some beloved object for ever find it suddenly, and at once returned unto its native home of truth and affection. "But why not let me know the secret?" asked he, at length; "that some shelter might have been sought, more worthy of you."

"Dear Edmund," said she, shrinking from his support, and wiping away her falling tears; "this is an accidental discovery, and better that it had never taken place; let us keep in mind that we are parted for ever; the distance between us is as great as that between life and death. You, at least, shall not be again deceived."

"No, I will not, dear Emily," he cried; "but will claim you," and the fullness of his thoughts spoke out in energetic pressure; but this action, instead of exciting reciprocity of kindness, only created terror and grief in her who dared to love, but did not dare to hope; kindly therefore, she restrained him, and turned in despondency away.

"Your father willed it so, Edmund," said she at length, "and then it was want of fortune, at all events it was thought to be so; but now it will be the loss of honour—the want of that last principle which holds man to man in the common bond of society. No," she added, roused into momentary enthusiasm: "would that we had not met again, and you had sought your happiness elsewhere, rather than you should find my father as he is, and me lost in the last abyss of human degradation."

"What do you mean?" he asked, "Does not my father know that you

are living—befriend you and protect you? Astel of Hamburg is dead, my father's views will now be realized; but perhaps you, Emily, you are changed."

"You might spare me the reproach," she answered mildly; "even this hour my weakness has confessed too much. And oh, did you never hear, surmise, imagine?—did you never conceive that infamy and shame might separate us? Your father has acted justly, the fortune will be mine; but more than ever we are divided, Edmund."

"I'll not believe it," he exclaimed, "dear girl, it shall not be so:" but as he beheld the calm despairing dignity of her regret, he was forced to understand it as the last rejection of his love, so decisive was the negative that it seemed to imply. They thus remained in silence some length of time together, he worshipping her presence whom he had missed so long, and she fearing to regard him, lest she might betray the truth of her affection; the same thought however, occupied them both.

"Have you never heard one—one fatal circumstance?" she at last tremblingly faltered; his willing arms sustained her, but the ghastly anguish of his manner, revealed that his thoughts had tended the right way, and its sympathizing gentleness confirmed him in the notion. The one word that his father had spoken, recurred to him, charging Astel with the last enormity of crime, and he was then a murderer, and to further his escape, were little better than guilt itself. But of what avail to argue his dishonour? this was his daughter; and Lewisteme remembered she was raised by virtue above most other beings, and now he clasped her closely, in the redoubled emphasis of pity and esteem. She passed her hands in soothing motion along his forehead, and rising with mournful firmness, withdrew from his embrace.

"You see that imperative necessity commands it," said she, "and prudence, that guides us with safety through all the events of life, must direct you in this; besides, your wisdom, which counsels others, must learn to defend itself, and only misery and disgrace can ensue from opposition to this advice. What would you say more, Edmund?"

"I would, yes, I would marry you in spite of all," he cried; "honour—is paltry honour bought by birth, and to forfeit happiness for such poor compensation; you cannot, must not yield to such absurdity. Oh! I could draw the rough draft of existence," he continued; "the sketch of such content and homely blessing, that sage philosophy might smile and say, 'This is the way to pass a mortal life,' and Emily, you surely shall consent to it."

"The home of an enduring friendship, where truth and sympathy exist together, was never meant for us," she answered, and faintly smiled; but as Lewisteme grasped her hand in his, and she avoided this last entreaty, her father entered. It seemed that he had grown doubly grey in these few hours of explanation with Counsellor Lewisteme, and now decrepitude and misery weighed on his exhausted spirits; but if so, he was not one to yield before their influence. The same majestic motion awed the beholder, and that imperturbable and morose serenity remarkable to him, was now again perceptible.

"You take advantage of the time, sir," he said; "the girl will have money, certainly, only take care you don't again reject her. Miss Astel might have spared herself the chance of this humiliation. That seat will do;—there girl, no fawning, no flattery."

"You wrong your daughter, sir, no less than me," said Lewisteme, in some agitation. "I have awaited your consent up to this hour, and now again;—but the trembling negative of Emily Astel silenced him, and the contrast between his anxious air of hope, and her decisive rejection, was sufficiently explanatory.

"Hear what your father, sir, says," Herbert Astel answered; "and the impression that this night's secret has left upon him. I tell you, sir, the humble shun me, and the great despise me; and then, girl, this Counsellor, *your* father, sir, my friend it seems, he recommends me to be quiet, and fly the country, and not to face my enemies? He thinks—in fact, believes—me to be the murderer."

As he ceased, Lewisteme glanced towards his daughter, and witnessed the deep abstraction of woe which

wrapt her senses, more frightful to him than anything, or all which he had suffered.

"I will hear his opinion," said he, "and the facts of the case that you have mentioned, and give my unbiassed judgment, for the sake of that respect which I have hitherto owed you; and if there be any justification of the measure, I should advise you to oppose and defy these villains, and will abet you to the utmost ability of my profession and fortune. Come, come, sir; we shall prosper yet."

"Never, unless I brave it out," cried Astel; the misery of my past life urges me; death must be fast approaching, and I will have the mystery cleared up, but only in pity to that girl? She thinks, sir,—she thinks me guilty."

"Oh! not so, my father, indeed, indeed," she cried; "but my fears for your safety." And she was interrupted by Lewisteme, who urged the impossibility of this belief, and suggested some ready pretext for hope and consolation. For he, with the unsuspecting nature of true honour, was apt to be credulous of other's virtue, and in the spirit of early manhood, was zealous to combat fraud, and defend the injured or oppressed.

But Emily Astel, in the tumult of her feelings, though she heard, scarcely comprehended him; and at length, to conceal her emotions, seated herself at the table, and took her needlework.

"I should think, sir, you find her altered?" said Mr. Astel, suddenly addressing him; "you find me changed? Salt-sea, rough winds, shipwreck, and escape from death, want and woe, these are the things to leave a blighted ruin in the form of woman. And, sir, she may thank *me* for it," he added, with bitter and sarcastic expression.

"She is wan and thin," cried Lewisteme; "but, sir, the same as ever to me,—to me, sir."

"I'm glad she is so," answered he? "for she may be in need of your friendship. And that needlework, sir! Is it not shameful that this is the last, the only resource of woman's want and weakness! Heavens! that I should live to see it!"

"You must live to see better days, dear sir," she said, in suppressed emo-



tion ; and Lewisteme glanced his applause of all her worth and virtue.

"My dear sir," he replied ; "let us hope all things ;" and in further conversation, he offered his assistance and counsel ; and by the frankness of his manner, and the sincerity of his good will, he soon induced Mr. Astel to place confidence in him, and established his claims to old acquaintance.

Thus, as they sat conversing, gradual tranquillity and peace returned to the mind of Emily Astel ; and even her father seemed beguiled into passing content, and to have gained fresh confidence in himself and others ; but Lewisteme allowed no unpleasant idea to intrude, being kept in that mimic paradise of joy, which, though enduring only for the moment, even the most wretched have felt and cannot fail to recognize. But this delight was strictly confined unto himself, at all events he thought so, though his mistress beheld the sweet delirium that entranced him, and flinched before the fire of that affection that burnt through him in each gesture.

At length, her father bade them good night, and with more conciliatory kindness than was usual to him of late, reminded Lewisteme of his promise and left them together. The opportunity was thus given for the full discussion of their circumstances, and Lewisteme was fain to submit to the charge of inconstancy, and avow that only some imagined resemblance had hitherto directed him in the pursuit of her ; and even this error Emily Astel forgave him. But when it came to the prosecution of his love suit, he felt that it was sacred ground where he was treading, and yielded in awe of the reverence which it imposed, and she was grateful for the concession. Yet, it is true, that when he rose to depart, the separation was painful, as if they were never again to meet, and she would have detained him even at the expense of caresses, but that blushes must have been paid along with them. As it was, twice she called him back under pretence of having something further to say, and with the well-feigned reserve of modesty concealed her regret ; and if visionary, saw something in this which roused him from his serenity into

enthusiasm near akin to extasy ; we fancy it was not only natural, but highly excusable.

He went home on that night, in mind, body, and heart, an altered man ; his heart had recovered all its happiness, his body its vigor, his mind its elasticity and intellectual scope. He was fit for all things, and averse to none ; for in fact, his character had now undergone all that change which may be caused by the pleasing transition from misery to bliss—from grief to happiness. He was intent on solving the mystery of the haunted house ; or proving, if possible, the innocence of Mr. Astel, and on defending him from the further machinations of his enemies. Thus, he trod on air during the distance from the Rose Tavern to his own home.

It may yet, however, be as well not to conceal that the time must come when the transport which ensued from this unexpected meeting must have an end, and like every other joy in life, be abridged of its peculiar benefits, and brought down to the level of that ordinary and social intercourse of sentiment which is most compatible with society, and with our views of every day existence. But this time had not yet arrived with Lewisteme ; for hours after, he lay awake that night devising curious schemes of future happiness, and with as little remorse, as if the present were never doomed to pass away, or the future to belie our expectations.

While he was yet contemplating the visions that his fancy conjured up, the weight of heavy sleep oppressed him, and presently his thoughts were distorted with the imagery of dreams, represented in all the varied and grotesque figures peculiar to this species of mental delusion. Thus was he led through labyrinths of interminable intricacy, symbolic of the perplexity and doubt of human care and woe, and wafted to bowers in the gardens of some new Eden, where pleasure was always sought but never found ; or when about to snatch it, some painted snake up-sprung from out the flowers, or passing phantom scared him from his rest, and led him on in all the haste of terror, where danger only overtook him. And sometimes Emily strayed with him through these paths of pleasant sweet-

ness, and discoursed with such eloquence as mortals fail to utter; and now she fled with him in swift career, when all at once they were together in a deep ravine or natural valley cleft amid high rocks.

The mountain sides were clothed with larch and pine trees, and the red-berried ash, and stunted fir; and at all their roots there sprung the knotted weed and tangled brush-wood, forming a wilderness of such thick verdure, that it defied footsteps, and shut out all prospect. The stream that flowed incessant in its course, tracked every winding of this narrow vale, and as it rippled on in babbling current, washing the path that ran as slender as a thread, between the ledge of rocks and its own margin, it seemed that it might sap the sand they walked on, and lead them into ruin and destruction. But they could not escape. Its silver motion still made music as it went, the verdure glowed in all its rich luxuriance, but the melody of nature was irksome, and the sameness of its beauty palled upon the sense. This way and that they turned, but there was no opening for their safety. Lewisteme appealed to her, but as he did so, it was no longer Emily, some other female form was clinging to him. The path grew narrow and more narrow, and now the gurgling waters rose around, the voice of Emily now called, again it was herself. But as he looked on her, she changed once more; and surely he had known this being elsewhere, she was the exact representative, she was the spirit of the haunted house. This hasty recognition roused him, he started, shook his sleep away, and was awake.

The breath of some one else besides himself, breathed audibly through the chamber, but by the shaded light of the night-lamp, nothing was discoverable, far or near, till, as his curiosity and wakefulness subsided, the deadness of stupor, next akin to slumber, stole again upon him. It was now, that a human voice was heard near, in musical whispers of imperfect melody—the lowest possible tones of harmony, that might be best likened, in their effect, to the booming sounds that issue from a shell or to accents of concord singing afar off, and wafted through the distance to

the hearer. But the latter case was here altogether impossible, for the words were entirely unknown to Lewisteme; but notwithstanding this, some sudden enlightenment of the senses, or the distinct utterance of the singer, who was, perhaps, situated in some nearer vicinity than might be supposed, made them perfectly heard and understood:

Can lover's restless spirit ever sleep;  
But to some desert dream removed;  
Upon his bosom's sorrows he will weep,  
Or clasp again the form his heart has loved.  
Still the dear shadow must his thoughts pursue,  
Till he believed the airy fancy true.

And when he wakes to sudden life once more,  
His anxious thought of beauty is bereft;  
Again the fleeting pleasure to deplore  
Whose sad reality is only left.  
Yet still beguiled by the too blissful pain,  
He only wakes to love and dream again.

The song came to an end with deep-drawn sighs, that died away, and Lewisteme once more aroused himself, but nothing met his view, nor did any other sound of life intervene. In vain, however, he would attempt to sleep, for as often as the gentle trance was stealing over him, as if in mischievous mockery of his torment, the voice repeated some wandering snatch of melody, and with its insidious sweetness robbed him of his repose.

"As a bird in its flight  
Flies unseen through the night,  
Such is my spirit:  
Thus I wander alone,  
Like the shadowless moon;  
The life I inherit,  
Has no such revealing  
Of dear human feeling;  
Born sadly to sigh,  
And gently to die,  
The fair stars that glisten so brightly above,  
Have stolen my heart, and the soul of my love.

As the echo that tells  
All that passes around,  
And mimics with spells  
Each small airy sound.  
So I wander alone,  
Where no footsteps can come;  
My heart is unknown  
In its desolate home;  
But its grief still concealing,  
It has no friend in feeling,  
Though I know that dear spirit that dwells  
Up above,  
Is living in heaven, and there is my love.

"Strange, most singular," he muttered, at last; "that the memory of this dream should so annoy me, and the tune, too, like the ripple of passing waters, so softly to be repeated," and upon this complaint, he turned again to willing rest. This time, the dead silence was unbroken, and he was yielding to the heavy drowsiness that oppressed him, when the voice close beside him whispered, but with the accent of careless familiarity, "Shall I sing it again? Will you have it once more?"

"I will find this mystery out," he answered quickly, and springing from his bed with all imaginable haste, he threw on his dressing gown, muttering "Yes, yes, it shall not escape me, I will find it out."

"Do, do," whispered the voice, and the breathing of some one, as if in hasty motion, was heard, and the flutter of garments rustled through the chamber, and as it appeared to Lewisteme at the moment, they moved fluttering towards the doorway, as if to lead the way."

"Provoking devil," said he; "what can you be? Go, go on, I will follow you," and he sprung towards the door, but ere he could reach it, the handle of the lock rattled as in the action of some one passing outward, the darkness of some moving shadow clipt across the further dusk of the room, and as he snatched the lamp, it almost seemed that he saw the door close after some retreating being; in an instant he was in the passage, and there he paused.

"Follow, follow me," whispered the voice; "no harm is near; follow, follow," and the pattering of unseen steps, led on from stair to stair, but he rushed by in the headlong haste of curiosity, and speeding upward through the garret passages of his own residence, was quickly gazing into the dark depths of the haunted house; but as he brooded over the downward space, utter loneliness was there, and no longer awed by the possibility of the shade of Emily Astel visiting him, he laughed at his own folly, but still resolved to search into the facts, and therefore speeded forward.

As he descended, the floating echo of the singing voice was heard, now here, now there; and as he hastened on,

it struck him as exquisite and sweet beyond comparison; only as it led him from one place to another, in wild inconstancy, he remembered the dulcet accents of the mermaid, reported to frequent the sedgy nooks of rock and beetling precipice, to lead the unwary mariner astray, and as he thought so, he became more cautious, though he smiled at the simile his mind created. At length, lured by the melody, he entered a vast chamber, and by the transient flashing of the light, he had only just time to remark the objects in it, when, as if by some sudden gust of wind, the lamp was extinguished, the door fell too behind him, and thus defenceless and alone, he was imprisoned and in darkness. Caught in this unforeseen situation, he made some effort at escape, when the same harmonious signal of song was uttered at his elbow, with such insidious sweetness, that the thought of danger vanished, and as silence was restored, he began to recal the scene he had just then beheld.

In the wide space of this immense saloon, now stripped of all the gorgeous trappings that adorned it, or only hung with tarnished wrecks and ruins of former splendour, one being stood alone. The furniture and ornaments of life had both departed, but such records as were left, spoke of past magnificence; this being displayed, no traces but of the deep misfortune of poverty, or the desolation of woe. That she was aged and past the prime of womanhood, Lewisteme well believed; for though her tresses wanted freely and unconfined, yet they only veiled that frail attenuation of figure which is seldom recognized as belonging to the young. But still the momentary impression of her was graceful, wild, and intelligent, and such as inspired romantic interest. He felt that there was nothing to be feared in the presence of one so weak, and after some delay he prepared to speak.

It was only when he came to this decision that he perceived the difficulty of addressing one of whose real existence he was by no means certain; whose singular method of communication with him was altogether unprecedented; and besides, the blank darkness of the space around, prevented his

directing his speech towards the precise point where she might now be stationed. While yet he pondered in deep toned energy of feeling, she whispered him.

"What would you fear, Edmund Lewisteme? What spirit would injure the free hearted, and where's the mortal who would ensnare the virtuous and good."

"Tell me," he cried, eagerly; "tell me, what you are? The voice breathes like something out of the pale of nature, beyond and past all human misery, yet touched by each passing breeze into emotions strange and unknown. You are no spirit."

"Spirit, spirit," murmured the voice, "would that I were! To wander far away to other worlds—to live and be the creature of my youth—to once forget myself again to peace; but if you talk of spirits, I could tell strange tales enough."

There was something in the last part of this speech which startled Lewisteme, for it was full of the mockery of derision, and yet created painful sensations of compassion mingled with doubt; but the latter sentiment he thought it only prudent to conceal.

"I will talk of what you wish to hear," he answered; and since you have roused me from my sleep, you doubtless have something to reveal. Whence come you, what can be done for you? I am ready and willing to befriend you.—Speak therefore;—you seem to know me."

"Nothing, nothing for me," was the reply; "for I am past recovery, and what heaven cannot give, you are not likely to bestow. My youth is past, and let it go, my joy is fled—be it gone also; my hopes are blighted, they can but wither; like seeds borne upon the wind to be scattered on rocks, no harvest shall spring from them. No, I ask your help for the sake of another."

"Can you be—are you—that Amelia Astel, who was supposed to be murdered?" asked Lewisteme; "If so, rely on my protection, confide in my honor, for you shall yet be defended from persecution, and relieved from the bondage of your enemies;" but the withering and unnatural laughter of the being now interrupted him.

"Am I old—old enough to be your mother?" whispered the voice. "You know nothing of sorrow, it changes days to months, and months to years, and time works like eternity when it is counted by sighs. But I will do her duty for her son; I am just the miserable creature fit for it, and love him quite as well too."

"For her son," repeated Lewisteme. "Then the boy lives, and you know him to be her son, and who was his father; and can produce him to claim the estate which he is heir to—the fortune which is awaiting him."

"Is there fortune and prosperity awaiting him?" said the deep voice, in deeper agitation. "Though I could never share it, I should kneel down and bless my Maker for the gift. Oh, yes, I know him as never human being knew me before. But never mind, sir, we shall all die some day, and be at peace, and there's an end of us."

These words again perplexed the listener; so full of energy they were, and yet so wild in flighty desperation, and Lewisteme experienced the same vacillation of thought respecting her, or her intentions, which he had before.

"You will, perhaps undertake," said he, at last; "to find this youth, and bring him to me."

"Will you undertake to find his mother's murderer and bring him to me?" was the question; and he paused upon the interjection that expressed his knowledge of her meaning.

"You know the villain then," he cried, in ill repressed delight; "and the innocent will be clear of all reproach, and the boy will get the property?" but he ceased, for the idea of proving beyond the possibility of doubt the innocence of Astel, of thus restoring peace to the heart of his daughter, of therefore destroying every obstacle to his own happiness, was full of such content, that words were well nigh denied him.

"I do not know him," was the answer; "but have my strong suspicions, and neither his wealth shall save him, nor his reputed character, nor his well-feigned religion, for he shall be unmasked. I hold some letters that will blast him."

Lewisteme recoiled in horror; for

this could only relate to Astel himself, whose guilt would now be substantiated, whose doom was no longer to be avoided.

"If you be poor," he hinted hastily ; "there are those living who would bribe you, that is, buy the papers at any price ; and if you hold no further proof, it might advantage you—what would you say to it?"

"Would spurn the offer?" whispered the other ; and she was now close to him, for he felt her breath against his face as she uttered this. "Yes, though at the gibbet he should entreat me, though my own death were to pay the forfeit, justice should have its right, and I, my vengeance. I am quite old enough to owe him this one recompense."

"Enough, enough?" said Lewisteme, "but why interrupt my quiet ; of what avail is all this to the youth?" and he searched about seeking some method of departure.

"The boy is starving," said she ; "for the sake of his mother this shall not be ; and if he had some friends to speak to Sir Andrew, he would protect him ; but you see, his mother blames me that I do not tell who the murderer is."

"You knew Amelia Astel, then?" asked Lewisteme, as he leaned against the wall in agitation, and for the first time he thought the sound of her voice betrayed insanity.

"Oh yes ! I knew her," she replied ; "and there are pretty secrets in this house that I might tell you, and I know the man that could point the murderer out, if he could speak, and I hold the pretty love-letters too ; so please me, and see what I will do for you."

"Give me up the letters," said Lewisteme ; "and I will get the boy a fortune, or tell me the man whom you suspect ; tell it only in secret, and I shall owe you endless gratitude. As it is, he shall be righted at all hazards."

"Harry Burrell shall come to you soon," said she ; "and when you give him his fortune, you shall have the letters, and we will seize upon the murderer, and hang him."

"Silence, silence?" cried Lewisteme, in horror. "If you owe me any kindness, tell me what most this man

resembles ; tell me, that I may know my fate."

"He is a worthy man and mightily religious?" said she in mockery ; "and gentle and proud, and all the rest of the gentleman. But he could murder with religion on his lips, and play the friend that he might prove the profligate. He is the meanest of the guilty, he is a hypocrite. Do not curse me with talking of him."

"You spake in wrath," said he ; "virtue is the gift of all humanity ; he, doubtless, has his share. He does not contaminate those he lives amongst."

"He will break the heart, and smile when it be done," she answered ; "but I must go, my wits are wearing fast ; to speak of him, it makes me mad. But we will meet again, my gentleman, hereafter."

"Who is he? what is his name," cried Lewisteme ; and he listened for the response, but no reply was given. "Where are you, here or gone?" he asked again. "Speak at least ; yes, speak once more."

"And do you think I shall tell you who it is," said the same voice, derisively. "No, no! you will let him escape ; but I'm going to Sir Andrew, to let him know my thoughts about it, so good bye."

"But why—why call me from my bed—why bring me here?" he expostulated.

"There is something to find out—and find it if you can," said she, impatiently. "Nothing can be done without me, I know the secret."

"The secret—what secret?—The name of the murderer?" he whispered.

"I know *him*," said she ; "and more too."

"What more?" he repeated?

"Much more that I shall tell, or not tell as I please," she answered, waywardly.

"Foolish girl, are you mad?" he cried. "Speak, or let me go."

"The mad forget all things but their misery," said she, as if addressing herself ; "and they remember their misery to make mirth of it. The mad live in the world, but have a world of their own ; they neither love nor hate ; they neither pity nor complain ; they laugh, weep, speak, and are silent without

knowing it ; yes, I am mad—I am mad."

"There is something too much like sense in you," said Lewisteme ; "and if you will not openly reveal, you must be compelled to explain your singular conduct."

"Edmund Lewisteme, you cannot frighten me," said she, firmly : "The truly wretched have nothing in this life that they can fear,—and I have nothing."

"You seem to know me," he rejoined ; "then why not confide in me? You must be the person who has been mistaken for a ghost—a spirit ; who has rendered this house uninhabitable ; and what purpose can this answer, what can it mean?"

"Aye, indeed, but I am not though!" she answered mischievously ; "though it may mean something too. I know the mystery as well as I know myself."

"Worlds would I give to find the wretch—the fool—who could play upon us thus?" he cried. "There must be something more in this than we imagine."

"Something, nothing, everything?" she repeated slowly. "But wait till I have full evidence to convict him. The day that brings the murderer to light reveals the mystery."

"Then never let it come," he cried in agitation.

"But it shall, and it must, and it will," she answered flightily ; "for I have not been driven mad for nothing ; kind heaven is on my side, sir."

"Wherefore am I brought here? Mock me no longer," said he.

"There is a secret to find out ; seek, and you shall find it," said the voice.

"Tell it me yourself—you can do so," said he ; and hearing the rustle of garments and retreating feet, he made a motion to follow through the darkness.

"I can, but I may not ; I may, but I will not. Let the moment come," said the person ; and her voice was now heard as speaking from the distance.

"Who are you? What are you?" cried Lewisteme ; and as he moved away to seek the means of his retreat, a light in the outer passage showed that the door was open and the way clear.

D D—VOL. XII.—JUNE, 1838.

He urged the question in vain, the silence was undisturbed ; and at last, he hastened in its direction, but as he walked forward, the light was borne before as faint in its beams as the ignis fatuus that floats over moor and boggy marsh ; the wafting of female attire was, however, now heard to attend it.

"Are you afraid still?" said Ellen Blake, the mad girl, for it was she. "Oh, Edmund Lewisteme, tears are dried up, or I could weep now for the last time."

"Poor girl, you have been mad," said Lewisteme, involuntarily ; "are you so still? but never mind, you seek a shelter in this wretched house—a sad place too."

"I have been, but am not mad now," she answered, emphatically ; and so beautifully reason shone forth serenely in her face, that Lewisteme halted and listened.

"It is the last ray of light, burning more brightly ere it be gone," said she. "Believe me now and for ever, my madness is the best gift of the Almighty. I bless him day and night for the dear gift. My madness brought me here, led me to strange society, taught me strange things. But oh, kind heaven be thanked!" and here, she sunk on her knees, heaped up in a soft attitude of mild entreaty, such as might have won even angels to pity or plead for her.

"What can I do for you?" said Lewisteme ; "do you live here."

"Not live, but die here day from day," said she bitterly ; only listen. "I am the spirit, the ghost—I haunt the house ; I—I myself, is it not enough?"

"Why, why are you here, wherefore?" whispered Lewisteme.

"Dreams, horrible dreams pursued me," she answered, wildly. "I came here and found them true. The murderer of Amelia Astel, shall live no longer,—he who has broken my poor lover's heart,—driven me mad,—he, he shall live no longer. Oh, no—no," and she now shrieked a mystical shriek, half agony, half joy.

"Just tell me his name," said Lewisteme, soothingly ; "no horror shall happen to you."

"Soft!" said she, let us whisper it ; and she attempted to speak it, but at

last shrieked out, "Giles Mullin—Giles Mullin! His clothes dabbled with blood are found—the letters!—But let me prove it so, and here let me die!"

"God bless you! bless you, even sunk in this depth of misery," said Lewisteme, and with such solemnity, that the girl looked up at him;—her fading reason seemed to wait awhile, in hopes of hearing something further. "He, your lover, shall be as my brother," sighed he; "you, poor blighted creature,—shall be protected. God bless you, if not now, when dying;" and overcome by the words she had spoken, those words that breathed such comfort to him, he smoothed her gently on the brow, and broke forth into weak tears while speaking to her. This outcast, this most neglected of human creatures, was thus doomed to save Emily, her father, himself, from utter and inevitable ruin.

"Giles Mullin, is the man?" he whispered once again.

"He is the man?" she answered, and arose from her knees; while a deep and long pause took place between them.

"I am just fit for sleep or death," said she; "good night."

"Stay, stay," "come to a peaceful home, a quiet bed,—poor girl,—my mother will provide it," said he; but she turned away.

"A peaceful home! Rest, rest?" she enquired. "Edmund Lewisteme, both will be mine in time; only let it be some green spot—to lie beneath a tree, in the country—dead to the day,—but sleeping in sunlight. Farewell," and she glided away.

It was inexplicable, but so it was; for certain reasons, this frail and miserable being had wandered restless around the haunted house. She was the spirit that presided there,—but for all else, Lewisteme retired from it: he saw it was too long a tale even then to think upon.

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## THE HAUNTED HALL.

BY G. R. CARTER.

From the purple West descending.

Twilight's shadows fall;

With the mist of evening blending,

O'er the haunted Hall.

Sunset, with a crimson glow,

Blushes o'er the clouds of snow,

And lends a lustre to the gloom

Which the darkling skies assume.

Why does twilight's mist of grey

On the landscape fall?

Or maintain its gloomy sway

O'er the ancient hall?—

Oh! it gives to it a charm,

Won by time's resistless arm

From the wrecks that fate has strown

Round her universal throne.

Many a year has flown away  
Like a shaft from its silent quiver,  
Since the sunbeam, through the portal grey,  
Stole at the close of a summer's day,  
And wanton'd with the river :  
And many a laugh and shout rang loud  
As the breezes caught their sound,  
And the skies of youth, without a cloud,  
Illumed life's fairy ground.  
Alas ! that the shadows of time should fall  
On the brow of the old ancestral hall.

The sun-dial still recalls the hour  
To the wanderer's thoughtful eye,  
And the clouds still weep their sweetest shower  
Where the early violets die ;  
But the voices that rang so loud and shrill  
On the sunny slope of the breeze-swept hill,  
Have yielded their latest breath ;  
Quench'd is the fire of each sparkling eye,  
And the clustering locks, o'er the brow that lie,  
Are wet with the dews of death.

Still, through the pictured window, streams  
The purple glow of heaven,  
And the fading sunset's latest gleams  
To the warbling fount are given ;  
Still on the walls ye may clearly trace  
The portraiture of many a race  
In dark and stern array ;  
But the joyful bands of wood and glen  
Have faded away from the haunts of men,  
Like dreams of a summer's day.

And is not *this* a haunted Hall ?  
Are not the spells of time  
Still lingering round its hoary wall.  
With eloquence sublime ?  
The forms that *here* received their birth,  
Oh ! can *they* quit their native earth,  
Declining to its fall ?  
Like guardian spirits still they roam,  
And will not claim another home,  
Beside *the haunted Hall*.



## THE GRAVE OF THE PENITENT.

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Sleep, frail child of beauty, sleep,  
 Curtain'd 'neath thy robe of green ;  
 Heaven's tears thy pillow steep,  
 Soothing, albeit wept unseen,

Cold thy lowly couch of rest,  
 Yet no thorn invades thy bed ;  
 And the storms of insult press'd  
 Fiercer on thy living head.

Willows weeping o'er thee close ;  
 Sighs upon the breeze are heard ;  
 O'er the place of thy repose  
 Creeps the speckled lady-bird.

Brightly bloom'd the early flow'r,  
 Breathing life and fragrance round ;  
 Doubly gall the blighting hour  
 Strew'd it withering on the ground.

Painfully the canker fed  
 On thy beauty's faded bloom,  
 While each happier rival head  
 Pitied not a sister's doom.

Prudence view'd thee with a sneer ;  
 Vice look'd on with gloated eye ;  
 Virtue shed no soothing tear  
 O'er thy night of misery.

Broken-hearted and alone,  
 None to close thy glazing eye,  
 None to catch the murmur'd tone  
 In thy penitential sigh.

Swiftly fled thy life of sorrow,  
 Like a leaf upon the stream,  
 Which we seek in vain, to-morrow ;  
 Vanish'd as a glow-worm gleam.

Better thus—since, raging o'er thee.  
 Swept of infamy the wave ;  
 Surely God in pity bore thee  
 To the shelter of the grave.

Passion holds no more his sway,  
 Death's abode is not his home ;  
 Guilt, (created worlds obey)  
 Owns thy virtue in the tomb.

When a husband's vengeful sword  
 Laid thy vile seducer low ;  
 When thy gentle voice implor'd  
 Mercy on the fallen foe :

Tho' the blood of lover slain  
 Purpled o'er thy garment fair,  
 Charity forgives the stain  
 Blench'd by sorrow, shame, and pray'r.

Tho' the world hath thus contemn'd thee,  
 Thrust thee ruthless from the shore,  
 Mercy's God hath not condemn'd thee—  
 Angel, sinner now no more.

Sleep, with Nature for thy mourner ;  
 Pardon'd now, in heaven bloom !  
 Be the tauntings of the scorner  
 Buried with thee—in the tomb.

GUILLAUME.

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## S O N G.

BY MRS. GEORGE NORMAN.

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When the bright moon is breaking from her dark cloud-girt lair,  
 And eve's flowers, awaking, perfume the calm air,  
 When the blue vault of æther, and the wavelets of sea  
 Are glist'ning beneath her, I'll think, love, of thee !

When fairies are twining their garlands of flowers,  
 Those flowers brightly shining with night's dewy showers,  
 When the nightingale's singing in brake and on tree,  
 And home the bee's winging, I'll think, love, of thee !

And when, as eve saddens, I go to repose  
 Ere the morning light gladdens the lily and rose,  
 When I, under Heav'n's care, pray ever to be,  
 And dear friends my thoughts share, I'll think, love, of thee !

## VICTORIA.

WRITTEN ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY.

Up to the brim ! let no daylight be seen,  
'Tis the birth-right of freemen to drink to their Queen ;  
Hurrah !

The cliffs of old England shall give back the cry,  
O'er her hills and her corn-fields the echo shall fly ;—  
Victoria !

Drain to the dregs ! ne'er a heeltap I ween,  
Will descend from the lips that would honour their Queen,  
Hurrah !

The " Maid of the Isles " is the toast of to-day,  
And I call him a traitor who dares to say " Nay ! "   
Victoria !

O'er the wide sea, which encircles the world,  
'Tis the flag of our land which the breeze has unfurl'd,  
Hurrah !

The name of our Sovereign is honor'd and blest,  
'Mid the sands of the East, and the wilds of the West,  
Victoria !

Press round the board ! let your voices be given,  
'Till the toast which ye breathe reach the portals of heaven.  
Hurrah !

Let a bumper be raised, and willing the hand,  
For the Queen of our hearts and the pride of our Land !  
Victoria !

Health and long life to the " Rose of the Isles,"  
And may peace crown her reign with its plenty and smiles ;  
Hurrah !

But should war spread its horrors, our Queen's blessed name,  
Is the watch-word of Britons by land and by main.  
Victoria !

24th May 1838.

TENNANT LACHLAN.

## DESCRIPTION OF OUR PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

## June Fashions.

Plate 11.—*Costume de promenade*.—High dress of striped gros de Naples, trimmed with satin *liserés* (pipings). The corsage of this very pretty spring dress, is made high and quite tight to fit the bust. The fronts, as seen in the plate, are cut on the cross way of the material, so as to make the stripes meet down the front; the back goes the straight way, and has a slight fullness at the waist. The sleeves are full from the shoulder to the elbow, the remainder tight, they are confined, as may be seen in the plate, in regular flat plaits a certain distance below the shoulder by three frills, cut on the cross way and not very full, and put on close to each other, that is, no space left between. The bottom of the dress is ornamented with a very deep flounce, with a heading formed of itself. The ceinture, which is of the material of the dress, is edged, as well as the frills on the sleeves, &c., with a satin piping of a different colour from the dress. It is likewise embroidered all along in little bouquets, done in silk to match the piping, which gives, as in the plate, an exceedingly pretty finish to the dress; the ceinture is tied in front, in a small bow with two long ends.

Hat of white *poux de soie*, trimmed with ribbon *à la jardinière*, white and green, and blonde (see plate). The front of the hat is large and *erased*, coming low at the sides of the face where the corners are merely rounded off, and nearly meeting under the chin. The blonde and ribbon are put on in the style of the other bonnet, which can be more distinctly seen by looking at the second figure in the plate; a wreath of roses ornaments the underneath part of the front of the bonnet, and a veil of white blonde is put on at the edge. Double lace frill, tied with a coloured ribbon, which is likewise inserted into the *bouillon* to which the frills are sewed. White gloves, green silk parasol, and black shoes.

Fig. 2.—Capote of clear embroidered muslin, over a coloured silk lining. The front of capote, which is worn only in *demi-toilette*, is large enough without a veil to shade the complexion from the sun. Half high dress of *poux de soie*, plain tight corsage fastened at the back, a narrow lace goes round the top of the neck (see plate).

Mantelet of white tulle lined with coloured silk, the mantelet has a deep cape, and is confined at the neck with large regular folds. It is trimmed all round with deep lace, and tied down the front at distances with bows of coloured ribbon. Straw coloured kid gloves, cambric ruffles, and black shoes.

Plate 12.—*Dinner Dress and Walking Dress*.—*Dinner Dress*.—Dress of rich figured satin corsage *à pointe*, fitting tight to the bust, and sloped down, as shewn in the plate, *en cœur*, the corsage, it will be perceived has a seam down the centre of the front, as well as one on each side; the back is made tight to lace; the dress has a deep flounce at bottom, edged with a piping of itself, the sleeves are long and full, as far as midway below the elbow, where they are finished by a very deep *poignet* (wrist) fastened with five ornamental buttons. The sleeve is confined in two places, in regular folds or plaits, some distance below the shoulder (see plate). The neck of the dress has a narrow blond all round. Cap of tulle, ornamented with a *bouillon*, in which a coloured ribbon is inserted. Hair in plain bands. White kid gloves, and black satin shoes.

Fig. 2.—*Walking Dress*.—Redingotte of *poux de soie*, lined with silk of a different colour. The corsage is perfectly plain, crosses in front, and is much open at the upper part of the neck. The sleeves are full at top, tight, or nearly so, (see plate) below, they have two deep frills, the upper one put on with the putting in of the sleeve. The redingotte is fastened round the waist with a long silk *cordelière d'tassels*. Capote of white crape over coloured silk: form *à l'Anglaise*, a *laitue* (lettuce) of silk the colour of the lining is placed at the left side, and a *bouillon* in form of a wreath goes round the capote (see plate). The front is trimmed with a *ruche de tulle illusion*. Round the neck is a lace frill, falling over the dress in place of a collar; a piece of black velvet ribbon encircles the throat and is fastened in front with a small gold buckle. Cameo broach, embroidered cambric handkerchief, white gloves, and black shoes.

## THE NEWEST MODES OF PARIS.

BY OUR OWN PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

[We do not, in future, pledge ourselves, after a few days from the day of publication, to give the same Fashion Plates, as here described; but to supply Fashions of a subsequent date, in order that purchasers of this work, for the sake of its literature and portraits, may also have the latest fashions; but the plates of Fashions so given, will be different to any inserted in the monthly numbers of this periodical, yet drawn, engraved, and coloured by the same hands. *Le Follet*, indeed, is published in eighty-four numbers, during the year, at Paris, so that there is ample selection and variety, and perhaps many of our readers might be glad to know how they can obtain that work. It is published by Mr. Dobbs, in London, and can be had of all booksellers, in the country, at 2l. a-year. or 10s. 6d. a quarter, once, or twice a month.]

Paris, May 26th 1838.

I am in despair, *ma chère amie*, not to be able to accept your most amiable invitation, to visit you in London and witness the approaching ceremony of the coronation of your young and lovely Queen. The fact is, that I am scarcely strong enough yet, to venture upon the fatigues attendant upon such a journey, and besides, my children are all more or less indisposed. I think I must content myself with going to spend a quiet summer in the country with them, so as to renovate all our healths. I shall not go far from town, but Paris will be deserted completely, so I cannot possibly remain. All our friends are preparing for their visit to London, the milliners and dress-makers are as busy as possible inventing, making up, and packing the superb toilettes, which our belles propose displaying on the occasion, and, as you may imagine, have been rendered as becoming as art can make them. I could tell you of some (but you will soon discover them) who have made up their minds to return the brides of English noblemen. And I might add, amongst the "Lords of the creation," there are many speculations, to become the possessors of the fortunes, and of course the *hands* (as the one is dependant on the other) of some of your fair countrywomen, in exchange for their (*empty*) titles! But I must describe some of the dresses I have seen, as a few hints may be useful to you in the selection of your own.

You are of course aware that on such occasions our court dress consists of what we call a *manteau*, but which is, nevertheless, far from being a cloak or any thing resembling it. It is a trained dress in the style of those adopted at the English court, and only differs I believe in name, and perhaps some other slight particulars. One I saw was of *maïs* satin, you know this is a deeper and richer colour than *paille* or *oiseau de paradis*. All round was a deep border forming a kind of chain pattern in diamonds worked in gold, at each side of this chain was a wreath of rosettes em-

broidered in light chocolate colour silk, each rosette separated from the next by a little ornament of diamonds surrounded with amethysts, a single large diamond in the centre of each rosette, and in each space between the chain work, a splendid bouquet of natural flowers, embroidered in coloured silks, every bouquet different. The *manteau* was trimmed all round with a beautiful blonde richly wrought in gold.

Another of white satin was worked all over in detached bouquets of flowers. The bouquets in diamonds, and done alternately in gold and coloured silks; it was trimmed with rich blonde.

A third of sky blue satin had a border of *arabesques* all round, wrought in silver, the whole *manteau* was besides studded with small silver stars, a rich white blonde all round.

One of maroon satin was embroidered in shades of blue chenille, a sort of chain pattern, the spaces filled up with rosettes worked in gold and precious stones. Two others were nearly similar, the one of cherry colour velvet embroidered like the last, but in pearls. The other green satin marked in gold.

I saw several of white, pink, and pale blue satin, some embroidered in bouquets of natural flowers done in shade of chenille, and others ornamented with flowers of the aster and dahlia kind stamped out of coloured velvets, the stalks, foliage, &c. worked in gold or silver.

One or two of surpassing splendour were done in alternate bouquets of precious stones, and velvet flowers. A wreath of vine leaves done in shades of chenille, the branch and tendrills gold upon one.

Another in the same style had a wreath of currant leaves in velvet, the stalks and veins gold twist, and the luxuriant bunches of fruit were done in rubies.

All these were trimmed with either rich white blonde, blonde embroidered with gold, or *dentille d'or*.

For head dresses, I have seen such an infinity of feathers, flowers, diamonds,

tiaras, gold, silver, and lace lappets, turbans of every description, Spanish hats, &c. &c. that it would take a volume to describe them. And as some of your friends may like me, be deprived of attending the ceremony of the coronation, I must not neglect to endeavour to describe a few of our more humble toilettes, which, like butterflies, are only to be seen now and then on an odd day when the sun deigns to smile. And, indeed, that luminary seems very unwilling to shine upon us with his wonted glorious splendour; he does, it is true, now and then come forth of a morning, but before we have decided upon what toilette we intend displaying in the Bois de Boulogne, an 'envious cloud' comes between and forces us to take a mere drive for health, well wrapped up in manteaux or wadded mantelets, or shawls.

Figured gros de Naples are coming in for redingottes and all kinds of walking dresses. Striped silks are also becoming fashionable, but the latter are of two or more colours; these silks are very thick and rich, and quite substantial enough to stand alone. I have seen some, the pattern and colours of what I believe you call "ribbon grass" in English, I mean a broad leafed grass of a bright beautiful green colour with a stripe of pale straw colour. Others are blue and *ecrue*, blue and *bois*, (brown) blue and *paille*, and so on various colours that match well together, but I have seen some in broad stripes, blue, *paille*, pink, green, and purple, they are new, but in my opinion very ugly. I prefer a dress all of one colour, a person gets reconciled by habit to seeing two colours, but when you can count four or five, it becomes a little too near the dress of an harlequin to please me. The newest *mouselines de laine*, are à *Colonnes*, light grounds preferred to dark, and lively colours.

All the corsages, even of the redingottes, are made *en cœur*, so as to display, far too much I think, of the neck in the street. At back they are little more than half high, but quite open in front. This make is adopted since the lace frills have come in. I believe I have already described these frills, two falls of lace, sewed on to a *bouillon* in which a coloured ribbon is inserted, and the latter tied in a bow in front; but as new inventions are daily improved upon, I must tell you that the ribbon is satin, moreover, that to get the ribbon to sit nicely upon the neck a little round and smooth, you must run a silk in with not very long stitches, but even at the inner side, and try it on till it comes into sit, you then fasten it. Another silk, of course much less drawn in, is run at the outer edge and fastened in the same way,

thus the ribbon becomes an exact fit, and sits in nice little plaits. The ribbon is then to be laid upon the piece of tulle (or whatever you make your *bouillon* of) and the tulle covering to be cut out of the piece the proper form. At first the outsides were done in the manner I have described for the ribbon, but they were found too thick; they are now transparent and the ribbon is seen to advantage. The two, or one lace frill is sewed to the lower edge of casing. There is as much variety as ever in the sleeves. Some tight with three frills, some tight with only one frill very deep reaching even below the elbow, rather plain, and sloped under the arm. Others, full to the elbow, the remainder tight brought low on the shoulder in plaits, and one deep frill close to a quarter in depth on the outside and quite sloped away underneath, in fact cut out of a *alf* handkerchief piece, the point rounded off of course. Many sleeves are quite plain and tight at the shoulder, the remainder loose to the wrist, two frills put on at top. Some sleeves I have seen in preparation for thin white muslin dresses, have three *bouillons* put on one below the other, at top, the remainder of the sleeve to the wrist quite loose, coloured ribbon inserted into the *bouillons*; these are pretty.

*For grande Toilette*.—*Corsages à pointe*, some with a second point at back are worn, tight short sleeves with ruffles à la *Louis XV.* Open skirts, looped back with marabout tips, or with bows, bouquets or jewels. Some dresses are made with trains. Those for dancing are trimmed with blonde and flowers, looped up at the side, &c., I described these dresses very fully in my last.

*Pailles de riz*.—Are only waiting for the warm weather to come forth in all their beauty of feathers, flowers, and blonde; for blonde now forms a part in the trimming of a dress hat. Generally speaking, the ribbons preferred are white, edged with green or lilac, some with pink or blue. Hats and capottes of *gros de Naples* and *pour de soie*, are worn smaller than they were; the flowers are placed in a drooping position, a few drawn capottes are to be seen. Veils are again coming in sewed on at the edge of the front, in default of a veil. A double *ruche* of tulle is frequently seen, and in most cases to a drawn capotte. Flowers are very much worn. Also fruits, especially red currants and mulberries.

SHAWLS seem likely to be prevalent this season. The most fashionable are China crape embroidered at the corners in large bouquets, and others of a very fine texture called satin shawls, these are neither satin nor cashmere wool, but a mixture of both,

the size is from five to six quarters. The colours are white, pearl grey, very light lavender, very light drab, straw colour, and a few light green : but they are entirely one colour, the embroidery of the same shade. Mantelets are still worn. Black silk trimmed with lace, others of coloured silk, or to match the dress, and some of white tulle or thin muslin with coloured linings, which will be in high vogue it is said as soon as the weather permits.

There is no difference as yet in the form of the pelerines from those worn last year. At the neck, they are of a shape quit suitable to the frills worn at present; they

reach to the waist at back (with the trimming) may be either pointed, or slightly rounded, and cross in front beneath the ceinture, but not reach below it; the trimming consists of a frill, which is narrower and plainer towards the waist both at back and front than it is upon the shoulders.

*Colours.*—For hats the prevailing colours are white, pink, and paille, blue is also worn; and for dresses lavender, greys of various tints, green emerald and apple, and lilac.

*Maintenant adieu, ma bien aimée. Je t-embrasse toute à toi,*

L. De F——.

## Miscellany.

*The Late Prince Talleyrand.*—This celebrated man who has played so prominent and so varied a part upon the great theatre of life expired on the 17th ult., at 4 p. m., in the 85th year of his age. We content ourselves this month with merely giving from the private correspondence of a morning journal a few details of the closing scene, reserving a detailed biographical notice for a future period :—

For some time past symptoms of an approaching dissolution were evident, though the singular bodily energy of the Prince enabled him to conceal his sufferings, and to preserve almost unaltered the use of his remarkable intellectual faculties. In the prevision of that event the Duchess de Dino, whose attentions have been unremitting till the last moment, under pretence of consulting the Prince on the propriety of the choice she had made of the Abbé Dupanloup for the direction of the religious instruction of her daughter, Mademoiselle Pauline de Dino, introduced the subject, and insinuated that she could only be satisfied with the selection she had made, when the Prince should have seen the good Abbé and approved her choice. M. de Talleyrand readily took the hint, and assenting to the proposal, indicated a day when the Abbé Dupanloup should be asked to dinner, as well as several other ecclesiastics. It is said that upon the Archbishop of Paris hearing of this collective invitation, he formally put his *veto* upon it!

But the seeds of dissolution, already so apparent, were making hasty progress. An operation of a painful nature was thought necessary : Prince Talleyrand bore it with great fortitude, with the conviction of its

uselessness; so that, about a week ago, Mademoiselle Pauline de Dino on entering her great uncle's room in the morning, and hearing from his lips that he had suffered severely in the night, exclaimed, that if he knew how sweet were the prayers of the good Abbé, he would allow him to come and offer up his orisons to Heaven for the alleviation of his sufferings. The Prince readily answered, that he would willingly see him. Thus has the Abbé Dupanloup been called several times to the Prince's bedside, and remained in attendance near him till he breathed his last. That priest has the reputation of being a mild, sensible, tolerant man; yet in the ardour of his zeal, he ventured too far, and gave the Prince an opportunity of showing how much to the last he preserved his presence of mind and his habitually ironical turn of thought. Upon M. Dupanloup's protesting that the Archbishop of Paris's personal dispositions towards M. de Talleyrand were such as to induce him, if necessary, to give his life for his, M. de Talleyrand calmly and smilingly retorted, that "he really might make a much better use of it!"

These successive conferences led to the Prince submitting himself to all the formalities prescribed by the Roman Catholic church for the repentance of sinners and their restoration to its bosom. He consented to the drawing up of a declaration, embodying his religious sentiments and the confession of his errors, which is addressed to the Pope and to the Archbishop of Paris, and after having calmly corrected some of its expressions, he declared he would sign it on Thursday morning at 6 o'clock, and

not till then. That being done, he took the last sacrament, at the moment\* Mademoiselle de Talleyrand, the darling child of his affection, was receiving it for the first time! For some motive hitherto unexplained, he was not submitted to other ceremonies usually imposed by the church upon dying penitents.

At 8 o'clock in the morning the King, accompanied by his sister, Madame Adelaide, arrived. M. Talleyrand, in expectation of that visit, had taken care to give directions as to the particular mode prescribed by Court etiquette, in which the Sovereign should be announced and introduced into his apartment. Upon their entrance into his chamber the Prince de Talleyrand exclaimed, "This is a great day for our house," alluding either to his own approaching demise, or to the high honour thus conferred by the Royal visitors, and, perhaps, to both circumstances together. The King, after a few moments, left the room, shedding tears. The Princess, his sister, followed him a little later, also much affected.

Thus expired, surrounded with something like the pomp and numbers which attended Richelieu and Mazarin on their death beds, and preserving to the last the unimpaired use of his wonderful faculties, this highly-gifted personage, upon whose tomb posterity will heap so many contradictory judgments.

All external excitement will probably be avoided by the Prince's submission to and reconciliation with the church, and by the circumstances that his body, only presented to the parish church, will be immediately conveyed to Valençay. M. Talleyrand leaves memoirs, which he has bequeathed to the keeping of the Duchess de Dino. Notwithstanding the eager curiosity which they would excite, it must be doubted if they will ever see the light.

In England, where Prince Talleyrand was so well known, these details, scanty as they are, may be of interest, and I thus hastily forward them to you in anticipation of those more or less correct informations by which the press will soon complete them.

#### *Custody of Infants Bill.—*

Mr. Serjeant TALFOURD moved on the 23d of May, that this bill be read a third time.

Sir E. SUGDEN, in opposing the motion, said he believed that few bills of a public nature had been more canvassed for than the passing of this bill, and that might account

for the small minority, as compared with the majority, on the last division on the question. However, as this was not, and could not be, a party matter, he would state to the house why he objected to this measure. The law of England, whether wisely or unwisely, had put all the marital and parental power in the hands of the father. A woman's strength lay in her submissiveness, and if they found the law as it stood did by its operation on society give the mother a greater moral power over her children than the law could give her, he called upon them to beware how by altering the law they relaxed and weakened that moral tie by which mother and children were bound together. If this bill were suffered to pass, the proper title to designate it by would be "a bill to facilitate separation and divorce between husbands and wives." The subsisting marriage law proceeded upon totally different grounds. It vested the whole power in the connubial state, both over wife and children, in the husband. He did not believe that they would benefit women as a class by this enactment, however applicable it might be to individual cases of hardship. Separate the mother wholly from her children, and you wholly remove the facilities for reunion. The existing law was by no means so cruel as was represented. In the vast proportion of cases where separation took place in consequence of disagreement of temper, he had never heard of an instance in which reasonable allowance was not made for the access of the mother to her children. Unless the woman's conduct have been of a flagrant nature, unless the husband have a strong case to justify him in estranging the mother from her offspring, he will not be received into society, if he be known to have obstinately refused this access. He did not believe that the children would be benefited by the proposed measure; on the contrary, he believed that it would be productive of injury to them. The father and mother are at variance at the period of separation, and in numerous cases that variance is afterwards increased to the extent of bitter animosity. If the wife have access to her children, and his (Sir E. Sugden's) opinion was that she ought to have that access, but they could not reach it by legislative means, the adoption of which would produce a great deal more mischief in the general principle than of good in particular cases—if the wife, he said, were ordered access to her children, the husband he would suppose, having retired with his children to the north, and placed them there at school, how was the wife to act in order to obtain the benefit of the rule of court which ordered her the access? Was she to take a cottage in the neighbourhood of her husband's residence in order to have the opportunity of visiting them

\* Upon the Duchess de Dino having sent her daughter with the paper earlier than the moment fixed, the Prince calmly postponed the signing of it till the moment fixed, saying, "That he had never been in a hurry, and had always arrived in good time."



once in each week? When access was denied by the husband, and permitted by the judge, it was natural that the wife should conceive herself as greatly aggrieved by her husband—she will consider his conduct to be, perhaps, still harsher than it really has been, and will do her best to impress her own views on the minds of her children. The children will be brought up in that unnatural and most deplorable state of want of love or confidence in their parents. The father will do his best to blacken the mother in their eyes, the mother will do her best to blacken the father, and the children will be reluctantly compelled to admit the sad conviction that neither father nor mother is entitled to their esteem; or, if this effect be not wholly produced, the children will be at least utterly and unduly estranged from one of their parents. He, therefore, believed that on the one hand the proposed change would be anything but beneficial to the children, and on the other hand, that it would tend to make that separation eternal which was now only temporal. The right hon. gentleman concluded by moving that the bill be read a third time that day six months.

Mr Serjeant TALROURN said, there was something very extraordinary in the opposition of his right hon. friend after the result of former divisions, after a majority of four to one in a house that was certainly not canvassed. He did not complain of this resistance to the measure, but he must state, as a matter of fact, that he was not prepared for it. The sense of the house had been three times expressed upon the measure, and he confessed it did occasion him no small surprise to perceive that his right hon. friend now thought fit to divide upon the third reading. He could only account for this opposition, by supposing that his right hon. friend regarded the evils against which the bill was directed as the mere bugbears of the imagination of the mover, and as having no substantial existence. The opponents of the bill talked about the unsoundness of that legislation which was directed against particular cases—surely all laws were made to meet particular cases. They asked the house to continue to inflict torture, in order, as they said, that the integrity of the marriage tie might be maintained, while, as he would contend, the continuance of the present practice was, in an especial degree, calculated to defeat that purpose. It had been said that great inconveniences resulted from the mass of affidavits to which disputes between married persons gave rise—he denied that the fact was so, and at all events, the bill then before the house would tend much more to diminish than to increase the evil; besides that the proceedings would come before, not a private but a public tribunal, and the judges, though beyond the

time of life at which passion has much influence, would still feel as men and as fathers, and they would know how to deal with criminatory affidavits against women unconvicted of adultery; they would know how to deal with husbands who denied to their innocent wives the last happiness which a woman so circumstanced could only enjoy—a sight of her child. The mother of an illegitimate child could not be refused access; and that which he demanded was, not even to place the innocent matron on a footing of equality with her who in surrendering her chastity gave up the best safeguard of her other virtues; but he merely required that the matron should be placed on a footing something like that of which the mother of an illegitimate child enjoyed the advantage. That was what he asked, and what his right hon. friend denied. When the bill was passing through its preceding stage, it was suggested that a clause should be added excluding women convicted of adultery from the benefit of its provisions. Now, that clause he was prepared to bring up when the third reading of the bill should be agreed to, as he hoped it would be. He begged farther to say, that this was a question on which the house had not been canvassed—indeed, the state of the house at that moment placed that assertion beyond a shadow of doubt; but he hoped, nevertheless, that the feelings of our common nature and the plain principles of justice would triumph over those of artificial law. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. LANGDALE opposed the measure, on the ground that it would do injury to the sex, for whose advantage it was intended; he thought, moreover, that it would aid in dissolving the marriage tie, in addition to inflicting injury upon the children, who were of necessity innocent. He never read a bill more fallacious in its principle. In his opinion, the present state of the law favoured reconciliation between husband and wife who might for a time have separated, while the bill would promote separation and litigation. There was at least one satisfactory feature in the proceeding—that however it might favour the vices of the rich, it would not much interfere with the morals of the poor.

Mr PRAED supported the bill, because he did not anticipate any of the evil consequences which the last speaker appeared to apprehend; so far from favouring, he thought it would prevent divorce; neither did he think that it would oppose any obstacle to reunion between husband and wife.

Mr. WARBURTON said, that although the right hon. gentleman opposite had taken the unpopular side of this question, and although it could not be denied that the hon. and learned gentleman who had brought it

forward had succeeded in enlisting in its favour the majority of members in that house, and the majority of persons out of the house who had thought upon the subject, yet he (Mr Warburton) felt it his duty to support the right hon. gentleman opposite (Sir E. Sugden), agreeing, as he did, in the opinion he had expressed as to the probable effects of the bill. It was their duty to look to the general effect of every law, and his decided opinion respecting this bill was, that it would not operate unfavourably for the offspring. Giving the mother the power of unrestrained intercourse with her children, would be giving her an opportunity of enlisting their support and feelings against an injured husband, where it so happened that the husband was the aggrieved party; and, although unpopular to do so, he should vote against the third reading of the bill.

Mr. LEADER was surprised to hear the hon. member for Bridport say he opposed the bill on the ground that he wished to protect the interests of the children. Surely those interests were not protected under the present law. On the contrary, they, as well as the interests and feelings of the mother, were by the present law totally overlooked, as might be observed from a petition lately presented to the house from a lady named Green, stating that she had separated from her husband, in consequence of his living with another woman, under a fictitious name; that he would not allow her to have access to her children; and that, nevertheless, the Court, on application, refused to interfere in her behalf. He could not conceive, therefore, how the hon. member could refuse his sanction to this measure, or how any one could think, for a moment of advocating the continuance of the present law.

The house then divided, when there appeared—

|                |    |    |     |
|----------------|----|----|-----|
| For the motion | .. | .. | 60  |
| Against it     | .. | .. | 14  |
| Majority       | .. | .. | —46 |

The bill was then read a third time and passed [in the Commons.]

*The Lovers' Walk, Bromley.*—A many years ago Margaret Honeyman was the prettiest girl in Bromley, and several of the best of the village lads wished to keep company with her, but she was of a light and careless fauney, and never minded any of them. Howbeit, she suffered them to court her, and got ribbons and laces at fair-days, and many envied, and some found fault with her, but she and her mother were well to do in the world, and no one could fix any real fault upon them. At last, one day, a recruiting party came to our village, and several families lamented that the military should stay in the village, for they wiled away some of the choicest of the young far-

mers, to leave their ploughs and homes, and enlist to go beyond seas. While all this was going on, Sergeant May (I think they called him) fell to courting Margaret, and he was, they say, a very comely man, and full of book-learning; he could write as well, or better nor the sexton, and after some weeks, he carried off Margaret's heart; and it was all settled, that they should be married, as soon as Sergeant May could come back from asking his father's leave, who was a weaver by trade, and lived at Richmond. It was however necessary, that he should first inform his captain of his intention; and Captain Goldburn told him, that a soldier should not marry till very late in life, and that his gun and his sword should be his wife and children; Sergeant May, however, was a favourite of his captain's, and, after much entreaty, the captain consented to the sergeant's marriage. He had only, therefore, to go and get his father's consent, and persuade him to give them some money, that Margaret might set up house with, in times of peace, though she was determined, she said, to be a good soldier's wife, and follow the drum, wherever her husband went; but then her poor old mother would require more to keep her, when she would not be with her, to take care of and cherish her; so that she wanted a little money to add to her stock, and to comfort old Margery for her loss—for the child's marriage, which may be a gain to the child, is a loss to the parent whom she leaves, I've heard say. Well, Sergeant May left Bromley, and when he got to Richmond, he was obliged to remain many weeks there, for his mother died, and his father was broken-hearted, and he was a good son, and he could not leave him, till such time as the old man should begin to cheer up; but he wrote to Margaret, and told her he would soon be able to make almost a lady of her, and that he loved her dearly, and longed to be back with her. In the meantime, Captain Goldburn saw Margaret one day, as she came to the barracks with her mother, to help carry some of the men's washing to their cottage; and he thought her very handsome; and he made some excuse or another about Sergeant May, and went and paid her a visit. From one visit, he paid her many; and he gave her presents, and her old mother too; and he persuaded her to walk with him in this very walk, and the village folk did call it thence the Lover's Walk; but they all found fault with Margaret, for being 'gaged like to the sergeant, and yet listening to the captain's speeches. At last, she listened so often and so long, that he came to tell her it would be a shame so pretty a girl should be a sergeant's wife, that if she would go with him she should ride in her coach, and go to plays and masquerades, and lead a very different

life, full of nothing but pleasure and fun. So she listened and listened till she began to love him far better than poor May, and at last consented to go with him wherever he chose to take her; then they met late and early, sometimes in the churchyard, sometimes down by Bromley Wall, but oftenest in the Lover's Walk; and there they were one night a love-making, she saying, that she never before knew what it was to love a man, when they heard footsteps advancing, and, by the light of the moon, who should they see but Sergeant May. He directly stops, and laying his hand on Margaret's arm, asked her if she was not ashamed to behave so—she who had promised to be his wedded wife.

"But," he added, "Margaret, you shall never be more to me nor a worthless woman. Nevertheless, I will not be treated so by any man without my revenge, and though you be my captain, and Captain Goldburn though you be, we are man and man now pursuing the same woman, I honourably, you dishonourably. Yes, you are a villain and a coward, if you do not resent this blow."

And he struck the captain, and spat on him. A party of soldiers, who chanced to be loitering about, not far from the spot, hearing high words, approached, and the captain desired them to take Sergeant May into custody for drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

"I am not drunk," said May, "and there is not a man of you, worthy of the name of man, who would not do as I have done; nevertheless, I must abide my sentence."

He made no resistance, but as he was being taken away, he said,

"Margaret, as for you, you are not worth an honest man's thought; but remember, that if you trust to such an one as Captain Goldburn, you will come to sin, and shame, and misery."

"Off with the fellow," the captain cried, "he's drunk, away with him; lock him up till he comes to his senses, and then a good flogging will do the rest."

But there was something in the sergeant's words and manner that sank into Margaret's heart, and she insisted on going home to her mother, notwithstanding Captain Goldburn's fine words; so he cursed and swore, as the story goes, and vowed he'd have his revenge. And so he had, for the poor sergeant was condemned to, I forget how many lashes, and he was tied up, and suffered the punishment without flinching. Twice he was asked to beg his captain's pardon, and the rest of the punishment should be remitted, and twice he refused to do so.

"Not," he said, "from any unchristian feeling, but because he would always declare, to the last of his blood and his breath, that it was a shame to seduce another man's

affianced wife, and then punish him for having told the truth."

"Tie up the obstinate dog again," cried the captain; and he was tied up, and he suffered the whole punishment, and was taken away senseless and carried to the hospital, for the doctor said, one more lash and he would die. And he did die as it was, for his wounds mortified, and he sank under the fever that came on; but at his death, he asked to see his captain, and holding out his hand he said he forgave him; then he sent for Margaret, and said he forgave her also, but told her to be aware of sin, for we must all come to a death-bed; and then the sore of sin would be greater anguish than even the sores of which he was dying. And Margaret never took her eyes off him till he breathed his last. And then, the story goes, she never closed them more ever after, but the little sleep she got, she slept with her eyes wide open. Well, after Sergeant May's death, his captain was arraigned for cruelty, and for having caused his death, and he was scouted by all his officers, and the king took away his commission, for the court pronounced sentence against him, and he was broke, and as he was a very proud man, he could not bear it, and so went mad; for pride, they say, comes before a fall, and he is now in a lunatic asylum. As to Margaret, she never rested, and her open eyes were fearful to look upon; nobody could bear to see her but her poor mother, and at the last, she disappeared from the place, and none ever found her out; it is thought that she wandered to the sea-coast, for she was traced to Worthing, and some of her clothes were found on a lonely part of the shore, and it is supposed she drowned herself; and they do say her spirit walks about here o' nights, but I never seed it, nor yet that of her old mother, who some pretend hobbles about, leaning on her stick as she used to do when in life, only wailing and wailing dolefully, and crying Margery, pretty Margery; and this is the rightful story of the "Lovers' Walk."—*Love, a Novel.*

*The Distinction between Bronchitis and Asthma* which auscultation enables us to make is evidently an important matter for investigation, especially to those who consider the latter a functional disorder, and therefore to be strongly contrasted, as far as treatment goes, with inflammation of a mucous membrane. But the distinction is more difficult to be made, because the violent and suffocative action of the respiratory muscles in asthma tends to stretch and otherwise mechanically irritate the mucous membrane, which is the seat of the bronchitis. Those, however, who observe closely, will find that where the asthma is not complicated with other complaints, there is no mucous rattle,

and the sound on percussion (of the Stethoscope, to the ear or chest,) is very clear. It must be observed that in making these observations, I intend to apply them to the forms of asthma which are called nervous or spasmodic, and not to those affections of the respiratory organs which have obtained the same name from some authors, and which are attributable to organic diseases of the heart or great vessels.—*Holmes on Consumption.*

*Birth-day Present.*—Lady Herbert gave her husband a tender glance of reproach, and to recover her composure, took from her neck a watch and chain, which she placed around his, and said, trying to speak cheerfully: "May this watch remind you how I am watching every moment when you are absent; and this chain be an emblem of that which binds us together—light and lasting.—*Love.*

*Pulverized Milk.* A much better substance, says Professor O'Shaugnessy, can be prepared by evaporating perfectly fresh milk to dryness at 100°. The process requires attention to prevent the temperature rising, which would curdle the milk, and the fluid must be in very shallow pans, to accelerate the operation. The heat should be applied by a water-bath. The milk thus treated, dries perfectly, keeps for months, and retains its solubility in water. The flavour of the solution is exactly that of fresh milk. The powder makes excellent custards and puddings, and is a capital article for food, and even of luxury, at sea."

*An Umbrella Life Preserver.*—The wells at Constantinople as at Smyrna are left uncovered. An English gentleman carrying an open umbrella on account of the rain, slipped in, but its circumference being greater than that of the well, he was just sustained until his cries brought assistance.

*Coronation Comforts.*—Mr. Bonnel Thornton, who was present at the coronation banquet of George III. and his Queen, says, "It was pleasant to see the various stratagems made use of by the company in the galleries to come in for a snack of the good things below. The ladies clubbed their handkerchiefs together to draw up a chicken or a bottle of wine. Some had been so provident as to bring baskets, which were let down like prisoners' boxes at Ludgate or the Gatehouse, with "Pray, remember the poor prisoners!" It was pretty much the same at the coronation of George IV.

*The Roc de Falere.*—In a spot near Caixas, in the Eastern Pyrenees, as stated in a Perpignan paper, there used to be a remarkable rock, called the Roc de Falere, standing sixty feet high, and having at its base a capacious spring, the favourite rendezvous for parties, and an object of curiosity to strangers. A short time since, sounds were heard

in its vicinity, resembling an earthquake, followed by a powerful explosion. Some of the inhabitants, on going to the rock, found it shivered into innumerable calcined fragments, and the spring totally gone.

*Count Pozzo di Borgo* has been laid up at Ashburnham House, from the effects of a singular accident. The Count was paying a visit to Lord Holland, at Kensington, when through the *gaucherie* of the domestics, they wheeled Lord Holland's easy chair over the foot of the ambassador, who was seated in the drawing room.

*Simple Costume of a Prince's Family.*—In the prince's De Samos' palace I made some awkward mistakes. I mistook the son for a servant, the daughter for a housemaid, and the wife for a cook, their attire and demeanor were so humble, that they displayed no superiority over the other females.

*Sir W. Knighton's Memoirs.*—I saw no more of the prince (George IV.) till I was made his physician in ordinary, in the year 1818, when I was presented. The prince was then civil; spoke to me and inquired for Lord Wellesley. The second time I went he said nothing, and his countenance betrayed displeasure. This, I afterwards found, arose from his having been informed that I had spoken offensively of him, in regard to his conduct respecting the princess of Wales. This was a falsehood, and of course carried to him to stop my progress at court.

*Dancing Dervishes.*—Whoever visits Turkey should, by all means, see the dancing Dervishes; they wear loose robes, which extend to the feet, and a high buff-coloured cap. They exhibit their agility in a building at Pera, in a circular enclosed space, twenty feet in diameter; seventeen or eighteen walk very solemnly round, bowing extremely low, and with some grace, to a certain priest whenever they pass him. All of a sudden one extends his arms to their length, and turning round rather slowly, closes his eyes. His example is soon followed by others, and at last the whole number are seen spinning themselves round with their arms extended and with considerable rapidity; yet though in so small a space, they never hit or jostle one another. It is a religious ceremony, but what the meaning is, I know not.—*Hervé's Constantinople.*

*Unjust Demands.*—That portion of "Love," which treats of the demand made by Lord Herbert on his daughter for 10,000*l.*, and the application of it, offers a wholesome lesson to the kind-hearted and benevolent of the sex. Rare is the instance where such crescy, as was there enjoined, can be needed in an honourable transaction: yet how many generous women have their means thus basely torn from them?

## THE POET TO HIS PURSE.

THE WORK AND GIFT OF THREE SISTERS.

A PINDARIC ODE.

BY LORD NORTHAMPTON.

Hail ! Hail !

Thou levity of levities ! Thou empty purse !  
 Thou sieve of gold-dust, were there aught to fall  
 Of genius, and of fancy, thou dry nurse ;  
 Thee, by what name endearing, shall I call,  
 Embalming thee in verse ?  
 Oh ! how I love thy radiant hue and matter,  
 But only wish thy form a little, little fatter.

A little roundness would become thee much,  
 For, truth to say, thou'rt very, very thin ;  
 Thy mouth is small ; in sooth it should be such,  
 Useless if large, when nothing ere goes in.  
 I would not have thee like an alderman,  
 With huge rotundity of form and chin ;  
 But I must own indeed, to see the ninnies,—  
 Dull prosy folks, who neither will, nor can  
 The muses serve,—have purses full of guineas ;  
 This grieves my heart, and makes me bold to express  
 The wish, that thy smooth, silky prettiness  
 Held something more than air and emptiness.

We poets yet, \*

As was Apollo, erst are poor ;  
 He ran in debt

We may be sure,  
 And never paid the coachmaker his bill  
 Who furnish'd him his phaëton ;  
 And we his sons, can testify, that still  
 Pactolus is not Helicon !

Dear purse, my song returns to thee,  
 Thou creature of my patronesses three ;  
 I gaze admiring, on thy silken sheen,  
 Thy rings vandyked, thy pendent glossy ends,  
 Thy meshes intricate, of green and blue ;  
 Thou proof the Muses and the Graces are good friends.  
 Another proof less pleasing, dost thou yield—  
 Purses are sooner made than fill'd.

Farewell, my purse, farewell !

To other themes I tune my lyre ;  
 For gold, my verse disdains to swell,  
 To wealth, my thoughts no more aspire ;  
 Let laurels twine around my head,  
 My country echoes to my fame,  
 Although my home may be a shred  
 And tatters clothe my shivering frame !  
 Alas ! poor purse, my glory still may be—  
 Empty, like thee !

## Monthly Critic.

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*Memoirs of Sir William Knighton. By Lady Knighton. In 2 vols. 2nd Notice. Bentley.*

The life of this private friend and confidant of George the 4th is now again before us. This publication, it is well known, has excited a fever of expectation in the reading world equal, if not superior, to that Diary which has been falsely ascribed to Lady Charlotte Bury. Judging from the manner in which the author of that work dealt with her, or his unfortunate correspondents, every courtier, who had supplicated royal favour through Sir Wm. Knighton, or who had entered into an intrigue of diplomacy connected with the court or household of George the Magnificent, seems to have been in an agony of apprehension, expecting to see the ghosts of buried hopes and fears rise in dread array, multiplied through the wicked combinations of Bentley's types, and clad in winding-sheets of folioscap for the edification of the public.

For some reason, the leading articles of the press seemed to consider Lord Brougham by anticipation as likely to be especially aggrieved: they rang with his legal opinions respecting the right of individuals to the copyright of their own letters, a question by the way to which it is well that public enquiry should be directed, and about which if so inclined, we could say a great deal. Meantime, all apprehensions are now set at rest, respecting the *wicked violation* of private confidence, by the appearance of the dreaded volumes. It will be evident on their perusal, that although a part of the correspondence, may become available to the historians of the Times of George the 4th, yet there is nothing published to wound the feelings of a single human being. The Memoirs of Sir William Knighton are truly the records of a good man's life, and will be pleasing and instructive to classes of readers who would fly from highly seasoned scandals as moral poison. No lady need be ashamed of

suffering these volumes to appear on her boudoir table, no mother need forbid her daughter to open their pages; far from this, the letters of Sir William Knighton to his son and daughter cannot be too much diffused among young people entering life. The christian father appears in every page. In many instances the contents of these volumes remind us of the letters of the brave Admiral Collingwood to his family. But above all we are pleased with the single hearted humility in which the early circumstances of the friend of George the 4th are discussed. His good principles occasioned his favour with George the 4th, who at least had the sagacity to appreciate an honest man when he met with one; indeed that monarch is raised in the eyes of reflecting persons by the fact that he had the good sense to approve of a person like Sir William Knighton, and form a strong attachment for him. The circumstance, which led the King to place unbounded confidence in Sir William was that he restored to the King a packet of most important papers that had fallen into his hands at the demise of Colonel Mac Mahon, who had been highly in the confidence of George the 4th; he was at that time one of the royal physicians, but had not been distinguished by any marks of royal favour. The King was struck by the gentlemanlike delivery of his manner when he performed this duty, without stipulating for the slightest reward; this conduct, which after all is but honorable dealing, in strong contrast with the rapacity of some court employes when they have become possessed of royal secrets, advanced him deservedly to the King's intimate friendship. George the 4th placed his pecuniary affairs in the hands of a man he found trustworthy, and the management of Sir W. Knighton delivered him from debt and embarrassment. Such was the origin of the friendship of George the Fourth for Sir William Knighton.

The early life of this true friend of

the English monarch is discussed without any affectation of concealment or mystery. He began his career as an apprentice to a medical practitioner in a country town. He was descended from a genteel family impoverished by the profligate conduct of the father of the family. So far from being ashamed of his medical tyroship, one of his letters is full of gratitude for the opportunity he had of an education, which he made the means of advancement. He thus expresses himself :—

“ To the question of your friend relating to me, ‘ *Do you know his history?* ’ I answer, Few do, I believe, and scarcely he himself. He is indebted to Providence for what he possesses, and to industry and application for what he may else have obtained. At one time he was in a measure deserted by the world, and a consultation was held whether he and his infant sister should be committed to the care of the parish. Before the sun had shone two years on one, and one year on the other, they were left orphans; and the father that was thus deprived of life had spent in irregularity and intemperance a comfortable independence, and died at the age of twenty-nine. *Reflection* was the inheritance of those he left behind,—probably of more value than gold. My grandfather, whose death immediately followed my father’s, died, possessed of much wealth, in misery, because his fancy suggested that he had done nothing for us orphans: but it proved otherwise. To him I am indebted for the fortune I possess, which educated me, and brought me to that which I now attempt to profess. A part of this fortune was attempted to be kept from me by my father’s youngest brother; but it has been happily recovered since I have been in this place.

“ The stories that have been told of me have been beyond everything wonderful. ’Tis but of little consequence. The mother of Euripides sold greens for her livelihood, and the father of Demosthenes sold knives for the same purpose; but does it lessen the worth of the men? Yet, as Johnson observes, ‘ there is no pleasure in relating stories of poverty; and when I tell them that my father was an old bookseller, let them be content without further inquiry.’ What man, now he is dead, did not rejoice at the honour of his acquaintance? Many would be as proud to handle the pencil of Titian as the sceptre of the Emperor he painted.”

The weakest part of these volumes consists in the publication of a great number of mere notes of conventional

kindness from various exalted personages. In this collection Lady Knighton has not had author-like experience sufficient to distinguish between letters that are valuable to collectors of autographs and those which stamp a strong characteristic interest on a literary publication. The early journals of Sir W. Knighton when he accompanied Lord Wellesley to Spain are of little value, they have the boldness and baseness of a mere road book, but are now and then interspersed with pleasing observations illustrative of the feelings of a tender husband and father; still that part of the work bears but a scanty portion of interest. About the middle of the first volume we begin to read with eagerness the correspondence of George the 4th. The reader will notice the following letter of the King’s, written at a time when Queen Caroline was seized with her fatal illness; the propriety of its tone and abstinence from all apparent hostility form a strong contrast to the imprudent epistles of his unfortunate cousin and Queen which we have quoted from another Diary.

“ Off Holyhead, August 10th, 1820.

“ DEAREST FRIEND,

“ As I know you like brevity in writing, I shall endeavour to be as concise as possible, and shall try to convey to you all the matter possible in the smallest compass.

“ I must first thank you for your kind letters, the last of which I have but just now received. You need not be under any apprehension that every regard to decorum and decency will not be strictly observed.

“ I have now been at anchor in this harbour ever since Monday night at half-past eleven, when we received the first intimation of the Queen’s indisposition.

“ On Tuesday at noon, as I had heard nothing from my friend Lord Sidmouth, who had passed over to the other coast some hours before, we took up our anchorage here. We had reason to know he had heard the report before he left Holyhead; and it was determined, as the best medium-line that could be adopted until I could hear from him, that I should proceed for twelve hours to Lord Anglesea’s.

“ Accordingly I wrote to Lord Sidmouth and Bloomfield, to acquaint them with the communication I had received respecting the Queen, to account for the delay in my not proceeding to Ireland, and desiring Lord Sidmouth’s advice as to what I had best do, and that he would make all the arrange-

ments which might be necessary under existing circumstances.

"I returned from Plasnewyd to my yacht here, about four o'clock on the next day (Wednesday), and found Lord Sidmouth just disembarked and ready to receive me. He stayed about two hours with me on board, and then again took his passage in the steam-boat, having arranged with me, that if the accounts from London of the Queen the next day should represent her to be in an improved state, that then we should set sail as quickly as possible, and land at Dunleary, and make my public entrée at Dublin on that day (Friday); although he had already taken measures for a private entry if matters should be worse, as it was utterly impossible for me under any circumstances not to proceed now to Ireland, where public notice would be given that I should observe the strictest privacy for some days, until we were acquainted either with the Queen's recovery or her demise, and till after the body should be interred.

"Lord Londonderry fortunately arrived the next morning after Lord Sidmouth left me,—that is to say, yesterday, Thursday, before seven o'clock in the morning,—and has remained with me, and will continue to do so till I have set my foot on the Irish shore. He approved of all the arrangements I had made with Lord Sidmouth as the best possible, and with every view I had taken of the whole circumstance; and it is now determined that either in the course of the day, or as soon as possible as the wind and weather will permit, (but which at present does not appear very encouraging,) we are to set sail, either in the yacht alone or by steam, to Ireland; to make Howth (about five miles from Dublin), and to proceed without any sort of show or display to the Phoenix Park, without entering or passing through Dublin at all. My arrival there will then be publicly announced, and thus the strictest privacy for a few days will be observed, as far as proper decency and decorum may require; and that after that, the day will be announced when I shall make my public entrée, and when all public ceremonies and rejoicings will commence.

"Continue, I conjure you, from time to time, and constantly if you can, to let me hear from you, be it only that 'all is well;' for even this is a security and comfort to me that you cannot imagine: it is utterly impossible for me to tell you how uncomfortable and how miserable I always feel when I have not you immediately at my elbow. You may, then, judge what I do now at this moment feel, and what I have gone through without you near me, during all these recent perplexities and difficulties.

You are too well acquainted with the warmth of my feelings towards you to render it necessary for me to add a syllable more upon that head, dear and best of friends, except that I am always

"Most affectionately yours,  
"G. R."

The following anecdote of Lord Byron shews that Sir W. Knighton's judgment of results, arising from his perceptive discrimination of character was acute and unerring. This peculiar acumen seems to have been in him a most decided talent; and a certain answer at the end sets at rest a quackery which some men have for miscalling the noble poet.

"I was Lord Byron's medical attendant for some time previously to his marriage. One morning, on making him my accustomed visit, I found the table at which he was writing covered with printer's proof-sheets, scraps of manuscript verses, &c. On my being announced, he neither raised his head nor the *pencil* from the paper he was rapidly scribbling, but said, 'Be so kind as to take a book, and be silent for two minutes.' A longer time had scarcely elapsed, when he threw down the *pencil* with an air of satisfaction, exclaiming, 'I have done at last!' He apologized for claiming a poet's indulgence, saying, that the last four lines of that stanza had given him more trouble than the whole of the poem besides; adding 'The right words came into my head just as your carriage drove.'

"His Lordship then rose, and, with a smile, said abruptly, 'Knighton, what do you think I am going to do? I am going to marry.' I replied, 'I am sorry to hear it, my Lord.' 'The d—l you are! And why should I not?' 'Because I do not think you are constituted to be happy in married life.' 'He looked grave, and after a pause said, 'I believe you are right; but the ladies think otherwise,' (alluding to his sister, Mrs. L.). 'However, the die is cast; for I have presented myself in due form to the lady's papa. I had an amicable reception. The only personal question put to me was when I was mounting my horse: Sir Ralph called after me, 'Pray, my Lord, how do you pronounce your name? Birron or By-ron?' I replied, 'B Y, sir, spells *by*, all the world over.'"

The second volume of these Memoirs is by far the most attractive to the reader. It contains many letters from the late King, the Princess Elizabeth, and Duchess of Gloucester, breathing the most tender family friendship for



their brother when he was enduring his last severe illness. This portion will be read with great interest by the public. Here are also several letters from Sir Walter Scott which are not comprised in his memoirs. Among other passages we note the following brief but acute observation of Sir Walter :—

“ I saw it reported that Joseph Hume said I composed novels at the clerk’s table : but Joseph Hume said what neither was nor could be correct, as any one who either knew what belonged to composing novels, or acting as clerk to a court of justice, would easily have discovered.”

Also another anecdote related by Sir Walter respecting his ward, Lady Northampton :—

“ He said, moreover, he should meet Lady Northampton at Naples, who was originally a ward of his. He mentioned with delight the following anecdote as an instance of her playful cleverness. ‘ When she was about to be married,’ said he, ‘ I thought it necessary to write to her on the subject of pecuniary matters, and as to what settlement was to be made for the benefit of younger children, &c. ; upon which she answered me by reminding me of a story that I had told her many years before : A poor man in Scotland was about to be executed, and when the procession reached the gallows, those about him said, ‘ Now we will sing any hymn or psalm that you may have a fancy to.’ Upon which he replied, ‘ Sing what you please ; I shall not meddle in those matters.’ Sir Walter laughed heartily at the conclusion of his story.”

We here find the Duke of Wellington’s reasons distinctly stated for preventing the royal visit to the city in year 1830. This is matter for history. The Duke’s valour could afford to take precautionary measures. We were never more struck with the true dignity of plain good sense and its real superiority to the bluster of violence than in these observations of the Hero of Waterloo :—

“ I waited on the Duke of Wellington, and found his Grace glad to see me, and in good spirits. The ground he took on the subject of the Lord Mayor’s dinner was, that he advised the King and Queen not to go, because the probability was that bloodshed would have happened in their presence.

“ In regard to myself,” he said, ‘ I had

no desire to be massacred ; which would have happened. I would have gone, if the law had been equal to protect me ; but that was not the case. Fifty dragoons on horseback would have done it ; but that was a military force. If firing had begun, who could tell were it would end ? I know what street-firing is : one guilty person would fall, and ten innocent be destroyed. Would this have been wise or humane, for a little bravado, or that the country might not be alarmed for a day or two ? It is all over now, and in another week or two will be forgotten.”

The heartfelt tone of piety continues through the whole of Sir W. Knighton’s Letters from his earliest career, as much in the time of his high prosperity as when health and life began to decline, and correspondence is continued within a few days of the time when he was laid at rest in M. Carden’s, Harrow Road Cemetery, where it was his particular wish to be interred.

The embellishments of these volumes consist of a very pleasing and well engraved portrait of Sir William from Sir Thomas Lawrence, and the autograph of a singular letter from George the 4th to Sir W. Knighton which we do not find in the letter press, nor any allusion to it in the narrative. We have no doubt but that Sir W. Knighton’s family possesses stores of material which would electrify public curiosity, if good feeling did not keep them in abeyance till a future period : when like Horace Walpole’s legacy, the boxes A and B in the blue breakfast-room ‘ may be’ opened fifty years after the death of the principal correspondents. We really regret to take our official leave of these highly interesting and wholesome volumes.

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*Victoria Victrix. Stanzas addressed to her Majesty the Queen.* By Charles Whitehead. Churton.

Of all trials to poetic genius, the subject of royal panegyric is the most difficult to surmount with success. Scott would none of it, and Southey holds the laurel without paying his annual quit-rent of a song. Mr. C. Whitehead has here sung a voluntary on the accession of her present Majesty in a style of great elegance, it is in a far superior

strain to any laureate stanzas we recollect to have seen ; and when we consider (if we rightly construe some lines in the introduction) that it has been written under circumstances of suffering and deprivation, we think the

poem of *Victoria Victrix* will be read by its royal inspirer with re-doubled interest.

We have space but for three of Mr. Whitehead's polished stanzas :—

O God ! who hast, before her perfect noon,  
Call'd this our Sovereign to an earthly throne ;  
In whom we deem we see a present boon,  
Which shall hereafter be a blessing shewn ;  
If aught of Thy intentions may be known  
By our weak sense,—if we assur'd suppose  
The odour of the flower, or ere 'tis blown,  
And from the bud conjecture of the rose ;  
What glory shall we see when its ripe leaves unclose !

And yet, since nought is glorious in thy sight,—  
Since, out of Heaven, the best are human still,  
Guide her, that she may know Thy will aright,  
Guard her, that she may safely do Thy will.  
Confirm her virtues, and to us fulfil  
The hopes her future years before us spread :  
And as, upon the summit of a hill,  
The rays of the full sun are soonest shed,  
So may Thy mercy's beam light first upon her head.

And grant ; for oh ! how dearly, well thou know'st,  
We priz'd *her* promise once, and priz'd in vain,  
Who now is counted of Thy heavenly host,  
And sits with Angels of immortal strain ;—  
Grant, over us, Thy Servant long to reign.  
This land, for royal CHARLOTTE'S loss, requite  
With our VICTORIA ; bless her, —and sustain :  
Out of our darkness then, be now our light,  
As oft the loveliest day springs from the darkest night.

*Rufus or the Red King. A Romance.*  
In 3 vols. Saunders & Otteley.

WILLIAM RUFUS, is a fine stirring romance, written by a person who is not only minutely informed on every particular regarding the antiquities and history of the remote period in which he has cast his story, but by one who treats his subject with freedom and fire. Now, these are qualifications we very seldom see united in the writer of historical romance. Such of our readers as are given to chronicle reading, will well remember the scandal that rampant *pagan*, William Rufus, brought on Christendom, by endeavouring for love of gain to re-convert to Judaism, a young Jew, who had left the faith of his old father ; the old man bribed the christian king to re-convert his heir. William did not succeed, but insisted on retaining half the fee, because he

had taken as much pains in the business as if the proselyte had turned Jew again. Of this odd incident our author has made admirable use. His characters of the young Jew, Nicholas de l'Epee, and of his father Jodesac, are cast in the boldest style of originality. The young Jew Simeon, has escaped from Winchester with a christian ward of his father, who is the hero of the late *Cœur d'Acier*. The accidental meeting of the two runaways on their return to the Jew's house, is admirably described.

"Some tall trees which grew just within one of these enclosures, and shot their long arms over the wall, now fixed the attention of *Cœur d'Acier*. Seating himself upon a large stone beneath the shadow of the overhanging foliage, he looked upward, and said at last in audible tones—"Yes—here, at least, I can scarcely err—this must be indeed the house of Jodesac—I remember me that

from this very elm we dropped to the free earth the night of our departure—I and the never-resting Simeon——!" he paused, as his mind journeyed back to the period he thus recalled, then added—"by St. Mary! I marvel if that mischief-loving imp be yet hanged for some fair deed—yet more, how I am to present me before his grisly sire—the Rabbi Jodesac—if the spawn of the old serpent came never again to his unbelieving home——."

A hand was laid upon his shoulder at this moment, and a voice said,—

"I will instruct thee, Raymond."

He started, and beheld Nicholas L'Epee.

"*Thou* here!" was his involuntary and not delighted exclamation.

"I— even I—," said the modest Nicholas, "a fair assurance did I give thee that we would indeed visit together the mansion of thy Jewish sorcerer. Now, behold me! up, and enter, Sir Squire of the North! and, again do I say, I will instruct thee how to perk thy visage in the beard of the Rabbi Jodesac, with never a twinge of conscience touching the lost Simeon."

"Why," said the surprised Raymond, "what knowest *thou* of the lost Simeon?"

"That he is *found*," replied De L'Epee, "found, gentle Raymond, where *thou*, methinks, hast lost both eyes and ears. What! can the lapse of six summers—a shirt of mail and a cap of steel—a Milan brand and a christian oath, so change an ancient comrade that, quick-witted as thou art held, thou yet knowest not Simeon, the son of Jodesac *cum barba*, in Nicholas-with-the-sword, who was baptised Christian ere ever a hair had sprouted upon his chin!"

Raymond's surprise at this disclosure of identity, was scarcely greater than at his own sluggishness of perception in not anticipating it; and yet, so great was the singularity of the thing, that it still struggled against perfect conviction. Proof, however, by the adduction of circumstances, was too clear to be long resisted, and Raymond indeed saw, in Nicholas de L'Epee, the very Simeon upon whose boyish restlessness of temper he had wrought to fly from the paternal roof.

"Blind as the earthworm!" he muttered to himself, and then looked as if confounded upon the sudden apparition of his converted friend, sprung from idle boywood to the vigour of the full grown man; and upon his expanded limbs, the array of chivalry, instead of the despised garments of Judaism."

The master of the Jew esquire, a Knight of Free Lanus, Alberic de Coci, is our favourite character throughout the whole romance. Whenever he appears, the dialogue lightens up with

no little fire and animation. As for Rufus, we have seen him better done. The scene in Robert of Gloucester, where he quarrels with his chamberlain regarding his hose, is hit off with more point and wit, than in the romance. Our readers will notice too, how the old chronicler mimics the broken English, and the French expletives of the Rufus. Here are the words of our earliest author in English.

"As his Chamberlain him brought, as he rose one day,

For the morrow for to wear a pair of hose of say,

He asked, 'What hi costined?' Three shillings, the other said,

'*Fie a dibles*,' said the king; 'who says so vile a deed?'

A king to wear clothes but what costined more,

Buy a pair at a mark, or thou shalt suffer sore!"

A worse pair forthwith the other to him brought,

And said they were for a mark and hardly so bought,

'Yea, *bel ami*,' quoth the king, 'they were well bought,

In this manner serve me, or thou shalt serve me not.'"

The scene where the monks are out-bidding each other for a rich abbey is done better in chronicle than in the romance, in short our author has more power when he relies on his own original conceptions than when he paraphrases chronicle. Want of concentration of the narrative round his most interesting persons is his chief fault, he is sometimes obscure and sometimes leaves us unsatisfied, while he flies off to a crowd of new personages, for whom we care nothing. He has the usual fault which hangs heavy on most of the romances of the day, telling his story by dialogue instead of narrative, this is a great injury to his work, since it spoils in many parts, the light free colloquial tenor of the scenes. The mysterious Saxon Wolfsic, who is the grand mischief-doer of the tale, does not please us so much as the other characters we have named; the interest of his unaccountable whisperings with the accused Raymond in his dungeon, has been forestalled in Peveril of the Peak, and the horrors of the Bamborough

caverns, are rather too much in melodramatic caricature for good taste. The author has, however, happily availed himself of the dubious circumstances attending the fall of William Rufus, in the New Forest, to attribute the death of that monarch to the Saxon's arrow.

Our authors' self esteem, is a little more apparent in the preface, than is good for the well-being of his work; he is self-conscious that he has produced a romance replete with fine passages; one might be disposed to praise him more if we did not think he would be inclined to imagine that he is all perfection, as if by inspiration, at first starting.

*The Normans in Sicily. Sequel to an Architectural Tour in Normandy*, by K. Gally Knight, Esq. M.P. Murray.

THE times when Proserpina gathered flowers in Sicily and Dionysius, the Tyrant, had an ear at Syracuse, are far more familiar to the memory than any thing else, relating to this paragon of islands. Of the history of Sicily, in the middle ages, of its present population and productions, readers in general know little, and till Mr. Gally Knight published the present work, it was not easy to learn; his information we must therefore acknowledge to be both welcome and wanting. This tour is ostensibly for scientific purposes, in which are, nevertheless, many amusing passages of no little interest to the general reader. Foremost we will introduce the remains of Syracuse, as a specimen.

"August 27.—No spot which I ever beheld ever illustrated the transitory nature of earthly things more strongly than modern Syracuse. Historians have distinctly described the vast magnitude of the ancient city. Enough vestiges remain to confirm the truth of their statements. The harbour is still in existence, which originally made Syracuse the emporium of the world; but the harbour only contains a few fishing-boats and speronaras, and the Syracuse which now exists is but the wreck and mockery of departed greatness.

"You cast your eyes on the rising ground at the upper end of the harbour. Where is Neapolis? Where is Tyche? Where Achradina? There they assuredly stood; but what is now there?—Absolutely nothing!

On the other side of the bay you distinguish the Doric shafts of the temple of Jupiter Olympicus: the very temple which contained the statue from which Dionysius the elder purloined the mantle of gold. How deep into the past do these remembrancers carry your thoughts!

"From hence we repaired to one of the ancient quarries—all so picturesque with their fantastic masses of rock, trailing shrubs, and trees. In this quarry is the cavern which goes by the name of the Ear of Dionysius. A winding groove in the roof of the cavern, whether natural or artificial, conveys the sounds which rise from beneath to a particular spot. To that spot my companion suffered himself to be slung up by ropes, and, when there, was able perfectly to distinguish whatever was said by persons at the bottom of the cavern, in the ordinary tone of conversation; but whispers, he deposed, were inaudible."

It was a most excellent plan to publish the historical outline of the Norman domination in Sicily, in connection with the particulars of a tour made in search of the architectural remains of that great people. We earnestly wish all history were written in the same authentic manner.

How lively and forcible are our feelings when we see before us the tangible remnants of the works of mighty generations, who have passed away long ere we existed; and we trust our readers will be pleased with the simultaneous effort we are making in pictorially exhibiting the costume of those times. We like to see history illustrated by the remains of antiquity, and this we are happy to remark, is a taste becoming every hour more prevalent in the present age: we, therefore, do most heartily congratulate Mr. H. G. Knight, on the great services he has performed to the literature of his age, by his labours in a department which few persons, excepting men of distinction and influence, could favourably undertake, and he has done well, and deserved well of his country.

Like all persons who wish to draw near to the fountain head of historical information, he has studied the contemporary historians of the times of which he treats, and his work is rich in notes quoted from the Sicilian chronicles.

His description of the Saracenic palaces of the Zera and Cuba, will be read

with great pleasure, both as regards their present state and their former splendour, from the details of the chronicles of the middle ages ; but it is not only on former times that this brilliant writer exercises his agreeable powers of description, here is his approach to Palermo, and part of his picture of that city :

"I left Cefalu the same afternoon, impelled by the first favourable breeze which had filled our sails since we turned the Pharos. We glided along in a very agreeable manner, past Termini, and for a few miles beyond.

"The breeze then died away. The men had recourse to their oars. It became dark. At length we descried the lights of Palermo, which were then about twelve miles distant. "I lumi di Palermo !" exclaimed our men, who had not been a little annoyed by the tedious length of the voyage. "I lumi di Palermo !"—and with renovated spirits, they broke forth into Sicilian songs, and pulled away with great vigour.

"Palermo, placed on the margin of its beautiful bay, is surrounded by a rich and extensive plain, which is bounded by mountains of the most varied outline. The city stands on ground which slopes down to the sea, and stretches along the shore. On the western side of the bay, the remarkably picturesque Monte Peligrino closes a scene of which it is the chief ornament.

In a climate which blends the oriental palm, and aloe, with the orange-tree, the fig, the olive, and the vine ; cheered by the brightest sun, refreshed by the purest breeze, and looking upon the dark blue waves, Palermo is one of the most attractive spots in the world. No wonder that the Saracenic princes made it their capital, and that the Normans followed their example.

The leading features of modern Palermo are two great streets, each above a mile in length, which cross each other at right angles ; and the Marina, which skirts the sea. The two streets, in their present form, are the creation of Spanish Viceroy. The Cassaro, which is the principal street, is lined on either side with lofty houses in a stately style of modern architecture. Bold cornices, and ponderous iron balconies prevail. The balconies are usually filled with flowers, or shaded with striped verandas, which add colour and richness to the scene. The ground floor of all the houses is turned into shops, the front of which consists of one large open arch that supplies the place of windows and doors, and mixes the traders with the pedestrians. Above these shops is the *ptano nobile*, or the apartments occupied by the proprietors. From the fifth and sixth stories often project long rows of light

iron gratings, which belong to various nunneries, and enable their inmates to catch a glimpse of the world. The Cassaro is always full of bustle and animation."\*

We can with pleasure recommend this instructive and sterling book, as an excellent addition to every library.

*The Lights and Shadows of Irish Life.*  
By Mrs. S. C. Hall, author of *the Bazaar*, &c. &c. Colburn.

Wherever the manners and characteristics of people are studied from life, a certain degree of value is undubitably stamped upon a literary production ; according to the faithfulness of the portraiture, so is in general the success of the work. Mrs. Hall's *Irish Sketches* have the merit of being studies from nature, and if we do not find in this lady's copious volubility of diction, the force and nerve of Miss Edgeworth's dialogue, still we must remember that Miss Edgeworth writes no more, therefore the very attempt to follow in her wake is a virtue. Changing times produce varieties of character, and we find that Mrs. Hall, has taken laudable pains to produce features of Irish life, as it is in the present hour. She does not always discriminate between peevishities and poignant circumstances which tell well in print, and her conceptions are often borne down and diluted under a torrent of thrice as many words as are required. However, these *Irish Sketches* are calculated to be popular, and we have, no doubt will please many readers, for the very faults we have named, such as are common with the voluble Charles Matthews, have sorts of admirers with amusement lovers in the present day. Mrs. Hall's narrative is greatly superior to her dialogue, often swamped in the manner named. No such fault can, however, be found in the following extract ; and our readers will allow that the picture is both forcible and true.

" 'Keep up your spirits, my lily,' said one venerable man ; 'sure there's no accounting for Old Granny's doings—maybe she's off to gather flowers, or herbs, at the

\* The Cassaro derives its name from Alcazar, Arabic for the Palace, to which the street conducts

charmed hours. Who ever thought of minding her ?

" ' But Maurice—Maurice ! ' murmured poor Anty, her feelings forcing her to acknowledge an interest which at any other time her maiden modesty would have compelled her to dissemble.

" ' Maybe she's taken him for a safeguard,' continued the comforter ; ' there's sometimes wild doings along the coast, and she might not like to go as a lone woman down the glen, where the rag-wort, ground ivy, and more whose names I forget, grow most plenty.'

" ' Who ever thought of harming Granny ; ' replied the maiden ; ' those who never honoured God nor feared Satan have bought her charms as a safety, and she might walk through sin and murder without suffering ; —who ever thought of harming Granny ?'

" She had hardly finished her sentence when the house-dog barked, and steps sounded from without. Several ran to the door, but Anty's feelings so overcame her that she hung to the dresser, unable to move or speak : in an instant a mingled crowd of the water-guard and soldiers belonging to a detachment quartered at the neighbouring fort filled the cottage, and those who entered last bore upon a rude bier, formed by their crossed arms, the murdered body of ' Old Granny.' As they placed her remains upon the very table which her hospitable hands had spread but a few hours before for the entertainment of her friends, there was a dead silence—the awful silence of extreme horror ; those who had remained with Anty appeared paralyzed. One of the soldiers rolled a cloth to support the white head whose hairs were clotted with gore, which had not ceased to flow ; and the sight of the trickling blood recalled Anty to her senses, while it told her of the extent and reality of her bereavement ; her scream—loud, shrill, and terrible—startled every creature within hearing, it was so wild and so prolonged. She threw herself upon the body, where she lay, as inanimate and unconscious as the clay she pressed. Then came the questions, brief but earnest—the who?—the when?—the where? Who did the murder? The soldiers and water-guards separated so as to show a group of bound and fettered men whom they had thrust into a corner—the foremost of them was MAURICE GREY !

" ' Now the great God of heaven guard us ! ' exclaimed one of Anty's aged friends, advancing towards him. ' It is an awful night and an awful time—and there's many a charm and many a change over the earth which poor mortals can't understand : but if you be Maurice Grey—the Maurice Grey whom I nursed many a winter's night upon my knee, and whom that murdered craythur

loved next to the girl now stiffening by her side—speak, and say you had no hand in this ! ' "

While Mrs. Hall has the tact to seize with some acumen the absurdities and excellencies of Irish character, we wonder that she should not be superior to the now low mania of attaching ideas of vulgarity to particular districts in London. When the Omnibuses run from extreme east, to extreme west, for *saxpence*.

" Of course, I resolved to present Matty's letter myself, and went, for that purpose, to one of the peculiarly smart, neat—I had almost said *vulgarily* neat—streets that skirt the Regent's Park. Nothing can be more at variance than the aristocratic-looking houses, half buried in gloom, and excluding daylight as a too familiar object, in May Fair, and those prinky green and white dwellings, where city folk enjoy themselves and entertain their neighbours at the north East of the Metropolis.

It is indeed, a nice cry for the owners of land and houses, that so far west now extends to the streets skirting Regent Park.

Did this mania which makes London the laughing stock of foreigners, first arise among the dwellers in ancient halls, and lordly palaces, or among the *parvenu* class itself? That is a question we think wants solving. Poor Regent's Park ! it is to be hoped that before your respectable and, in many instances, refined and aristocratic inhabitants abandon your beautiful streets and *vulgarily* neat dwellings, they will assure themselves that your countenances have always inhabited an eery of sufficient pride of place, to authorize them to look down upon you ! It is time that the strong good sense of well descended Englishmen should put a stop to a most inconvenient folly, which is growing into a national one. How aptly did Sir Walter Scott, define the word *vulgar*, when he forbade it suse to his young daughter. " There is nothing vulgar, he said, but pretence and pretenders."

Away then with the capricious pretension, regarding pride of place ! a folly that has sprung up among authors, whose duty it is (or ought to be) to weed out such noxious habits, and not originate, or foster them. We deny

that this nonsensical mania originated among the high bred and courtly aristocracy of our country, who are distinguished for the simplicity and absence of consequential pretence in their manners. Amidst all our literary nobility, we remember but one who belongs to the silver fork school of writing; *he*, who might look down upon the inhabitants of Regent's Park; but who else, throughout the whole of our literati, we should like to know, would join him in the folly.

*Fitzherbert, or Lovers and Fortune-hunters, by the authoress of the Bride of Sienna.* Saunder's and Ottley.

Fitzherbert possesses one grand requisite, the power of captivating the attention of a reader: a certain clever individuality of style, appertains to some portions of the narrative which at times atones for improbable incidents and inconsistency of character. Wherever the fair authoress relies on herself, and on her own observation of life and character, she is intensely interesting; but, wherever she imitates the faulty compositions of those whom she fancies are the peculiar favorites of the public, she lamentably fails. This is the more to be regretted since her natural talent is good, and if she had never read a modern work, she would have produced an original standard novel. Her character of Emily Harland, and all the incidents relative to her and to her change of fortunes, are extremely interesting. But our authoress does not seem to have a proper judgment regarding the moral qualities of her own characters; her other heroine, Camilla, is, from the time she scampers down into the vault to be buried with her mother, a most odious and faulty actress, and when prompted by jealousy to make her unfeminine orations on Whigs and Tories, and rant as an improvisatrice with "her torrents of dark hair," Camilla is not a whit superior in female dignity to the acting and intriguing Sullivans, and certainly not by many degrees so amusing; for the adventures of the younger Sullivans, are naturally and well written. The probable and delicate gradation of cha-

acter in Anne and Angelina Sullivan, ought to point out to the authoress that her talents really reside in the power of pencilling with feminine skill, the incidents of home and social life, and the inner workings of the female heart. Such we should have expected from the authoress of this highly and minutely finished poem of the *Bride of Sienna*; who could have supposed that this lady could have perpetrated the coarse caricature of Miss Matthews, or set up the handsome dunce Fitzherbert as an hero; a person quite as worthless, and every way deserving as calamitous a destiny as Richard Sullivan. Fitzherbert, it is true, is endowed with the affected and wrong-headed heroine Camilla, as a bride, who, no doubt, in due time would prove a sufficient punishment for his falsehood, and vacillating principles.

Meantime, the character and situation of Miss Matthews are well planned, but the whole wants toning down by the hand of taste; we weary of the broad and improbable accidents which are perpetually befalling her, and of the common place scrapes, she plunges into at every turn. Goethe truly says:

"No character is wrong but that, which is inconsistent with itself." The extreme artifice of Miss Matthews, would have been exercised constantly in guarding her wig, and keeping her fine clothes out of harm's way, as well as in watchful observance for her presumed interests. But to the character of Richard Sullivan, the charge of improbability especially belongs, the shallowness of his plots, such as setting fire to inns, the odious circumstance of his being the son of Shufle, his improbable folly of buying a special licence, when he was destitute, in order to pretend to be about to marry a woman whom he did not intend to make his wife, are events forced, unnatural, and strongly inconsistent with modern habits and manners. Character names to, are worse than bad. Who can meet with the names of Shufle, Revel Quibble, Syntax or Flauntarton, and expect to be amused with the definition of their characters? All these faults arise from the aptness of an inexperienced writer to follow bad models; the present style of authorship is that of violent transi-

tion from one hurried impossible incident to another; the public show the disgust this style produces by nearly abstaining from reading fiction; yet crowds of new authors follow their predecessors in the same track, instead of striking out into original paths of their own. Supposing our fair authoress had wholly relied on her own powers of observation, on our present social state, and confined her incidents and the actions of her characters, to the semblance of life and probability, we should have had truthful and improving pictures like the following admirable sketch of school quackery.

"Henry was accordingly ushered into that most uncomfortable of apartments, a school-mistress's show drawing-room. It was a cold, keen day, but no fire blazed a cheerful welcome; in its place the grate was hung with a piece of silver-paper, which must have cruelly tasked the eyes and hands of some poor pupil or teacher, for it was cut into a pattern emulating the finest lace, and is a decoration known to the initiated as a Coburg-apron. Although there was no fire, there was every sort of fire-screen and hand-screen, all the odious varieties of transfer. Oriental tinting, pencil tinting, japanning, in fact, all the tawdry, mindless manœuvres with which young ladies spoil good paper and white wood. Then there were fly-catchers sufficient to have caught all the flies in the village, but which had not obviated the necessity of covering all the frames and ornaments with yellow muslin. There were card-racks, more abundant than the cards; baskets in every frippery variety of beads, wire, clove and alum; chair-covers disfigured with distorted flowers; japanned tables, and tea-chests and boxes; glaring wax-fruits, and chenille flowers under vases; and lastly, but most important, a large silver drinking cup, likewise under a glass case, and with an inscription informing the curious that it was presented by one hundred quondam pupils of Mrs. Syntax, as a small token of gratitude for her more than maternal care, and respect for her talents, virtues and acquirements. The few drawings which hung from the walls were execrable, so much more common is mechanical industry than one ray of genius or one iota of taste; so that four hundred and ninety-nine will work to perfection, for one who can draw a face tolerably or group a picture with any success."

But above all things we would advise an author, especially a lady, to eschew jokes and puns, perpetrated at

the expense of humanity, such as the following:—

"Most Frenchwomen (as an intelligent friend once observed to us) contrive, by dint of taste, or art, or grace, or something, to be pleasing, and often pretty when dressed, but here and there you meet with one who has made up her mind to be ugly, and when that is the case there is nothing we know of so hideous. Of course she has not come to that resolution without great inducement from nature, perhaps not without having vainly tried the resources of art; but when it does happen, her own grey hair is strained off a fallow forehead, her high cheek-bones are unshaded by a cap, her teeth neglected, her dress a squalid shawl and wrapper, and even her foot (in general so justly the Frenchwoman's boast,) takes refuge in a dirty shuffling slipper. There is nothing of the neatness or cleanliness about her, which her pretty countrywomen display, and which makes the ugly of other lands tolerable.

"A more perfect specimen of this very rare genus was never beheld than in the old Countess de Belmont; and yet, in spite of these immense disadvantages, there was a charm in her conversation, a grace in her manner, and a cultivation in her mind, not often met with among countesses of any age or place. When very young, finding she could not charm by her person, she had resolved *briller par l'esprit*, and some forty-five years back had won the Count de Belmont,—then officially employed, and pronounced 'a very rising young man'—from hosts of competitors with sparkling eyes and all the charms of dress and beauty. The rising young man, as Quibble would say, had redeemed the pledge; for he had been elevated—to a hurried gallows—*à la lanterne*, in the awful excitement of the year 1790."

There are still other errors in judgment. The work abounds in laudatory passages, on certain authors of name in the literary world, both in regard to their personal qualities and their works; if this is meant to exalt the fame of Messrs. James, St. John, Hook, &c. they will scarcely acknowledge that they require the effort, however kindly meant; if however, it is done to induce them to return the compliment, the very consciousness that their praise was purchased by flattery, would impose silence on them. Another instance of impolicy is the scornful mention even of periodicals, in which the authoress *was glad* to write in times past, whose notice she



also courted, when establishing some degree of literary reputation. The want of wisdom in such a line of conduct, we need scarcely point out.

*Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum*,  
March, April, May, Nos. 45, 46, 47.  
Longman.

We have not yet taken leave of the *Arboretum*, although, to the regret of its readers, it is drawing nigh to its conclusion; but while it monthly produces such interesting new matter, and beautifully embellishments, we are right well content to be its fellow traveller. The main body of the letter-press, however, finishes in the March number, having brought the *Coniferæ* to an end with the *Junipers*; and it concludes with some magnificent and curious representations of *Yuccas* and *Agaves*. The rest of these two months are filled with supplement and index; the former richly illustrated with wood-cuts.

*The Suburban Gardener*, Nos. 10, 11, 12. Longman.

These are three valuable numbers of the *Suburban Gardener*, larger (indeed, of which, none will complain), than their predecessors, and plentifully embellished with wood cuts. The series, giving practical directions for the choice of ground for a villa, by a *nouveau riche*, from the city, is useful to all classes interested in villa building. Mr. Loudon, gives us all the ambitious whims of Mrs. C——, with the utmost *naïveté*,—but we think that if her castellated lodges, and archery grounds for the Misses, and riding grounds for the Masters, had been in the hands of Messrs. Hood and Hook, they would have given an especial good account of them. What torments such customers must have been to a landscape gardener. Moreover, we cannot help laughing at the unhappy *Coniferæ* imprisoned in the garden pots at the Hendon Villa; poor vegetable wretches, we should like to go and break all their pots for humanity's sake.\* We really think Mr. Loudon is very good, not to laugh over his task, but he discusses whims which

are only inspired by the smell of metropolitan smoke with the most laudable gravity, and is seriously inclined to guide the good people possessed with them to rational tastes we cannot, therefore, but wish him every possible success.

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*Architectural Mag.*, March, April, May.  
Longman.

*The Architectural Magazine*, continues to increase in value and utility; the professional reviews are skilfully written, and among them we find an excellent paper on Dr. Arnott's Stove. We have also been amused with *Katas'* papers of *Chimneys and Cottages*: we think the tastes of the writer a little paradoxical; but the word wood-cuts, make the papers useful. The author should, we think, have given us more instances of ancient chimneys in English manorial and castellated buildings, he would then have convinced himself that this part of a building often makes a picturesque addition to a landscape, and ought, therefore, to be introduced into the study of modern architecture.

*Advice on the care of the Teeth*, by  
Edwin Saunders, Dentist. *Twelfth*  
*Thousand*. Ward.

Our fair contributors cannot find a better instructor on the subject of the teeth, than Mr. E. Saunders; every lady who values her personal attractions should, indeed, read this little treatise, and we would advise every mother who has growing up girls, to make them read it through to her, as the mischief that children do their teeth by idle tricks, is incalculable, and is a subject of deep regret to them in after life, which is conveyed in perspicuous language easily to be understood.

Were we collecting a toilette library, this treatise should, occupy a prominent place. By the way, what do our fair friends think of that idea of a toilette library; we know that book stands are always part of the furniture of a lady's dressing room, and why should not one shelf be devoted to the service of health and beauty; as well

as to Rowland's Macassar, Hannay's Rhondolelia, or Blount's eau de Bouquet, Gowland's Lotion, Hubert's Milk of Roses, or Ede's endless accessories of the toilette.

*Self Dependance. A Tale.* By Eliza Paget. Darton & Harvey.

Self-Dependence is, in this moral tale, placed in contra-distinction to a religious reliance on the guidance of the Supreme Director of events. The story is written with ease and simplicity, united with talent, that commands the reader's attention. When qualities like these are in conjunction with a high moral aim, what more indeed, can be desired in a juvenile work? From the title we were at first led into an error, imagining that the fair authoress meant to repress a fault which is liable to beset the daughters of the affluent; who too often make themselves entirely dependant on the services of their attendants. Had such been the aim, in a personal point of view, Self-Dependence is a virtue. But this is not the object of the work, as it is meant wholly to reprove "presumptuous sins," and as such perhaps 'Self-Reliance,' or 'presumption,' would have been a better title.

*Memoirs of the Beauties of the Court of Charles II.* Part 4. Colburn.

This number is occupied with the beauties Lady Bellasys, Lady Southesk, and Mrs. Nott. The first engraving is the best; but the portrait is a little injured by the introduction of two vile cupids, which distract the eye. Lady Southesk is a pretty little sullen creature, who looks too weak in intellect to keep herself out of mischief. Mrs. Nott, is certainly attired in the mourning habit of that day, which assumed a character approaching to the conventual costume.

The literature comprises the memoir's of Lady Falmouth, Mrs. Nott, Lady Southesk, and Lady Sunderland; we find Mrs. Jameson is an apologist for this deceitful *intriguante*, though not

however, bringing forward, in her favour any other instances than the fact that she once gave her guineas to a charity, and that she was related to Lady Rachel Russel; this is scarcely sufficient to bear down the testimony of the writers of all parties belonging to the seventeenth century. Mrs. Jameson can see nothing wrong in one party; nothing right in the other; but the nature of her work, makes it exceedingly amusing, to watch how she extricates herself from the sometimes dangerous position in which she has placed herself.

*Treatise on Engineering Field Work.*

By Peter Bruff, Esq. Simpkin & Marshall.

The present time, when all England is under course of survey, on account of the tithe adjustment and railway courses, we should think to be a very propitious moment for the publication of this work. The clear and simple diction of this treatise must, indeed, recommend it to many landholders, who are interested in the question of tithes, and consequently desire to have an insight into the proceedings of the persons employed to survey the several districts and parishes.

Part of the book is, therefore, not inaptly devoted to railroad surveying. The treatises on surveying in use being antiquated and inapplicable, to the extraordinary rapidity of modern improvement, we believe this work may be considered a desideratum in the present day.

*Pigot's Pocket Atlas.* Pigot.

This much required work partakes more of the nature of the *Gazeteer*, than that of a mere *Atlas*; the letter-press is much superior to the usually bold wording of such works; it traces the railroads now in progress, both in the maps and in the descriptions, and makes other improvements, which are in progression over England. We like the plan, and consider that the work deserves extensive encouragement.

## Music of the Month, Concerts, &c.

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IF the music performed during the past month, at her Majesty's Theatre, presented nothing novel as regards composition—the excellence of those selections, on subscription as well as benefit nights, added to strength of cast and very perfect execution, leaves little to be desired in this, whatever there may be in the ballet department.

The operas of *Norma*, *I Puritani*, *Don Giovanni*, and *La Somnambula*, have been severally given, both vocally and instrumentally, as near perfection as we ever remember to have heard them. In addition to the exquisite singing of Grisi, Persiani, Albertazzi, Berberi, Lablanche, and Tamburini, great care has been bestowed upon the chorusses, which, together with additions of scenic and costumic novelties, all tend to the completion of an *ensemble*, calculated to please the most fastidious critic. The incongruity of the finale to *Norma* being performed before a scene representing the interior of a Greco-Roman Temple, has been done away with—and in its place, very correctly designed after Sir Samuel Meyrick, figures a perspective of the circular, trilithous, in the centre of which gleams the sacrificial fire, surrounded by other appurtenances of Druid worship; and with interest, the frequenters of this house, will turn to the present month's illustration. The *Don Giovanni* has been likewise mounted with entirely new scenery—and the catastrophe rendered as appalling as sheeted spectres, reanimated statues, demons, and varied fire, can effect. Lablanche's rich and quiet humour, as cowardly Leperello, merited all praise—his "*statua gentilissima*," was *buffonissimo*. Tamburini enacted the gallant Don with great spirit, and gave the music with his usual care, taste, and finish. His duet with Persiani, "*La ci darem*," was rapturously encored.

The performance of Rubini did not please us—the music of Mozart is spoiled by the *fioriture* peculiar to his style.

Grisi did not appear to advantage as Donna Anna, though she gave the little she has to do with great force and expression. Albertazzi sung as gracefully but as frigidly as ordinarily. The Aminta of Persiani, in the *Somnambula*, has done more to establish her fame upon the boards of this theatre, than any previous part in which she has appeared—her "*al giunge*," was honoured with a double encore. The lessee has, it seems, experienced no little difficulty in carrying out his arrangements and engagements for the ballet, and disapprobation of a character unusually stormy for this temple of harmony, has on several occasions been manifested, but on Saturday the 26th ult., good harmony again reigned among the subscribers, and *habitués*, by the announcement of his engagement of Madlle. Taglioni, and her certain appearance there, on the 1st of June, and we are happy to be able to announce her arrival.

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MR. BENEDICT'S NEW OPERA. Cramer.—The past month has been rather prolific in musical novelties. Mr. — Benedict, a pupil of the lamented Weber, and of fair fame in this country as a pianiste, has produced an opera at Drury Lane, called the "*Gipsy's Warning*." Like most others of the *romantic* school, its plot laughs to scorn the 'unities' so rigidly adhered to of the olden time; and the poetry of its libretto, generally speaking, rarely soars above common-place composition. The mind of the composer is evidently imbued with the Plutonic school, in which he has studied—his melodies are, for the most part, chaste and unpretending—whilst his harmonies partake of the diametrically opposite character—we think many of them (looting at the pianoforte arrangement, and not having seen the score) needlessly complex,—and evincing too profuse a display of accidentals to suit the ordinary capabilities of the English amateurs.

Nevertheless, over-studied as they

frequently are, they shew careful composition and of a good school. Limited as has been Mr. Benedict's success, he has evinced capabilities which argue fair promise of considerable advance, when his broad German style of instrumentation shall have been more maturely engrafted with the graceful, animated melody of the Italian school.

The following pieces well merit notice, and are generally calculated to please:—

#### "THE GIPSEY'S WARNING."

1. "*Scenes of my Youth.*"—Ballad sung by Miss Romer. An exceedingly pure composition—which, without desiring to allege the slightest charges of plagiarism, forcibly reminds us of the style of "Weber's adagios."

2. "*Rage thou angry Storm!*"—Sung by Mr. Phillips, bears a character similar to the foregoing—a grand melody, well suited to the peculiar *sortenuto* in which Mr. Phillips' style of singing is so executive.

3. "*When a pretty Girl.*"—Sung by Miss Cawse. A sprightly, *allegretto*, very archly sung by Miss Cause.

4. "*From our rocky tower on high.*"—Mr. Seguin, solo and chorus. A spirited and well harmonized glee, without advancing any very great claim to originality of subject.

5. "*Blessed be the Home.*"—Serenade of students. The most salient *morceau*, of Mr. Benedict's opera—very effective as arranged for three voices—the concluding movement has somewhat the buoyant, joyous Swiss character.

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#### THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

Music by Alexander D. Roche.

1. "*Aileen Mavourneen.*"—Words by Mrs. S. C. Hall. A very pretty *naïve* ballad worthy to be ranked with the national melodies of Moore. The music a very natural echo of the sentiment conveyed by Mrs. Hall.

2. "*When lovers come to woo a Girl.*"—Sung by Miss Shaw. A lively and extremely simple air—the latter a characteristic by no means unacceptable to the generality of amateurs, where the melodies, as in this opera, are both original and captivating from their very simplicity.

3. "*A perilous thing is the Blarney.*"—A good song in the true Irish style—redolent of whiskey, and waggyery—and given by Mr. Bower with all his inimitable and characteristic humour.

MESSRS. THOMAS AND GRATTAN COOKE'S CONCERT.—On the 18th ult., at the Hanover-square rooms, was one of the most attractive and crowded we have attended this season. Shortly after its commencement the throng was so great as scarcely to afford standing room to late comers. After a very excellent and varied selection of vocal and instrumental music, the audience were regaled by the performance of Haydn's celebrated Joy Symphony, the execution of which imparted so much delight that the younger portion of the company, seconded by their seniors, entailed upon the orchestra an encore. The gem of the evening, to our mind, was a Madrigal, composed by Mr. J. Cooke, given with full choir, the words of which we subjoin:—

#### MADRIGAL.

THE WORDS BY G. M. BUDD, ESQ.

Shall I waste youth in sighing  
For Phillis, uncomplying?

No, no, no, no,

I'll let her go,

And comfort find for her denying.

Wine its choicest sweets shall lend me;

Beauty's brightest smiles attend me;

No more I'll wear a face of care,

Or let cold Phillis' frown offend me.

Haste then, Shepherds; music's treasures  
Shall yield her gayest measures;

And maidens coy

No more enjoy

The pride of marring all our pleasures.

Know ye not, ye fair and cruel,

Flame exists not without fuel?

So love, unfed by genial fires,

Glimmers, flashes, and expires!

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MRS. WM. SEGUIN AND MISS FOSTER'S MORNING CONCERT, at the Hanover-square Rooms on May 25, was well attended. Although Mrs. Wm. Seguin laboured unfortunately under the effects of cold, yet, in the air "*Dove sono*" the audience were altogether charmed. Miss Foster played "*Concert Stuck*," on the piano, with such force and feeling that the attention of every one was rivetted to the piece; so also in a fantasia by Shalberg this young lady astonished her auditory by the grandeur of her execution. Mademoiselle Caremoli delighted by her sweetness in the air of "*se Romeo*,"

Mrs. Bishop sang sweetly as ever, "*as the Robin when once fondly cherished.*" Chatterton was clever in a fantasia, of his own composition, on the harp. De Begnis in the humorous song of "*Jai de l'argent,*" was rapturously encored: Signor Curioni was full of sentiment; Madame Eckerlin, in Rossini's Rondo, "*Pensa alla Patria,*" exhibited masculine and sometimes sweet powers of execution. A Mademoiselle Catrufo made her first appearance in this country in the air "*Vaga Luna,*" which she sung in a very pretty, chaste, and effective style; so much so, that we augur most favourably for the future. A rehearsal at the Opera House caused considerable delay and confusion in the morning's arrangements.

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, 53, PALL MALL.—In this exhibition we found an unusual number of pleasing specimens in its particular walk of art. Amongst other clever landscapes—

No. 5.—Goodrich Castle, by G. B. Campion, beautifully rich in colouring.

No. 17.—A view of Furnes, near Belgium, by T. Sims, treated with poetic art.

No. 41.—The Lady of the Lake (not certainly a beauty), and a View of Ellen's Island, Loch Katrine, by H. Newton. The scenery is beautifully painted. It is a large and attractive picture.

No. 62.—Hampstead from the Hendon road, by Mr. J. Chase, a lovely scene.

No. 71.—Winchester from St. Giles's Hill, by T. Maisey, a very difficult and extremely well executed work.

No. 75.—A view in the evergreens at Woburn Abbey, by H. W. Burgess—very true to nature, where nature's lawns and habitans are cut and shorn at the will of man.

No. 107.—Hastings, by A. Penley. The figures are well and naturally grouped, and the cliffs, vessels, and scenery depicted with judgment and spirit.

No. 116.—La Rose Favorite, by F. Rochard. As well named as well painted.

No. 140.—Scene from Anne of Gièrstein, by Ed. Corbould. A perfect gem both as regards composition, colouring, and attention to general detail. This is sold for sixty guineas.

No. 149.—The Assuaging of the Waters, by John Martin—a bold and very poetically treated subject in the artist's very peculiar but forcible style.

No. 156.—Interior of Edward the Confessor's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, T. Keamen. A very clever and elaborate drawing of that wonderful specimen of the highly ornate style of perpendicular Gothic architecture. The cross-lights thrown over the picture evince great skill.

No. 164.—Dorothea, by H. P. Riviere—painted with considerable breadth, but the figure (a very charming one) is stunted by the frame being disproportionately small for the subject.

No. 168.—The (fair) Student, by Fanny Corbeaux. The only fault is that the face is too angelic to be fit for the earthly soil of thinking.

No. 178.—Portraits, doubtless as such very pleasing. The drapery of the chamber, and children in particular, merit praise.

No. 192.—The Sons of Jacob before Joseph, by H. Warren—a gorgeously treated subject. The costume details seem very correctly attended to, and it possesses much depth and glowing effect of colouring.

No. 198.—L'Entretien Gallant, by F. Rochard. A very pleasing miniature in the best style of art.

No. 206.—Augustine's Mission to the Anglo-Saxons, by W. H. Kearney. In our humble judgment, the costume is not exactly true to the period.\*

No. 226.—Picknicking, in Wanstead Park, by T. Lindsay—a sweet bit of rich woodland scenery.

No. 236.—Antwerp Cathedral, by G. Howse, Gothic details, rich in execution elaborately worked out.

No. 241.—Richard and Friar Tuck, by C. H. Wergall—characteristically and humorously treated, particularly on the part of the rosy-gilled friar.

\* In those days, contraction of the waist was not; we allude to the male figure. Neither was the hair of women allowed to appear from under the coverchief, far less in clustered ringlets.

## THEATRES.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—No new piece has been produced during the month excepting a Ballet entitled "*La Ressemblance*," for the debut of Mademoiselle Fitzjames, and to each we assign *equal praise*. The Operas have been "*La Sonnambula*," "*Norma*," "*Il Don Giovanni*," "*Lucia di Lammermoor*," "*Il Puritani*," and "*Cenerentola*." In the caste of Giovanni Pilce, Grisi, Albertazzi, Persiani, Rubini, Tamburini, Morelli and Jablache, presented a phalanx of talent seldom witnessed by an English public. Her Majesty has been at the Opera nearly every evening.

We are sadly lack of the presence of Duvernay and Taglioni. There seems, however, to be a greater number of frequenters of this Theatre this season than ever.

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**DRURY LANE.**—At this theatre we have had a new comic Opera entitled "*Diadeste*." The words by Fitzball, the music by Balfe. Celina (Miss Romer) and the Countess Amalfi (Fanny Healy) are blessed, the former with a jealous husband and the latter with a roving betrothed. The "nice young men," Manfredi (Templeton) and Steno (Phillips), are bosom friends, but Manfredi is so afraid of the fascinating manner of the latter, that he neither introduces him to his wife nor allows her to go out without a veil. Manfredi and Celina agree to play at "*diadest*," a Venetian game, something like that of our April fool, as the humour of it consists in offering your adversary something, which if he accept without first crying "*Diadeste*" he loses the game. The stake is 300 ducats and the time limited is one day. Manfredi's jealousy is aroused by hearing that Steno has received a love letter from a veiled incognita, whom he suspects to be his Celina. He therefore resolves to watch her closely, but unexpectedly he is called to the Ducal Palace. Meanwhile, the ladies hit on a scheme to cure the foibles of their

respective partners. The Countess meets Steno as the veiled incognita and drags him to Manfredi's villa. Celina contrives that hints shall be spread abroad which awaken the jealousy of her husband, who accordingly goes down to his villa fuming greatly. The husband finding the door locked of the apartment in which Steno is concealed, angrily demands the key. Celina offers it; he snatches it from her, and she tells him he has lost the ducats because he did not cry "*diadeste*." Steno is then dragged forth, handed over to his own fair lady, the plot is explained and they are all friends. Our favourites are the duet (the air of which forms the finale) "*Diadeste charming play*," sung by Miss Romer and Templeton. The Duet "*Life is but a summer day*," by Phillips and Templeton. Phillips's song "*In the winter of old age*," and the Quartet "*Come listen all*," sung by Emma Romer, Fanny Healy, Poole and Giubelei.

Mr. Charles Kean has appeared as Othello with but slight success. Miss Allison took the part of Desdemona.

Mr. Charles Kean takes his benefit on Monday the 4th June, in the part of Sir Edward Mortimer, in Coleman's "*Iron Chest*." And we have no doubt he will put something into his own "*iron chest*" by his London engagement.

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**COVENT GARDEN.**—On the same night that Balfe's Opera Buffa was performed at Drury Lane Theatre, an Operetta from the pen of Mr. Hullah, the composer of "*The Village Coquettes*," was brought out here. It is entitled "*The Outposts*." The scene lies in Germany. The best things in the piece are the chorus of "*Our Fatherland*," and the finale Quartet.

A farce entitled "*The Veiled Portrait*" has been brought out with some success.

On Wednesday the 23rd, Sheridan Knowles's new play, "*Woman's Wit; or Love's Disguises*," was presented to

the public. The play opens with a drawing-room scene in the house of Sir William Sutton (Bartley) where a grand ball is given. Lord Athunree (Ward), a dissolute man of fashion is waltzing with Hero (Miss Faucit), the niece of his host, who is betrothed to a youth named Valentine De Grey (Anderson). Walsingham (Macready), one of the guests, observes that he hates Athunree on account of his base conduct towards a young lady of his acquaintance. Athunree makes the company aware that he is waltzing with Hero merely to annoy De Grey. The jealousy of De Grey becomes aroused, he reproves her for dancing with such a person, and a quarrel of course ensues between the lovers. Walsingham then becomes acquainted with Eustace, (a part enacted by Miss Taylor) a youth who is very expert at the sword exercise, and to him in an after part of the piece, he confides the reason of his hatred of Lord Athunree, which is in consequence of his having once loved a lady named Helen, whose honour Athunree blemished. Sir W. Sutton is lamenting his niece's giddiness when he is suddenly intruded upon by a quaker lady and her servant, who have come (as they pretend) to give spiritual advice to Hero, but who soon are found out to be the mad cap niece herself and Sir William's own servant Clever (Harley). A plot is then set a-foot by Hero, who sends Clever to De Grey to tell him that a modest cousin of Hero's named Ruth who resides at Greenwich is excessively like the object of his attachment, from whom he is estranged by the levity of her dancing. De Grey catches at the notion of finding a person of equal beauty as Hero united with a greater sense of decorum, and accordingly pays a visit to Hero's quaker cousin—he is delighted with her manners, becomes instantly captivated, and is persuaded to renounce all worldly vanities, become quaker and take the homely name of "Friend Peter." Lord Athunree, however, gets scent of the lonely habitation of Hero (who is in fact the quaker cousin) and bribes Lewson (Diddear), a creature of his own, to make him, at night, a passage through her chamber window. Eustace then

challenges Athunree for the blemish cast on his friend's character, Walsingham's mistress Helen. Athunree gives him a wrong slip of paper, which betrays his plot against Hero. Another love scene takes place between the Quakeress and De Grey, who has assumed a Quaker habit. He asks Ruth for her hand, she assures him that Hero still loves him, and refers him to that lady; but promises to marry him if his suit is negatived. Eustace has an interview with Hero, informs her of the plot, and then discovers himself to be Helen, formerly a friend of Hero's, and they rush into each other's arms. Lewson, who enters the chamber by the window, is struck with penitence at discovering by some letters that Hero has relieved his starving family, and a bible turned down at the words "Go and sin no more." In the fifth act Eustace meets Lord Athunree, Walsingham being his second. The latter, who loves the boy for his likeness to his long lost Helen, insists on being principal in the affair; they are, however, interrupted by officers sent by Sir W. Sutton a magistrate. The parties are brought before him; the fair Helen is declared unblemished. It is proved that Lord Athunree has merely raised a scheme to calumniate her; Eustace (now Helen) embraces Walsingham, and De Grey entering, discovers that Ruth and Hero are one person, so that in the end all are made happy.

Some of the most beautiful passages are Sheridan Knowles's description of love. For instance, where Sir Valentine presses his suit with the Quakeress.

"Hear me! O the world! the world,  
That's made up of two hearts! That is the sun  
It moves around! There is the verdure! There  
The flower! the fruit! The spring and  
autumn fields,  
Which in the reaping grows! the mine that  
work'd  
Accumulates in riches—ever free  
From the influences of the changing stars,  
Or aught, save that which sits above them  
higher  
Than they above the globe! Come! make  
with me,  
E'en such a heavenly world."

And again:—

"Sir Val.—She never gave  
Her heart to me.

*Hero.*—She did! you know not when  
A woman gives away her heart! at times  
She knows it not herself. Insensibly  
It goes from her! she thinks she hath it still  
If she reflects,—while smoothly runs the  
course

Of wooing; but if haply comes a check—  
An irrecoverable—final one—  
Aghast—forlorn—she stands to find it lost,  
And with it all the world!"

The piece was received by a crowded house with every mark of approbation, and we congratulate Sheridan Knowles on the addition of another play to his long list of beautiful productions.

Some of the scenery is new, and great care has been taken in the getting up of the piece.

**HAYMARKET.**—A very successful farce entitled "*Weak Points*," has been produced from the pen of Buckstone the actor. Mr. Jeremy Wheedle (Buckstone) introduces himself into the family of Mr. Docker (Webster) by studying the weak points of each member of the establishment. He carries his point so far that he is even about to be married to Miss Penelope Pump (Mrs. Glover), a rather elderly, but uncommonly wealthy maiden lady, residing in the house. Penelope has a beau, Jolly (Mr. Strickland), but Wheedle does for him at once, by telling Miss Pump, that the wicked, deceitful man, has a wife still living. Penelope, on hearing this, consents to elope with Wheedle. He is, however, cut short in his career, by his own weak point being detected. He is apprehended for the forgery of a will, and like a penitent sinner, confesses that what he has said against Jolly is a lie, and then directs the audience to draw a moral from his sad fate; which arises he says from his having paid too much attention to the weak points of others, and not enough to his own.

"*Suzanne*," a petite drama was also produced on the 14th. It has been written to display the graceful motions of Madame Celeste, and was very successful.

A farce termed "*The Irish Barrister*," would have been condemned but for the acting of Mr. Power as a barber.

A musical drama from the pen of Mr. Lover (the author of *Rory o'More*)

entitled "*The White Horse of the Peppers*," is on the eve of production. Power sustains the principal character.

**ST. JAMES'S.**—"Love and Charity," a new Burletta, may claim an average share of approbation.

"*Cosima*," an Operatic Burletta from the French has been brought out. The music, which is mediocre is by M. Prevost.

"*The British Legion*" is a very clever farce from the pen of Haynes Bailey. Three young sisters, Mrs. Honey, Miss Williams, and Miss J. Mordaunt, have each a lover in Spain. The soldiers return home: but before they see their sweethearts, their servant, a bit of a wag, persuades the ladies that their lovers have respectively lost a leg, an arm, and an eye in the service. The girls determine to meet their swains in disguise, in order to learn the truth of these statements, and the gentlemen aware of their intention pretend to have suffered these mutilations, which double deception is productive of much fun, and is likely to engage the attention of the theatrical world for some time.

The Opera of the "*Devil's Bridge*," has been revived and proves an attraction.

**OLYMPIC.**—"Naval Engagements," a clever burletta from the pen of Mr. C. Dance, met with deserved success. Admiral Kingston (Farren), a widower, and his son Lieut. Kingston (C. Matthews), more like brothers than parent and child, are mutual confidants, and agree that neither shall offer any objection to the marriage of the other, provided the ladies selected are suitable in years. The Lieutenant goes to Gibraltar, and falls in love with a Mrs. Col. Pontifex (Mrs. Orger), a widow fifteen years his senior, and the Admiral remains at home, and becomes enamoured of Mary Mortimer, thirty years his junior. Each doubts how to break the matter to his confidant. Attended by their lady loves, they chance to meet at the same inn, and each party is struck with the absurdity of the other's proposed marriage, a violent quarrel then ensues. Mrs. Pontifex and Miss Mortimer, seeing how matters stand



resolve that each shall wait on the intended of the other, and induce a reconciliation. The result of the two interviews is, that the Admiral falls in love with the widow, and the Lieutenant with the spinster, and they agree to an exchange of ladies: each has then a partner suitable to his years; and the father and son become as great confidants as ever. The piece is an amusing little comedy, exceedingly well acted, and was, as it deserved to be, received with universal uproar.

The only other novelty of which we have to speak, is a farce called "*Patter versus Clatter*," in which Mr. C. Mathews appears to great advantage. It is after the style of the pieces in which his father earned his fame; of course, there is no great plot in it, as the merit consists in the personification of several characters by one actor.

The Olympic closes on the night of our appearance, so that we are unable this month to give our readers Madame Mathews's "farewell address," prior to her departure for the '*United States*,' a land doubtless long in prospect more congenial with her sentiments, although we must be allowed to give Madame the credit of 'expressing' herself most generously and feelingly alive to the support and favor she has received (and as an actress merited), at the hands of her countrymen.

**ADELPHI.**—An extravaganza, entitled "*Pat and the Potatoes*," has excited considerable merriment at this house. Mich Mulligan (Power), has been shipwrecked near Japan. Twanke (Yates), has stolen his potatoes and introduced them at the table of Moon-eye (O. Smith), king of Japan. Pho Phoh (Wilkinson), informs Mich that the potatoes have made the fortune of Twanki, who is about to marry Pho Phoh's daughter Ching Ching (Miss A. Taylor). Mich and Pho Phoh, go to Japan, accompanied by Blue nose, a monkey (Mr. Michinson), Mich and Ching Ching fall in love, and acquaint Moon-eye of the villainy of Twanki. A discussion takes place, when Blue nose enters and throws the whole into confusion. Moon-eye is exasperated, and orders both parties to be beheaded.

Blue nose, however, interferes and becomes the favorite of the capricious monarch, who bestows the hand of Ching Ching on Mich, and the curtain drops. It will be seen that the piece is altogether extravagant, but affords good opportunities for the exercise of Power's brogue and blarney.

The house closed after a successful season, on Saturday, the 19th; and Mr. Yates very appropriately alluded to the losses which he and the public has sustained by the death of John Reeve.

**STRAND.**—"The Tobit's Dog," a new burletta founded on an adventure of Lord Rochester, in the days of Charles the Second, of merry memory, has been produced with success. Near Paul's-chain in the olden time, stood the sign of the Tobit's Dog, kept by one Jacob Whittington, and much frequented by the wealthy citizens, and occasionally by the court gallants. The story now attached to it runs thus. Lord Rochester (M. J. Lee), is scheming to get possession of Alice (Miss Daly), wife of Jacob Whittington (Hammond), the Landlord. Jacob sends his wife into the country. She is, however, intercepted by Rochester, to escape whom she assumes the disguise of a lady of quality, and returns to the house of her husband. Here she again encounters Rochester, who works upon her jealousy and almost persuades her, that her husband has sent her into the country, in order to carry on an intrigue during her absence. This idea is assisted by the sudden appearance of Lady Diana Clarges (Mrs. Franks), who is to marry Rochester, but she being in love with Saville (Mr. Franks), has disguised herself as a waiting maid, and persuaded Jacob to let her see how her lover and her proposed husband are conducting themselves in his house. Alice mistakes Diana for the mistress of her husband, and a scene takes place between the two dames and Rochester. Rochester orders a supper at the Tobit's Dog, and Jacob the landlord, at first believes the guests are to consist of Diana, who is still disguised, Saville, and a lady whom Rochester tells him is a court beauty, but whom Jacob dis-

covers to be his own wife. Diana and Alice are reconciled, upon an explanation being given by the former, and Saville agrees to assist them in exposing Rochester. Rochester accordingly becomes the butt of those whom he supposed would be his dupes, and he is obliged to relinquish Diana to Saville, and Alice to her husband who become the best of friends. The piece is likely to become a great favourite at this peculiar and prosperous establishment.

A trifle from the pen of the veteran Moncrief, entitled "The Cannibal," was produced on the 7th, with success.

Hammond sustained the principal character.

"Tom Thumb," has been revived for master Hutchinges, a child only 4 years old, who takes the part of the hero of the piece.

"Hamlet," and "The Lady of Lyons," are about to be travestied after the fashion of Othello, which was so attractive last season.

PAVILION.—The Pavilion is doing very well under Mr. Yates' management. A new burletta called "The King of the Danube, or the water Lily," has been produced.

## THE ROSE OF MERRIE ENGLAND.

BY TENNANT LACHLAN.

The loitering sun, ere his race begun,  
Peep'd o'er the misty hills,  
And he gazed awhile on his own sweet smile,  
Chasing the sportive rills.  
Then he sent the breeze to arouse the trees,  
Himself awoke the flowers;  
And his first fond kiss so teeming with bliss,  
He gave 'mongst Flora's bowers,  
To the Rose of merrie England!

When the God of day, in his bright array,  
Mounted his dayling throne,  
And no eye could brook, the proud Monarch's look,  
One flower rejoiced alone;  
In the full noon-tide, like a blushing bride,  
She raised her modest head,  
And she bared her breast, in it's beauty drest,  
And Love's soft breath was shed,  
From the Rose of merrie England!

Soon a crimson dye in the pale blue sky,  
Told of the sun's farewell,  
But before he went, a luster he sent,  
O'er forest, hill, and dell.  
And one fairy flower, at that parting hour,  
Curtain'd her scented bloom;  
With the last faint light, she sigh'd her "Good night,"  
And folded in leafy gloom,  
Slept the Rose of merrie England!



# QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

## VIVAT REGINA.

May, 1.—Her Majesty gave audience to Viscount Melbourne and Lord Glenelg.

Marchioness Tavistock and Vicountess Forbes, succeeded as the Lady and Bedchamber women; and Viscount Torrington and Sir Frederick Stovin, as the Lord and Groom in Waiting; and Lord Alfred Paget, as Equerry in Waiting.

May 2.—Her Majesty held a levee. The following noblemen and gentlemen were presented.

### *Presented by*

Attree, Mr. Thomas . . . Duke of Richmond  
Allix, Lieut. Col., Gren. Gds. . . Col. D'Oyley  
Agnew, Lieutenant Vans, Rifle Brigade. . .  
Lieut. Col. V. Agnew

Arkwright, Lieut., 6th Dragoons } Sir Thomas  
Anstruther, Lieut. Philip . . . Sir G. Murray  
Anderson, Major, East Essex Militia. } Visct.  
Maynard

A'Court, Capt., R.N. . . . Lord Heytesbury  
Aiton, Rev. Dr. . . . Marquis of Bute  
Anderson, Rev. Dr. . . . Marquis of Bute  
Arnold, Mr., Deputy-Lieut. of the county of  
Northampton . . . Lord Palmerston  
Alison Mr. . . . Sir J. Hall  
Armstrong, Mr. J. W. . . . Marquis Chandos  
Ainsworth, Mr. W. . . . Marquis Sligo

Abercromby, Hon. Lieut. Col. } Marquis  
Arthur, Mr. Lucius . . . Lord Charlemont  
Andover, Viscount. . . . Duke of Norfolk  
Abbott, Hon. Charles. . . . Lord Tenterden  
Andrews, Mr., Queen's counsel, upon his  
appointment as one of Her Majesty's  
counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

Arabin, Mr., by his father, Mr. Serj. Arabin  
Askew, Mr. . . . Viscount Barrington  
Anson, Gen. Sir W. . . . Gen. Sir G. Anson  
Bradshaw, Major-Gen. . . . Sir O. Mosley  
Barry, Mr., Gentleman of Her Majesty's  
Privy Chamber . . . Lord Byron

Burke Mr. G. C. . . . Ld. Fitzgerald and Vesci  
Bagot, Lieut. H. . . . Bishop of Oxford  
Bagot, Hon. Mr. . . . Lord Bagot  
Briscoe, Mrs. M. . . . Duke of Richmond  
Baker, Mr. Barwick. . . . Duke of Beaufort  
Butler, Hon. E. . . . Viscount Glentworth  
Barclay, Mr. D. . . . Duke of Cleveland  
Badgley, Mr. . . . Lord Glenelg  
Barneswall, Honble. Thomas, on his mar-  
riage . . . Lord Talbot de Malahide

### *Presented by*

Boyd, Mr. A. . . . Sir J. Hobhouse  
Blackburne, Mr. I., M.P. . . Lord F. Egerton  
Boover, Mr. H. . . . Duke of Richmond  
Benett, Mr. . . . Right Hon. T. S. Rice  
Bagshawe, Mr. H. . . . Sir Henry Williams  
Beardmore, Mr. . . . Lord Foley  
Begg, Rev. J. . . . Marquis Sligo  
Beaucherk, Lieutenant, Scots Fusile Guards  
Col. Aitcheson, Scots Fuselier Gurads  
Butler, Hon. F. F. W. . . . Major-Gen.  
Blackburne, Capt., 17th Regt. . . Major-Gen.

Sir William Blackburne  
Burdett, Lieut. F., 17th Lancers . . . Mr.  
Ayshfold Sandford  
Babington, Lieut., Madras Artillery . . . Col.

Sir C. Hopkinson, C.B.  
Brook, Lieut., 1st Life Guards. . . Col. the  
Hon. H. B. Cavendish

Boyle, Rear-Ad. Sir C. . . . Earl of Cork  
Bayley, Capt. J. A., King's Own Regt. of  
Light Infantry . . . Earl Munster

Barlow, Capt. J. Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Houston  
Bark, Capt. Sir H. L. Vice-Ad. Sir H. Digby  
Brodie, Mr. W. B., M.P. . . Sir G. Staunton

Baldwin, Capt. J., R.N. } Ad. Sir P. C. H.  
Durham, G.C.B.

Broke, Capt., R.N. . . Maj-Gen. Sir C. B. Vere  
Bell, Lieut.-Col., M.P. Northumberland  
Yeomanry . . . Duke of Northumberland

Brackenbury, Major Sir E. . . Lord Worsley  
Bagot, Capt. C., Gren.-Gds. . . Lord Bagot

Brew, Capt. and Adjut., Royal West Middle-  
sex Militia. . . . Count de Salis

Bulkeley, Sir Richard. . . . Lord Gardner  
Bland, Rev. G. . . . Bishop of Durham

Brown, Rev. Dr. . . . Marquis of Bute  
Beach, Sir M. H., Bart., Deputy-Lieutenant  
of the county of Gloucester. . . Viscount

Barrington  
Braybrooke, Lord. } Hon. Captain W. H.  
Percy, R.N.

Best, Mr. G., Deputy-Lieutenant of the  
county of Surry . . . Lord King

Brownrigg, Mr., M. P. . . . Earl Minto  
Blake, Mr. W. J. . . . Lord Dacre

Berkeley, Mr. G. . . . Marquis Conyngham  
Bold, Rev. H. . . . Colonel Wood, M.P.

Bembey, Sadi Ombark. . . . Sir W. Curtis  
Baring, Mr. . . . Lord Ashburton

Burt, Mr., Member of the Queen's Body  
Guard in Scotland . . . Sir J. M'Grigor

Blair, Mr., M.P. . . . Earl of Courtown

*Presented by*

Boston, Lord..... Earl Orkney  
 Bulwer, Mr. E. L. .... Marq. Lansdowne  
 Bagot, Lord..... Earl Brownlow  
 Bolton, Lord ... Major-Gen. Sir W. Gomm  
 Bagot, Hon. Mr. .... Lord Bagot  
 Bassett, Mr. .... Viscount Valletort  
 Bradford, Earl..... Lord Hill  
 Breadalbane, Marquis of, on his investiture  
 as Knight of the Thistle, by Viscount  
 Melbourne.

Blake, Mr. .... Lord Dacre  
 Burton, Mr. Decimus..... Earl Burlington  
 Barton, Mr. N. .... Lieut. gen. Sir R. Barton  
 Broadwood, Mr. M.P. .... Viscount Hawarden  
 Buller, Mr. Edward..... Earl Shrewsbury  
 Beauclerk, Lord Frederick, Commander R.N.,  
 Lord Byron

Boscawen, Lord..... Earl Falmouth  
 Bruce, Earl..... Earl Dunmore  
 Blayney, Lord..... Lord Hill  
 Buller, Sir J. Y., Bart. .... Lord Tenterden  
 Burroughes, Mr. .... Sir W. F. Middleton  
 Cayley, Mr. .... Lord Morpeth

Cartwright, Capt. Gren.-Guards } Viscount  
 Clinton, Lord T. P. .... } Hawarden  
 Coulson, Mr., Deputy Lieutenant for North-  
 umberland..... Lord Byron  
 Cotton, Mr. William, High Sheriff of Es-  
 sex..... Viscount Maynard

Cole, Mr. .... Earl of Derby  
 Cowell, Mr. S. .... Earl Albemarle  
 Clayton, Lieut. J. L. .... Adm. Sir W. Parker  
 Crawford, Mr. .... Lord J. Stuart  
 Codrington, Mr. .... Lord Foley

Claremont, Mr. E. S., on appointment to the  
 Royal Regiment .... Viscount Sydney  
 Coote, Mr. .... Sir Charles H. Coote  
 Capel, Mr. .... Marquis Anglesey  
 Christeson, Rev. J. .... Marquis Bute  
 Curtois, Rev. R. G., Chaplain to the forces  
 .. His father-in-law, Lieut. Gen. Sir L.  
 Widdrington, K.C.H.

Cotton, Rev. W. C., chaplain to the High-She-  
 riff of Essex ..... Visct. Maynard  
 Coventry, Mr. T. D., Deputy Lieutenant of  
 Buckinghamshire .... Earl of Coventry  
 Culpeper, Lieutenant, 14th. Light Dra-  
 goons..... Lieut. Gen. Sir F. Maclean  
 Cotton, Lieutenant F. C., Hon. Company's  
 Engineers .... Lord Visct. Combermere  
 Codrington, Sir B. .... Lord Foley  
 Cooper, Capt. M., 11th Dragoons. .... Gen. Sir  
 Thomas Reynell

Clement, Capt. Hon. S. .... Earl Leitrim  
 Chambre, Lieut., 20th. Major-Gen. Sir O.  
 Regiment. .... Carey, K.C.H.  
 Collins, Lieut., 18th Highlanders, on his re-  
 turn from Ceylon.... Lt.-Gen. Anderson  
 Clarke, Lieut. W. H. .... Hon. B. Paget  
 Caldwell, Major-Gen. Sir A., K.C.B. .... Gen.  
 Sir F. Wetherall

Campbell, Major E., Bengal Cavalry.... Sir  
 Robert Campbell, Bart  
 Cadogan, Major..... Earl Tankerville  
 Cotton, Com. F. V., R.N. Visct. Combermere  
 Clinton, Lieut.-Col., Grenadier Guards, on  
 promotion..... Gen. Sir W. Clinton  
 Currey, Lieut.-Col. Sir E. .... Lord Abinger

*Presented by*

Cavendish, Capt. H. F., 20th Regiment...  
 Earl of Clare

Cecil, Lieut.-Col., Lord T. .... Lord F. Somerset  
 Collings, Col. W., Jurat of the Royal Court  
 of Guernsey..... Lord J. Russell  
 Cork, Gen. the Earl..... Marquis Lansdowne  
 Clinton, Lord C. P. .... Gen. Visct. Combermere  
 Clifton, Sir Jukes, Bart., on succeeding to  
 his title .... Vice-admiral Lord Colville  
 Curteis, Mr. Herbert ..... Lord J. Russell  
 Cumming, Rev. John..... Marquis of Bute  
 Cochrane, Sir Thomas..... Earl Minto  
 Clayton, Rev. A. .... Viscount Melbourne  
 Callander, Mr. .... Right Hon. Sir J. Graham

Cremorne, Lord, on going abroad } Earl Char-  
 lemont.

Corry, Viscount..... Lord Heytesbury  
 Casement, Mr. S. .... Lord W. Bentinck  
 Chute, Mr. Wigget, M. P. .... Lord Sondes

Cochrane, Mr. B. .... } His father, Sir T. Hos.  
 Cochrane

Clarkson, Mr. B. .... Viscount Palmerston  
 Codd, Mr., on being appointed Equerry to  
 the Duke of Sussex

Crofton, Hon. Captain, R.N. .... Lord Minto  
 Craig, Mr. G., M.P. .... Earl Minto  
 Clanwilliam, Earl..... Lord Heytesbury  
 Cole, Mr. .... Earl Derby  
 Cresswell, Mr., Queen's counsel, by the Lord  
 Chancellor.

Cartwright, Mr., M.P. .... Viscount Hawarden  
 Chilton, Mr. George, on being appointed one  
 of her Majesty's counsel, by the Lord  
 Chancellor.

Cranstoun, Lord..... Earl Rosebery  
 Charleville, Earl .... Marquis Londonderry  
 Denham, Commander H. M. R.N., Resident  
 Marine Surveyor to the Port of Liver-  
 pool..... Lord Minto  
 Douglas, Hon. Lieut.-Col. .... Earl Morton  
 Dering, Rev. C. E., Chaplain in Ordinary to  
 to Her Majesty ..... Abp. Canterbury

Digby, Vice-Ad. Sir H., K.C.B. } Earl of  
 Effingham.

Davis, Mr. J. .... Lieut. Gen. Ld. Bloomfield  
 Dickens, Mr. S. .... Duke of Richmond  
 De Burgh, Mr. .... Lord Gardner  
 Dering, Mr. G. .... Marquis Camden  
 Dashwood, Mr. .... Marquis Breadalbane  
 Dwaris, Mr. F. (late Colonial Law Commis-  
 sioner)..... Lord Glenelg

Davenport, Mr. .... Mr. H. Tuffnell  
 Dansey, Mr. J., on his mar. .... Sir A. Malet  
 Dent, Mr. T. .... Lieut. Gen. Sir C. Imhoff  
 De Salis, Lieut. C., Scots Fusileer Guards  
 .... Colonel Aitchinson

Drummond, Lieut. H. D., } Earl Kinnoull  
 Rifle Brigade.

Dickson, Lieut., Carb. .... } Lieut.-Col. Wild-  
 man, Carabineers  
 Douglas, Vice-Ad. .... Vice-Ad. Lord Colville  
 Douglas, Lieut.-Col., 78th Highlanders, on  
 return from Ceylon. .... Lt.-Gen. Anderson  
 Delap, Lieut.-Col., Royal Surrey Militia  
 .... Marquis of Sligo

Dunsterville, Lieut.-Col. Bombay Army, on  
 his return to India. .... Lieut.-Gen. Sir T.  
 Bradford, G.C.B.

De Broë, Lord Willoughby.... Earl Eldon

*Presented by*

Ditmas, Capt. T., Madras Artillery, on his return to India..... Lieut.-Col. Sir C. Hopkinson, C.B.  
 Douglas, Sir C., C.M.G., M.P.... Earl Ripon  
 De Beauvoir, Sir J. E..... Marquis of Sligo  
 Drake, Sir T. F. E. { Lieut.-general Sir. T. Bradford.  
 Dibdin, Rev. Dr., to present a copy of his northern tour, by the Clerk of the Closet.  
 Dundas, Lord..... Earl Albemarle  
 Denman, Hon. Mr..... Lord Denman  
 Eld, Mr. J. .... Col. Sir A. Dalrymple  
 Elphinstone, Major-Gen. Sir H. Inspector-General of Fortifications  
 Elphinstone, Mr. H. .... Lord Denman  
 Elibank, Lord..... Admiral Fleeming  
 Eldon, Earl..... Archbishop of Canterbury  
 Ellis, Mr. F. .... Sir. H. Vivian, Bart  
 East, Mr. C. { His brother, Lieut. Col. Sir W. R. Clayton  
 Ellis, Mr. Arthur ..... Lord Mahon, M.P.  
 Fielden, Capt. Montagu, 3d Royal Lancashire..... Lord Abinger  
 Ferguson, Lieut.-Col. Sir R. C. Ferguson  
 Farquharson, Col. F., Bombay Army... Sir T. Bradford  
 Fredericks, Mr. .... Colonel Wood, M.P.  
 Fleetwood, Mr. Hesketh .... Earl of Derby  
 Flood, Mr. L. T. .... Earl Cadogan  
 Fleming, Mr., M.P., South Hants. Right Hon. W. Sturges Bourne  
 Farrer, Mr. J. W., Master in Chancery .... the Lord Chancellor  
 Feilden, Mr. W., M.P. .... Lord Abinger  
 Field, Mr., on appointment to the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, by Lord Foley.  
 Falmouth, Earl of..... Hon. Captain Percy  
 Fitzgerald, Capt., Royal { Major-Gen. Sir Rifles. { H. Hardinge  
 Frampton, Capt. J. N., Rifle Brigade, on promotion... Major-Gen. Sir D. L. Gilmour  
 Fawcett, Mr. E. J., on his return from India..... Sir J. Hobhouse  
 Freeling, Mr. C. { Maj. Gen. Sir B. Stephenson  
 Forbes, Mr. John ..... Earl of Erroll  
 Fitzwilliam, Hon. G. W. ... Earl Fitzwilliam  
 Grant, Captain C. W., Bombay Engineers.. Lieut.-Gen. Sir T. Bradford, G.C.B.  
 Green, Ens., 3d Regt. of Infantry... General the Earl of Effingham  
 Graby, Captain S. D. .... Lord Muskerry  
 Gardner, Major-Gen. Hon. W. H. .... Lord Gardner  
 Gooch, Com. .... Rear-Ad. Hon. F. P. Irby  
 Gillespie, Mr. .... Lord Glenelg  
 Gladstone, Mr. T. .... Earl Dunmore  
 Gaskell, Mr. D. .... Lord Morpeth  
 Gambier, Mr. W. .... Colonel Aitchison  
 Gould, Rev. Joseph ... Lord Tenterden  
 Grant, Sir A. .... Right Hon. W. S. Bourne  
 Gort, Viscount..... Viscount Combermere  
 Glengall, Earl..... Earl Clare  
 Grant, Mr., of Grant..... Hon. Col. Grant  
 Grant, Mr. F. A., of Grant, Madras Civil Service, and late first Puisne Judge of the Sudder Court, by the Right Hon. Sir. John Cam Hobhouse, Bart.

*Presented by*

Gilbert, Mr. J. D. .... Viscount Gage  
 Goldsmid, Mr. I. L. ... Marq. of Lansdowne  
 Grimston, Lieut. Hon. C. .... Earl Verulam  
 Grimston, Hon. E. H. .... Earl Verulam  
 Gordon, Lieut. Col. Maj. Gen. Sir C. Dalbiac  
 Glass, Rev. J. R. .... Marquis Bute  
 Glarstone, Mr. W., M.P. .... Viscount Mahon  
 Gladstone, Mr. J. N., Lieutenant R. N. ... Viscount Ingestrie  
 Greville, Mr. F. .... Lord Combermere  
 Gosling, Mr. R. .... Earl Ripon  
 Holbeck, Mr. H., on his mar... Ld. Bridport  
 Hardy, Mr. .... Earl of Harewood  
 Holmes, Mr. T. K. .... Marquis Chandos  
 Harington, Sir E. ... Maj. Gen. Sir W. Gomm  
 Horsman, Mr. .... Earl of Roseberry  
 Halswell, Mr., Deputy Lieutenant for Middlesex..... Lord Holland  
 Hartley, Mr. Winchcombe H., High Sheriff for Berks..... Lord J. Somerset  
 Hunter, Sir Richard ..... Earl Surrey  
 Hickman, Capt., Queen's Own Worcestershire Yeomanry..... Hon. Col. Clive  
 Hockings, Capt., R.N. { Adm. Sir H. Neale, G.C.B.  
 Hope, Mr., M.P. .... Lord Ernest Bruce  
 Hamilton, Ensign, 1st West India Regt., ... Colonel Lord Sandys  
 Home, Lieut.-Col. Gren.-Gds. Col. D'Oyley  
 Hankey, Col. Sir F., Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George..... Lord Glenelg  
 Hare, Col. .... Lord Lynedoch  
 Hay, Lieut.-Col., Coldstream Guards... Earl Verulam  
 Harcourt, Capt. O. Vernon, R. N., on his marriage..... Archbishop of York  
 Harewood, Earl of..... Lord Portman  
 Hall, Lieut. G., 52d Regt. .... Governor of Southern Australia, on appointment to be His Excellency's Private Secretary.  
 Houlton, Captain, Ensign of the Yeomen Guard ..... Earl Ilchester  
 Henderson, Lieut. Madras Engineers.. Sir Philip Durham  
 Hall, Lieut., Rifle Brig. .... Hon. H. Gage  
 Hankey, Maj. .... Maj. Gen. Sir C. Dalbiac  
 Hunter, Dr. William, Coldstream Guards, on promotion..... Colonel Freemantle  
 Halsey, Rev. J. M. .... Viscount Melbourne  
 Handfield, Commander, R. N. { Vice-Ad. Sir J. Beresford  
 Hamilton, Second-Lieutenant L. H., 5th Fusiliers..... Sir William Herries  
 Harris, Hon. George ..... Lord de Tabley  
 Halford, Mr. D. .... Sir T. E. Drake  
 Hall, Mr. James ..... Sir John Hall, Bart  
 Hutchinson, Mr. M. .... Lord Montford  
 Heneage Mr. Walker ... Lord Heytesbury  
 Harcourt, Mr. G. Vernon... Archb. of York  
 Hall, Sir J., Bart... Marquis of Breadalbane  
 Hopkins, Sir Francis..... Lord Falmouth  
 Henderson, Rev. Dr. .... Marquis of Bute  
 Hamilton, Archdeacon, one of Her Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary. Mr. W. Hamilton  
 Hippisley, Sir John..... Mr. Labouchere  
 Holmes, Hon. W. A'Court { His father, Lord Heytesbury.  
 Hood, Visct., on his marriage... Lord Bridport

*Presented by*

Hill, Lord Marcus. .... Lord J. Russell  
 Holmesdale, Viscount. .... Earl Amherst  
 Hopkinson, Mr. Francis, on his appointment  
 the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, by  
 Lord Foley.  
 Holyoake, Mr. Henry. .... Lord Dinorben  
 Horne, Mr. James. .... Lord Mayor  
 Herbert, Hon. Sydney. .... Earl Dunmore  
 Halliday, Sir Andrew. .... Earl Errol  
 Hayes, Sir Edmund. . . . Marquis Conyngham  
 Hillsborough, Earl. .... Marquis Downshire  
 Hill, Sir John, R.N., on his appointment to  
 Sheerness. .... Right Hon. Earl Minto  
 Hodson, Sir G. .... Viscount Powerscourt  
 Irvine, Maj. C. .... Maj.-Gen. Sir R. Dick  
 Imhoff, Sir C., Lieut.-Gen. . . Sir D. Gilmour  
 Ives, Mr. .... Lord Wodehouse  
 Irby, Hon. Captain. .... Earl Orkney  
 Irby, Hon. Frederick Paul, Rear-Admiral of  
 the White. .... Earl Minto  
 Irby, Mr. Frederick. .... Rear-Admiral Irby  
 Irvine, Lieutenant H., 1st Royal Lancashire  
 Militia. . . Maj. Gen. Sir R. Dick, K.C.H.  
 Irving, Mr., M.P. .... Colonel Wood  
 Johnson, Capt. C. J. H. . . Maj.-Gen. Cleiland  
 Johnstone, Capt., C.K., K.L.S., late Hon.  
 Company's naval service. . Hon. H. King  
 Jay, Lieut. C. H., R.N. .... Earl Albemarle  
 Jones, Mr., M.P. . . { Lieut.-Col. the Hon.  
 . . . . . G. Rice Trevor, M.P.  
 James, Lieut. H., Bombay Army. Lieut.-  
 Gen. Sir Thomas Bradford  
 Jones, Mr. M.P., Deputy Lieutenant Car-  
 marthenshire. .... Hon. G. R. Trevor  
 James, Sir W. .... Sir H. Hardinge  
 Jarvis, Sir Raymond, Deputy-Lieutenant  
 for Hants. .... Earl Albemarle  
 Jeffrey, Lord. .... Lord Melbourne  
 Jermyn, Earl. .... Lord Wharcliffe  
 Jervis, Mr., M.P., Q.C. .... Lord Chancellor  
 Johnstone, Sir J. .... Archbishop of York  
 Johnson, Capt. J., Bengal Army. .... Capt.  
 Sykes, R.N.  
 Kay, Major, Carabineers. .... Earl Munster  
 Knox, Ensign, T. E., 85th Light Infantry,  
 .... His father, Hon. Capt. Knox, R.N.  
 Kyd, Mr. .... Sir De Lacy Evans  
 King, Mr. Anthony. . . Hon. William Ashley  
 King, Sir Richard. .... Earl Kinnoull  
 King, Hon. Locke. .... Viscount Ebrington  
 Kinnoull, Earl. . . Lord Willoughby de Eresby  
 King, Lord. .... Viscount Ebrington  
 Kebbel, Second-Lieut. W. H., 6th, or Nor-  
 thumberland Fusiliers, on receiving his  
 Commission. . . Lord Viscount Maynard  
 Kingdon, Lieut., Royal South Devon Yeo-  
 manry Cavalry. . . Sir William W. Follett  
 Knight, Capt. B. unatt. . . Marq. Downshire  
 Kebbel, Rev. H. .... Viscount Maynard  
 Knight, Rev. T. H. .... Lord Colchester  
 Kemble, Mr. C. .... Marquis Conyngham  
 Knox, Hon. Captain, R.N. . . Sir J. Stronge  
 Larkins, Capt. T., East India Company's  
 Service. .... Major-Gen. Fraser  
 Lodwick, Colonel. .... Earl Clare  
 Lemend, Col. Sir J. . . Gen. Sir F. Wetherall  
 Lygon, Gen. .... Lord Beauchamp  
 Leicester, Earl. .... Lord Melbourne  
 Lefevre, Mr. J. .... Lord J. Russell

*Presented by*

Langham, Mr. H. .... Mr. A. Sandford  
 Locker, Mr., Commissioner of Greenwich  
 Hospital. .... Lord Minto  
 Lockwood, Mr., Deputy Lieutenant for  
 Essex. .... Lord Chancellor  
 Lowther, Mr. .... Lord Burghersh  
 Locker, Mr., Commissioner of Greenwich  
 Hospital. .... Lord Minto  
 Lascelles, Mr. .... Lord Portman  
 Lisburne, Earl of. .... Colonel Powell  
 Lechmere, Rev. B. .... General Lygon  
 Lane, Mr. N. .... Lord Bagot  
 Lea, Sir T., Deputy Lieutenant for Middle-  
 sex, Hants, &c. . . Adm. Sir J. Beresford  
 Mackenzie, Mr. (of Scatwell) . . Sir R. Peel  
 Manley, Mr. .... Lieut. Col. Sir W. Clayton  
 Mortlock, Sir J. .... Marquis Londonderry  
 Mount, Mr. Deputy Lieutenant for Berks,  
 .... Viscount Barrington  
 Morgan, Sir C., Bart. .... Colonel Milman  
 Montgomery, Capt., 45th Regt., on return  
 from India. .... Marquis of Downshire  
 Moysey, Cornet H. G., 11th Light Drags.  
 Earl of Clare  
 Mackinnon, Mr. .... Duke of Wellington  
 Mildmay, Mr. H. .... Lord Heytesbury  
 Morrison, Mr. J. .... Marquis of Lansdowne  
 Morgan, Mr. O. .... Colonel Millman  
 Murray, Mr. .... Sir P. Durham  
 Malahide, Lord Talbot de. . . Lord Morpeth  
 Molyneux, Viscount. .... Earl Rosebery  
 Milton, Viscount. .... Earl Fitzwilliam  
 Morley, Earl. .... Duke of Somerset  
 Mosley, Sir Oswald, Bart. .... Lord Byron  
 Monk, Sir Charles. .... Earl Tankerville  
 Millett, Mr. . . Sir George Thomas Staunton  
 McCulloch, Mr. John. . . Gen. Sir F. Maclean  
 Miller, Mr., one of Her Majesty's counsel. .  
 .... the Lord Chancellor  
 Muskerry, Lord. .... Marquis of Lansdowne  
 Mundy, Mr. .... Lord Byron  
 Morton, Earl of. .... Lord Portman  
 Moray, Earl of. .... Marquis of Huntly  
 Meek, Capt. .... Gen. Sir W. Houston  
 Murray, Capt. Hon. D. H. Scots Fusilier  
 Guards. .... Earl Mansfield  
 Martin, Major, Queen's Own Worcestershire  
 Yeomanry Cavalry. .... Hon. Col. Clive  
 Mairis, Capt. V. H. .... Sir F. A. Wetherall  
 Maclean, Capt. J. 20th Regt. { Lord Fitzroy  
 . . . . . Somerset  
 Markham, Colonel. .... Lord Portman  
 Middleton, Lieutenant-Colonel, Cavalry de-  
 pôt Staff. .... Colonel Brotherton  
 Marchant, Major John Gaspard Le, 20th  
 Regiment. .... Lord John Russell  
 Mansel, Com. .... Hon. Admiral Fleeming  
 Milne, Vice-Admiral Sir { Right Hon. Sir G.  
 . . . . . David, K.C.B. } Cockburn, G.C.B.  
 Monckton, Lieut.-Gen. G. { Gen. Hon. Sir  
 . . . . . W. Lumley  
 Maitland, Mr. W. .... Marq. Londonderry  
 Maule, Mr., on appointment as aurist to Her  
 Majesty. .... Sir James Clarke, Bart  
 Milnes, Mr. R. M., M.P. .... Sir R. Peel  
 Marchant, Mr. Le. . . Right Hon. C. Thomson  
 Meiklam, Mr., Royal Scottish Archers. . Col.  
 Malet, Sir A., Her Majesty's Secretary of  
 Leg. at the Hague. .... Visct. Palmerston

*Presented by*  
 Middleton, Sir William.... Earl Brownlow  
 Meyrick, Sir S., K. H... { H.R.H. the Duke  
   of Sussex.  
 Murray, Hon. J. O..... Admiral Fleeming  
 Murray, Rev. John..... Marquis of Bute  
 Northey, Capt..... Sir Brook Taylor  
 Nicholls, Capt., 94th Regt.... Major-Gen.  
     Sir T. M'Mahon, Bart., on promotion  
 Nugent, Lieut.-Col., Grenadier Guards, on  
     his promotion..... Colonel D'Oyley  
 Nevill, Com. W., R.N.. Marquis of Chandos  
 Nicolas, Lieut, Kelgwin, R.N.... Rear-  
     Admiral Sir William Parker, K.C.B  
 Napier, Mr. Berkeley, A.D.C.... Sir J. Paul  
 Newark, Viscount..... Lord Foley  
 Napier, Capt., C.B..... Sir William Parker  
 Nicoll, Capt., Queen's Own, Light Infantry,  
     Major-Gen. Sir C. B. Vere  
 Nevill, Rev. C..... Marquis Chandos  
 Newnham, Mr. W. .... Earl Clare  
 Nova Scotia, Bp., on arr.... Abp. Canterbury  
 O'Malley, Col., 88th Regt.... Major-Gen.  
     Sir T. M'Mahon, Bart.  
 O'Callaghan, Hon. G. P..... Lord Morpeth  
 Outram, Dr..... Vice-Ad. Sir R. Donnelly  
 Ogle, Vice-Ad. Sir Charles.... Lord Dacre  
 Otway, Lieut. R.N. .... Adm. Sir P. Durham  
 Owen, Rev. H. .... Bishop of Norwich  
 O'Neill, Hon. Maj. Gen., M.P. Visct. Lorton  
 Pakenham, Lieut., Gren.-Gds.. Col. D'Oyley  
 Parker, Mr. .... Sir Adolphus Dalrymple  
 Platt, Mr. .... Right Hon. Lord Lyndhurst  
 Petre, Mr. Henry ..... Earl Surrey  
 Pearce, Rev. E. S.. Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart.  
 Parish, Sir W., K.C.H.. Marquis Conyngham  
 Palliser, Sir H. P.. Duke of Hamilton, K.G.  
 Poulter, Mr... Gen. Sir R. Ferguson, G.C.B.  
 Platt, Mr. George, on his appointment to the  
     Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, by  
     Lord Foley.  
 Penn, Mr. G. J. } ..... Marquis of Chandos  
 Penn, Mr. W. }  
 Plowden, Mr. W. C..... Sir A. Johnstone  
 Paynter, Mr.. Ad. the Hon. C. E. Fleming  
 Phillips, Sir T..... H.R.H. Duke of Sussex  
 Pollock, Lieut. F., Madras Engineers, on his  
     return from India..... Mr D. Pollock  
 Ponsonby, Hon. W. .... Lord Charlemont  
 Pryse, Count, Carabineers.... Lieut. Colonel  
     Wildman, Carabineers  
 Preston, Mr. .... Sir W. Herries  
 Perry, Mr. H. J. .... Lord Lyndhurst  
 Parker, Mr. G. .... Mr. J. Parker  
 Porcherly, Mr. H.:.. Capt. J. Dundas, R.N.  
 Phillips, Mr., Deputy-Lieutenant of Penn-  
     brokeshire..... Hon. Col. Rice Trevor  
 Pole, Mr. Chandos..... Lord Byron  
 Platt, Mr. Thomas Joshua, on being ap-  
     pointed one of Her Majesty's counsel,  
     by the Lord Chancellor.  
 Perceval, Hon. Capt., R.N.... Lord Byron  
 Powell, Capt. Scott, 29d Fusileers.. Lieut.-  
     Gen. Sir Willoughby Gordon  
 Peppys, Rev. H..... Lord Chancellor  
 Priestley, Ensign F. J. B., 82d Regt... Col.  
     Paty, K.H  
 Palmer, Capt., Commandant of the West  
     Essex Yeomanry Cavalry..... Viscount  
     Maynard.

*Presented by*  
 Pratt, Maj., 26th Regt..... Earl Galloway  
 Penefather, Major..... Lord F. Somerset.  
 Phillips, Mr... { Lieut.-Col. the Hon. G.  
   Rice Trevor.  
 Pratt, Lieut.-Col., 17th Lancers... { Earl of  
   Leicester  
 Pellew, Capt. the Hon. Sir Fleetwood, R.N.,  
     K.C.H. .... Lord Byron  
 Pasley, Capt. Sir T. S., Bart... Admiral the  
     Hon. Charles E. Fleeming  
 Peerse, Col., Madras Artillery.. Lieut.-Gen.  
     Sir R. O'Callaghan, K.C.B  
 Porter, Lieut.-Col..... Earl Ilchester  
 Pack, Lieut., unattached { Lieut-Gen. Sir T.  
   Reynell.  
 Ramsay, Sir James, Bart.... Earl Kinnoull  
 Russell, Mr. Watts..... Sir John Barrow  
 Robinson, Mr. A. .... Mr. Mackinnon, M.P.  
 Roche, Mr. E. B. .... Lord Morpeth  
 Rose, Mr. W. .... Right Hon. Sir G. Rose  
 Reade, Mr. .... Bishop of Rochester  
 Robinson, Mr. G. R. .... Lord Glenelg  
 Rice, Sir Ralph ..... Earl Devon  
 Ricketts, Mr. C. S..... Sir T. Troubridge  
 Rose, Right Hon. Sir G. } Right Hon. W. S.  
   Bourne  
 Rutherton, Major.. { Major-General Sir J.  
   Lushington.  
 Rayner, Captain, Uxbridge Volunteer In-  
     fantry..... Count de Salis  
 Ravenshaw, Col.. Lieut.-Gen. Sir C. Imhoff  
 Raikes, Col.... Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Peacocke  
 Romilly, Mr. E. .... Marquis Lansdowne  
 Rolle, Lord..... Earl De Lawarr  
 Riddell, Sir Walter. .... Earl of Tyrconnell  
 Rodon, Mr..... Major-General Dyson  
 Rogers, Mr. Newman, on being appointed  
     one of Her Majesty's counsel, by the  
     Lord Chancellor.  
 Sandwich, Earl..... Earl Brownlow  
 St. Alban's, Duke of.. Viscount Duncannon  
 Stewart, Capt. H. R.N... Duke of Somerset  
 Surtees, Mr. F. R..... Lord Lyndhurst  
 Saner, Mr..... Lord Morpeth  
     by the Lord Chancellor.  
 Seale, Mr. .... Right Hon. Lord J. Russell  
 Somerville, Lord..... Lord Carteret  
 Seymour, Mr..... Duke of Somerset  
 Surtees, Mr. W. E..... Bishop of Exeter  
 Selkirk, Earl of... Viscount Combermere  
 Stanley, Capt., Gren.-Guards... Earl Derby  
 Stronge, Mr. C. .... His father, Sir J. Stronge  
 Slocock, Rev. S..... Bishop of Winchester  
 Seymour, Rev. Sir J... { Bp. of Gloucester  
   and Bristol  
 Stansfield, Mr. C., M.P. .... Lord Morpeth  
 Stapleton, Mr. M. .... Earl Tyrconnell  
 Stanley, Mr..... Lord C. Fitzroy  
 Severn, Mr. P. .... Lord de Saumarez  
 Sampson, Mr. J. F.S.A. .... Lord F. Egerton  
 Shepherd, Mr., one of Her Majesty's counsel,  
 Stevenson, Capt. G., Warwick Regiment...  
     Lieut.-Gen. Earl Carnwath  
 Sharpe, Ensign J. B., 20th Regt.... Major-  
     Gen. Sir O'Carey, K.C.H  
 Stanhope, Col. the Hon. L. F., on being per-  
     mitted to wear the Order of the Re-  
     deemer..... Duke of Argyll  
 Sandys, Col. Lord..... Duke of Wellington

***Presented by***

Major General Sir Donald Macleod, on being invested with the ensign of Knight Commander of the Bath; Major-Generals William Comyn, Bengal Army, and Prens-  
G A 2



dergast, Madras Army; Colonel Bellasia, Engineers, Bombay Army, on his return to India; Colonels Clapham, Madras Army, and Galloway, Bengal Army; Lieutenant-Colonel Bonner, East India Company's service; Major Pace, Madras Army, on his return from India; Captain R. Oliver, Royal Navy, on appointment as Superintendent of the Indian Navy; Captain J. G. Bell, Madras Artillery, on his return to India; Lieutenant C. Mainwaring, Bengal Army, on his return to India; Lieutenants T. Austin, Madras Artillery; R. Gill, 44th Regiment, Madras Infantry, Gaitskell, 26th Regiment, Bengal Infantry; G. W. Bishop, 71st Regiment, Bengal Infantry, and Macdougall 73d Regiment, Bengal Infantry, on their return from India; Ensign C. Woodhouse, 63d Regiment Bengal Infantry.

*The following were presented by Lieutenant General, Sir Hussey Vivian, G.C.B., Master of General of the Ordnance :—*

The Rev. E. P. Henslowe, senior Chaplain Royal Artillery; Rev. Mr. R. Scott, Chaplain to Royal Artillery; Lieutenant-General Sir H. Bayly; Colonel Grant, late 18th Hussars, and Lieutenant-Colonels Oldfield and Vavasour, of the Royal Engineers; Cator, Royal Horse Artillery; Webber, unattached H.P. Royal Artillery, and Marten, 1st Royal Dragoons; Captain Dundas R.N., M.P., on his appointment as Clerk of the Ordnance; Captains Mee, Royal Artillery; Pascoe, Royal Horse Artillery; and Waddington, 6th Dragoons; Lieutenants Hill, Royal Artillery, A. H. Freeling, Royal Engineers; and H. Alston; Ensign G. B. C. Crespigny, 20th Regiment; and Mr. C. W. Ellis.

*The following were presented by General Lord Hill, G.C.B., and G.C.H., Commander of the Forces :—*

General Gascoyne, Lieutenant-General Sir C. Halkett, on his appointment to the 31st Regiment; Lieutenant-General Sir T. Bradford, on being invested with the Grand Cross of the Bath; Major-General Sir R. Arbuthnot, K.C.B., on his appointment to the command of Her majesty's forces at Ceylon; Major-General Sir Thomas M'Mahon, on appointment to the colonelcy of the 94th Regiment; Major-Generals Ross, Sir Octavian Carey, and Sir William Eustace; Col. D'Aguiar, Deputy Adjutant-General of Ireland; Col. Ewart, C.B., Inspecting Field-Officer; Colonel Turner, Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieut.-Col. Sir Charles O'Donnell; and Major Van der Meulen, H.P. unattached.

**3.—The Queen held a "drawing-room, at which the following ladies were—**

***Presented by***

**Alexander, Mrs. B. .... Duchess of Somerset**  
**Alexander, Miss A. .... Mrs. J. Alexander**  
**Alexander, Miss E. .... Mrs. Col. Alexander**  
**Alexander, Mrs J. .... Lady M. Christopher**  
**Alexander, Miss ..... Mrs J. Alexander**  
**Alderson, Lady ..... Lady St. John**

*Presented by*

Alexander, Mrs. Colonel..... Ctss. Winterton  
Anson, Miss..... Viscountess Anson  
A'Court, Hon. Miss..... Lady Heytesbury  
Andover, Viscountess..... Countess Surrey  
Anson, Viscountess..... Countess Leicester  
Anstruther, Lady..... Marchss. Lansdowne  
Abbot, Hon. Mrs. .... Lady L. D. Bromley  
Askew, Mrs. .... Duchess Northumberland  
Anson, Hon. Mrs. G. E. .... Vctss. Ansoe  
Angerstein, Hon. Mrs. F., } Countess of  
  } Charlemont  
Ashton Miss ..... Lady Braybrooke  
Alston, Miss..... Hon. Mrs. Calvert  
Alston, Hon. Miss H..... Ditto  
Anstruther, Miss E. } Their mother, Lady  
Anstruther, Miss } Anstruther  
Archer, Mrs. C. .... Dow. Lady St. John  
Archer, Miss .. Her mother, Mrs. C. Archer  
Arnold, Miss ..... Lady Leicester  
Alison, Mrs. .... Countess Romney  
Beare, Mrs. Gabbett..... Lady Gossett  
Burroughes, Mrs. .... Viscountess Anson  
Bromley, Miss..... Lady L. D. Bromley  
Best, Mrs. George ..... Mrs. Musgrave  
Barton, Mrs. N.... Marchioness Lansdowne  
Blackwood, Hon. Mrs. .... Lady Seymour  
Bagot, Lady H. .... Lady Bagot  
Balfour, Lady E..... Countess Charlemont  
Bulkeley, Lady W. .... Lady G. Egerton  
Bridgewater, Countess..... Countess Surrey  
Bradford, Countess..... Marchss. Tavistock  
Bromley, Lady L. D..... Lady Williams  
Blackford, Lady I..... Marchess. Tavistock  
Bolland, Miss F..... Lady Bolland  
Burnett, Miss M. } Their mother, Lady  
Burnett, Miss F. } Burnett  
Beauclerk, Miss H..... Lady F. Beauclerk  
Beauclerk, Mrs. .... Lady F. Beauclerk  
Beauclerk, Miss I. .... March. Lansdowne  
Beauclerk, Lady F..... March. Tavistock  
Baillie, Miss..... Mrs. Hugh Baillie  
Baillie, Miss Eliza..... Mrs. Hugh Baillie  
Baillie, Miss. .... Marchioness Breadalbane  
Burnett, Miss... Her mother, Lady Burnett  
Blomfield, Miss..... Mrs. Blomfield  
Birch, Mrs. J. W..... Mrs. B. Reynardson  
Bannerman, Mrs..... Marchss. Lansdowne  
Bell, Mrs..... Countess Northumberland  
Barnwall, Hon. Mrs.. } Lady Talbot de Ma-  
  } lahide  
Buller, Mrs. E..... Duchess Sutherland  
Baillie, Mrs. H..... Hon. Mrs. Ashley  
Beach, Lady Hicks..... Lady A. M. Cust  
Bolland, Lady..... Countess of Leicester  
Burnett, Lady..... Lady Suffield  
Bolton, Lady..... Mrs. Tuffnell  
Bruce, Countess..... Countess Pembroke  
Breadalbane, March. .... March. Lansdowne  
Blackburn, Miss E..... Hon. Mrs. Campbell  
Bagot, Hon. Miss..... Lady H. Bagot  
Bagshaw, Mrs. .... Mrs. Fletcher  
Blair, Mrs. Lambert ..... Countess Galloway  
Brownrigg, Miss J..... Mrs. S. Brownrigg  
Bingham, Miss ..... Countess Winterton  
Blackburn, Miss H..... Hon. Mrs. Campbell  
Brownrigg, Miss J. .... Mrs. S. Brownrigg  
Brownrigg, Mrs. S. .... Lady J. Walsh  
Beresford, Miss H. C. .... Ditto  
Bennett, Miss F..... Lady G. Murray

*Presented by*

|   |   |                                       |                            |
|---|---|---------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Bagot, Miss F. ....                       | Lady H. Bagot                           | Codrington, Miss E. ....              | Lady B. Codrington         |
| Bagot, Miss C. } Their mother, Lady Bagot |   | Clayton, Mrs. J. L. ....              | March. Tavistock           |
| Bagot, Miss G. }                          |   | Clarke, Miss. ....                    | Lady Morgan                |
| Blachford, Miss. ....                     | Lady I. Blachford                       | Cochrane, Miss. ....                  | March. Downshire           |
| Beresford, Miss G. ....                   | Lady Sarah Ingestrie                    | Christopher, Lady M. ....             | Count. Brownlow            |
| Bewett, Miss. ....                        | Lady George Murray                      | Clayton, Mrs. A. ....                 | Lady J. Somerset           |
| Brownrigg, Mrs. ....                      | Count. Dow. Craven                      | Cole, Lady Elizabeth. ....            | Lady C. Bury               |
| Burroughes, Miss. ....                    | Mrs. Burroughes                         | Carleton, Hon. Mrs. ....              | Ctss. Charlemont           |
| Blackburne, Mrs. I. ....                  | Hon. Mrs. Campbell                      | Croft, Mrs. James. ....               | Lady Pringle               |
| Blair, Mrs. ....                          | Countess Galloway                       | Copley, Hon. Miss. ....               | Lady Lyndhurst             |
| Brisco, Mrs. M. ....                      | Countess Ashburnham                     | Callender, Hon. Mrs. ....             | Lady Graham                |
| Byng, Hon. Mrs. H. ....                   | Her mother, Dow. Viscountess Torrington | Cust, Miss L. ....                    | Lady A. M. Cust            |
| Beauclerk, Miss K. K. ....                | March. Lansdowne                        | Calvert, Miss. ....                   | Hon. Mrs. Calvert          |
| Berkeley, Mrs. ....                       | Dow. Countess Craven                    | Crutchley, Lady C. ....               | Count. Ashburnham          |
| Braybrooke, Lady. ....                    | Countess Manvers                        | Cotterell, Mrs. ....                  | Viscountess Gage           |
| Campbell, Mrs., of Islay. ....            | Lady C. Bury                            | Codrington, Miss J. B. ....           | Lady Vivian                |
| Clapham, Mrs. C. ....                     | Countess Winterton                      | D'Eyncourt, Mrs. ....                 | Lady Worsley               |
| Crutchley, Miss. ....                     | Countess Ashburnham                     | D'Eyncourt, Miss C. ....              | Mrs. D'Eyncourt            |
| Crompton, Miss C. ....                    | Lady Herries                            | Doyle, Miss. ....                     | Mrs. H. Tuffnell           |
| Compton, Miss A. ....                     | Countess Winterton                      | Dering, Miss C. ....                  | Ctss. Nelson, Duch. Bronte |
| Corbett, Miss. ....                       | Lady H. Clive                           | Dent, Mrs. Thomas. ....               | Lady Imhoff                |
| Colquhoun, Hon. Mrs. ....                 | Countess Bandon                         | Dent, Miss. ....                      | Lady Imhoff                |
| Cornwallis, Lady L. ....                  | Countess Brownlow                       | Denman, Hon. Miss. { Their mother,    |                            |
| Cornwallis, Lady E. ....                  | Countess Brownlow                       | Denman, Hon. Miss M. { Lady Denman    |                            |
| Codrington, Lady G. ....                  | Lady B. Codrington                      | Dickson, Lady. ....                   | Lady Gardner               |
| Codrington, Lady B. ....                  | March. Downshire                        | Douglas, Lady K. ....                 | March. Lansdowne           |
| Compton, Lady. ....                       | Countess Winterton                      | Drake, Lady Elliot. ....              | Lady Yarde Buller          |
| Crouthie, Mrs. ....                       | Lady H. Durham                          | Dungannon, Visctss. ....              | March. Tavistock           |
| Crutchley, Mrs. ....                      | Countess Ashburnham                     | Durham, Lady H. ....                  | Count. Charlemont          |
| Clark, Lady. ....                         | Lady Sandon                             | Douglas, Lady Isab. ....              | March. Lansdowne           |
| Chesterfield, Count. ....                 | March. Londonderry                      | Dyer, Miss A. M. ....                 | Mrs. Blomfield             |
| Cornwallis, March. ....                   | Countess Brownlow                       | Drummond, Miss H. ....                | Lady W. de Eresby          |
| Clanwilliam, Count. ....                  | Countess Pembroke                       | D'Eyncourt, Miss. ....                | Mrs. D'Eyncourt            |
| Clifton, Lady. ....                       | Mrs. Corbett                            | Dyer, Miss M. ....                    | Mrs. Blomfield             |
| Campbell, Lady. ....                      | Marchss. Cholmondeley                   | Dering, Mrs. G. ....                  | Dow. Visctss. Torrington   |
| Canning, Miss. ....                       | Mrs. Canning                            | Dalyell, Mrs. ....                    | Duchess Somerset           |
| Cartwright, Miss. ....                    | Mrs. Cartwright                         | Davenport, Mrs. ....                  | Mrs. Tuffnell              |
| Cartwright, Miss F. ....                  | Ditto                                   | Drummond, Lady E. ....                | Lady W. D'Eresby           |
| Cumming, Miss. } Their Mother, Lady       |   | Dansey, Mrs. J. on her mar. ....      | Lady Malet                 |
| Cumming, Miss A. }                        | Cumming                                 | Dyer, Mrs. H. M. ....                 | Dow. Lady Arundel          |
| Cumming, Miss F. }                        |   | Devereux, Hon. Miss. ....             | Lady H. Clive              |
| Curtis, Miss. ....                        | Lady Curtis                             | Delap, Mrs. ....                      | Lady Mosley                |
| Curtis, Miss S. L. ....                   | Lady Curtis                             | Davies, Mrs. ....                     | Hon. Mrs. Denman           |
| Carnac, Miss R. ....                      | March. of Lansdowne                     | Evans, Lady. ....                     | Lady Vivian                |
| Campbell, Miss. ....                      | Her mother, Mrs. Stewart                | Eustace, Miss. ....                   | Lady Eustace               |
| Colquhoun, Miss. ....                     | Mrs. Colquhoun                          | East, Mrs. C. ....                    | Marchioness Downshire      |
| Cadogan, Mrs. ....                        | Duchess Northumberland                  | East, Miss A. C. ....                 | Her mother, Mrs. C. East   |
| Cartwright, Mrs. ....                     | Lady Cottenham                          | Elwes, Miss. ....                     | Lady J. Somerset           |
| Coape, Mrs. H. C. ....                    | Viscountess Lorton                      | East, Miss C. ....                    | Her mother, Mrs. C. East   |
| Canning, Mrs. ....                        | Countess Mountnorris                    | Eldon, Countess. ....                 | Mrs. Howley                |
| Courtenay, Lady Elizabeth. ....           | Lady Bolton                             | Eyre, Miss. ....                      | Hon. Mrs. Eyre             |
| Craven, Countess Dow. ....                | Lady C. Barrington                      | Elphinstone, Mrs. H. ....             | Mrs. Col. Davies           |
| Craven, Lady L. ....                      | Countess Dow. Craven                    | Elwes, Miss F. ....                   | Lady J. Somerset           |
| Carmarthen, March. { Countess Dowager of  |   | Evre, Hon. Mrs. ....                  | Countess Nelson            |
|   | Chichester                              | Edgcumbe, Mrs. ....                   | Countess Brownlow          |
| Cumming, Lady. ....                       | Countess Charlemont                     | Eustace, Lady. ....                   | Lady Braybrooke            |
| Charleville, Count. ....                  | March. Londonderry                      | Estcourt, Mrs. ....                   | Lady Portman               |
| Carnett, Lady R. ....                     | Marchss. Lansdowne                      | Egerton, Mrs. ....                    | Lady Bridgewater           |
| Cust, Lady A. M. ....                     | Countess Brownlow                       | Ellice, Mrs. A. ....                  | Lady C. Barrington         |
| Cawdor, Lady Dowager. ....                | Countess Surrey                         | Forcher, Mrs. ....                    | Hon. Mrs. G. Campbell      |
| Cust, Lady C. ....                        | Countess Brownlow                       | Freemantle, Mrs. ....                 | Hon. Mrs. Massey           |
| Codrington, Miss M. ....                  | Lady Vivian                             | Freemantle, Mrs. C. ....              | Ditto                      |
| Cooper, Miss L. C. ....                   | Mrs. Cooper Cooper                      | Fleming, Mrs. ....                    | Dowager Lady Arundel       |
| Codrington, Miss E. ....                  | Lady B. Codrington                      | Fitzroy, Hon. Mrs. ....               | March. Downshire           |
| Craven, Mrs. A. ....                      | Lady Hardy                              | Ferguson, Miss. ....                  | Countess of Leicester      |
| Corbett, Mrs. P. ....                     | Lady H. Clive                           | Flower, Lady. ....                    | Countess of Albemarle      |
| Cottin, Miss. ....                        | Lucy, Countess Winterton                | Fox, Lady Augusta, on leaving England |                            |
| Curry, Hon. Lady. ....                    | Hon. Mrs. Scarlett                      | Follett, Lady. ....                   | Lady Yarde Buller          |
|   |   | Falmouth, Countess. ....              | Countess Charlemont        |

*Presented by*

Farrer, Mrs. .... Mrs. Howley  
 Flanrey, Miss ..... Countess Albemarle  
 Fleming, Miss ..... Mrs. Fleming  
 Fletcher Miss ..... Lady Imhoff  
 Fletcher, Miss Louisa ..... Mrs. Fletcher  
 Ferguson, Mrs. H. .... Lady de Dunstanville  
 Garth, Mrs. .... Lady Harriet Clive  
 Gossett, Lady ..... Lady Vivian  
 Graham, Lady .... Duchess Northumberland  
 Glengall, Countess ..... Countess Kinnoull  
 Gort, Visctss. .... Duchess Northumberland  
 Grant, Miss, of Grant .... Lady G. Murray  
 Gillies, Mrs. Colonel ..... Lady Barton  
 Gage, Hon. Anna M. .... Viscountess Gage  
 Gage, Hon. Miss. .... Viscountess Gage  
 Galway, Dow. Visctss. .... Countess Bandon  
 Grant, Lady .. .... Lady George Murray  
 Gordon, Miss ..... Lady Portman  
 Griffith, Mrs. D. .... Mrs. D. Griffith  
 Gaskell, Mrs. D. .... Hon. Mrs. Annesley  
 Gladstone, Mrs. .... Mrs. Cartwright  
 Gossett, Miss J. } Their mother, Lady Gos-  
 Gossett, Miss } sett  
 Gambier, Mrs. W. .... Lady de Dunstanville  
 Helbert, Mrs. H. .... Lady Maclaine  
 Holden, Miss. .... Her mother, Mrs. Holden  
 Hume, Mrs. .... Mrs. H. Tuffnell  
 Heys, Miss. .... Her aunt, Count. Winterton  
 Holbech, Hon. Mrs. H. .... Lady Bridport  
 Hood, Hon. C. } Their mother, Lady Brid-  
 Hood, Hon. F. } port  
 Herries, Lady ..... Lady Gomm  
 Halkett, Lady ..... Countess Dow. Clare  
 Heytesbury, Lady ..... Lady J. Elliott  
 Howard, Lady M. .... Countess Surrey  
 Hardwicke, Count. .... March. Londonderry  
 Holmesdale, Visctss. { Duch. Northumber-  
 land &  
 Hope, Lady Frances. .... Countess Sheffield  
 Hunter, Lady. .... Countess Surry  
 Honeywood, Miss C. .... } Their mother, Dow.  
 Honeywood, Miss L. .... } Lady Honeywood  
 Hankey, Miss F. .... Hon. Mrs. S. Bathurst  
 Hoare, Mrs. H. C. .... Countess Palmouth  
 Honeywood, Lady Dow. .... Lady E. Palk  
 Hillsborough, Count. .... March. Downshire  
 Harewood, Countess. .... Countess Sheffield  
 Hargood, Lady. .... Lady Pringle  
 Hardinge, Miss ..... Lady Hardinge  
 Herbert, Mrs. .... Duchess Northumberland  
 Herries, Miss I. .... Ditto  
 Hume, Miss ..... Her mother, Mrs. Hume  
 Herries, Miss ..... Lady Gomm  
 Heneage, Mrs. W. .... Lady G. Murray  
 Houlton, Mrs. G. .... Mrs. Long  
 Helbert, Miss ..... Mrs. H. Helbert  
 Herbert, Mrs. .... Duchess Northumberland  
 Hardinge, Lady E. .... March. Londonderry  
 Holmes, Hon. Mrs. .... Lady Heytesbury  
 Hardinge, Lady ..... Lady E. Hardinge  
 Harcourt, Mrs. D. V. .... Countess Surrey  
 Hovendon, Mrs. .... Lady Halkett  
 Irby, Miss F. .... Hon. Mrs. F. Irby  
 Irby, Hon. Mrs. F. .... Lady Suffield  
 Imhoff, Lady ..... Lady Pringle  
 Irvine, Miss L. .... Viscountess Dungannon  
 Irving, Miss A. .... Lady C. Wood  
 Jones, Miss ..... Hon. Mrs. Talbot  
 Johnstone, Miss ..... Viscountess Lorton

*Presented by*

Johnston, Lady B. .... Countess of Surrey  
 Jermyn, Lady K. .... Dow. Lady Cawdor  
 Johnstone, Mrs. C. J. .... Visctss. Lorton  
 Jodrell, Miss. .... Lady de Dunstanville  
 King, Hon. Mrs. .... Viscountess Lorton  
 Kinnaird, Hon. Miss. .... Lady Kinnaird  
 Knox, Hon. Mrs. J. .... Lady T. S. Rice  
 Kinnaird, Hon. F. .... Lady Kinnaird  
 Kerr, Mrs. M. .... March. Londonderry  
 Kerr, Lady S. .... March. Londonderry  
 Kinnaird, Lady ..... Lady B. Ponsonby  
 Kinnoull, Countess. .... Lady W. de Fresby  
 Knight, Mrs. Gally. .... Countess Manvers  
 Kenyon, Hon. Mrs. .... Countess of Eldon  
 Kyd, Mrs. .... Lady Evans  
 Kensington, Miss ..... Lady Anstruther  
 Knollys, Miss. .... Lady de Dunstanville  
 King, Hon. Mrs. H. .... Visctss. Lorton  
 King, Hon. Mrs. I. .... Dow. Lady King  
 Ker, Miss. .... Marchioness Londonderry  
 Limond, Miss. .... Her mother, Lady Limond  
 Lucas, Miss I. .... Her mother, Mrs. Lucas  
 Lethbridge, Miss. .... March. Lansdowne  
 Leslie, Mrs. .... Countess Bandon  
 Limond, Lady ..... Lady Wetherall  
 Lorton, Visctss. .... Countess Brandon  
 Lowther, Lady L. E. .... Count. Albemarle  
 Leicester, Countess. .... Countess Albemarle  
 Lennard, Lady B. .... Countess of Albemarle  
 Lisburne, Countess. .... Lady Elizabeth Palk  
 Lascelles, Lady L. .... Countess Sheffield  
 Legge, Miss A. .... Hon. Mrs. A. Legge  
 Legge, Miss L. .... Hon. Mrs. A. Legge  
 Lefroy, Miss ..... Viscountess Lorton  
 Longley, Mrs. .... Lady Henry Moore  
 Lumley, Miss .. Her mother, Mrs. I. Saville  
 Leslie, Mrs. C. .... Her mother, Mrs. Leslie  
 Lowe, Miss. .... Lady Gomm  
 Lefroy, Hon. Mrs. .... Viscountess Lorton  
 Lane, Hon. Mrs. N. .... Lady H. Bagot  
 Legge, Mrs. Augustus. .... Mrs. Howley  
 Moore, Lady ..... Lady Burghersh  
 Moore, Miss. .... Her mother, Lady Moore  
 Milman Lady. .... Lady Barrett Lennard  
 Murray, Lady E. .... Countess Mansfield  
 Milman, Miss. .... Her mother, Lady Milman  
 Murray, Miss. .... Lady George Murray  
 Monk, Mrs. .... Hon. Mrs. Eyre  
 Monckton, Hon. Miss. { Dowager  
 Visctss. Galway  
 Montfort, Lady. .... Countess Winterton  
 Malet, Lady. .... March. Lansdowne  
 May, Lady ..... Lady Dickson  
 Molyneux, Visctss. .... Countess Craven  
 Morrison, Mrs. .... Countess Albemarle  
 Moore, Lady H. .... Lady L. D. Bromley  
 Mosley, Miss. .... Lady Mosley  
 Mosley, Miss Emily. .... Lady Mosley  
 Mosley, Miss Mary Ann. .... Lady Mosley  
 Munday, Mrs. .... Marchss. of Lansdowne  
 Mosley, Lady. .... Countess of Surrey  
 Madden, Lady ..... Mrs. Rodon  
 Marsham, Lady C. .... Ctss. Dow. Chichester  
 Mulgrave, Countess Dow. .... Count. Easton  
 Monck, Lady M. .... Countess Tankerville  
 Maaham, Lady F. .... Ctss. Dow. Chichester  
 Musgrave, Hon. Mrs. .... Lady H. Clive  
 Murray, Mrs. H. .... Mrs. Otway Cave  
 Murray, Miss L. .... Lady H. Durham

***Presented by***

Reynardson Mrs. B. .... Countess Brownlow  
Ravensthorpe, Lady. .... March. Londonderry  
Rennie, Lady. .... Lady de Dunstanville  
Rivett-Carnac, Miss H. .... Lady B. Carnac  
Russell, Miss W. .... Dow. Lady Arundell  
Rodon, Mrs. .... Lady Macaine  
Ravenshaw, Mrs. Colonel. .... Lady Imhoff  
Romney, Count. .... Count. Dow. Chichester  
Reynett, Lady. .... Hon. Mrs. Ashley  
Rushbrooke, Miss F. .... Mrs. Rushbrooke  
Rushbrooke, Miss M. .... Mrs. Rushbrooke  
Reaves, Miss G. .... Mrs. Colonel Reeves  
Reynardson, Miss B. .... Countess Brownlow  
Rushbrooke, Miss. .... Countess Brownlow  
Rycroft, Miss. .... Cts. Dow. Chichester  
Rotho, Miss. .... Her sister, Mrs. S. White  
Reeves, Miss Ann. .... Mrs. Colonel Reeves  
Ricketts, Mrs. C. S. .... March. Chandos  
Romilly, Mrs. F. .... March. Londowne  
Reynardson, Miss J. .... Countess Brownlow  
Stannus, Lady. .... Countess Eldon  
Stanley, Lady Mary. .... Lady H. Clive  
Suffield, Lady. .... Countess Albemarle  
Stuart, Lady Anne. .... Duchess Somerset  
St. John, Lady. .... March. Tavistock  
Swinburne, Lady J. .... Count. Ashburnham  
Stuart, Lady I. .... Duchess Somerset  
Stuart, Lady M. .... Duchess of Somerset  
Surtees, Miss F. } Their mother, Mrs.  
Surtees, Miss } W. V. Surtees  
Seale, Miss. .... Mrs. Seale  
Stewart, Miss } Their mother, Mrs.  
Stewart, Miss J. } Stewart  
Smith, Mrs. Spencer. .... Mrs. Chandos Pole  
Surtees, Mrs. S. V. .... Mrs. Farrer  
Surtees, Mrs. W. V. .... Lady Dickson  
Seale, Mrs. .... Mrs. Lister  
Stevenson, Mrs. .... Lady Paul  
Sheridan, Mrs. B. .... Lady Graham  
Stewart, Mrs. .... Lady Bridport  
Stanhope, Hon. Mrs. L. .... March. Tavistock  
Stanley, Lady M. .... Dow. Cts. Chichester  
Stanley, Lady G. S. .... Countess Surrey  
Slade, Lady. .... Lady Quentin  
Stanley, Miss S. .... Countess Surrey  
Sproule, Miss. .... Lady Rivett-Carnac  
Stanley, Miss L. } Their mother, Lady  
Stanley, Miss E. } M. Stanley  
Stanley, Miss F. S. .... Countess Surrey  
Seymour, Miss C. .... Countess Nelson  
Strangways, Miss I. .... Mrs. Trent  
Stronge, Miss. .... Her mother, Mrs. Stronge  
Spearman, Mrs. .... Lady T. S. Rice  
Stanley, Mrs. W. .... Lady M. Stanley  
Stronge, Lady. .... Hon. Mrs. Calvert  
Scarlett, Hon. Mrs. Y. .... Hon. Mrs. Scarlett  
Stepney, Lady. .... Lady F. Beauclerk  
Saville, Mrs. Lumley. .... Countess Manners  
Tuite, Mrs. G. .... Lady C. Wood  
Thomas, Mrs. H. .... Lady Bolton  
Talbot, Hon. Mrs. .... Mrs. Otway Cave  
Turnor, Mrs. .... Countess Brownlow  
Torrington, Dow. Visct. } Her sister, Count.  
} Nelson, Duchess  
} of Bronte  
Thynne, Lady F. .... Countess Glengall  
Todd, Mrs. R. .... Mrs. Campbell of Islay  
Territ, Mrs. .... Marchioness Tavistock  
Tabley, Lady de. .... March. Cholmondeley

*Presented by*

Talbot, Lady de M. .... Duchess Sutherland  
 Thistlewayte, Mrs. C. .... Mrs. Thistlewayte  
 Turnor, Miss H. .... Mrs. Turnor  
 Thistlewayte, Miss. .... Mrs. Thistlewayte  
 Thackeray, Miss M. A. E. .... Miss Cottin  
 Taylor, Miss M. .... Lady Bolton  
 Talbot, Miss. .... Lady J. Somerset  
 Thistlewayte, Mrs. .... Lady Carteret  
 Trent, Mrs. .... Hon. Lady Lumley  
 Ussher, Miss E. .... Ditto  
 Ussher, Miss. .... Viscountess Falkland  
 Vane, Lady. .... Marchioness Lansdowne  
 Vaughan, Mrs. E. .... Mrs. Milman  
 Vanneck, Hon. Mrs. .... Countess Albemarle  
 Vanneck, Miss C. .... Hon. Mrs. Vanneck  
 Vernon, Miss H. .... Lady Johnstone  
 Vincent, Lady. .... Countess Molyneux  
 Vernon, Miss. .... Lady Pringle  
 Whately, Lady. .... Hon. Mrs. Campbell  
 Wethered, Miss. .... Countess Nelson  
 Wyndham Miss. .... Mrs. Wyndham  
 White, Mrs. S. .... Duchess Sutherland  
 Warrender, Hon. Mrs. .... Count. Mauvers  
 Wombwell, Mrs. O. .... Lady Ogle  
 Westphal, Lady. .... Hon. Mrs. Eyre  
 Walsh, Lady J. .... March. of Downshire  
 Williams, Lady M. H. .... Count. Charlemont  
 Wynne, Miss. .... Countess of Bradford  
 Ward, Miss. .... Lady Emily Hardinge  
 Walter, Miss. .... Her mother, Mrs. Walter  
 Wynne, Mrs. J. L. .... Lady Bridport  
 Wynn, Mrs. C. G. .... Countess Bradford  
 White, Hon. Mrs. .... Viscountess Gort  
 Walker, Miss. .... Lady A. Buller  
 Wilkinson, Miss G. .... Lady Bridport  
 Wheble, Miss. .... Countess Albemarle  
 Welman, Mrs. .... Lady F. Sandon  
 Wells, Mrs. H. .... Countess Glengall  
 Wilkinson, Miss M. G. .... Lady Bridport  
 Walker, Lady. .... Lady A. Buller  
 Wombwell Miss. .... Mrs. Orby Wombwell  
 Wells, Miss. .... Lady G. Murray  
 Williams, Miss. .... Lady W. de Broke  
 Wells, Miss C. .... Lady G. Murray  
 Wedderburne, Mrs. .... Lady A. M. Cust..  
 Whitmore, Miss L. .... Mrs. Whitmore..  
 Wilbraham, Hon. Miss B. .. } Count. Clan-  
 Wilbraham, Hon. Mrs. B. .. } william  
 Wildman, Mrs. R. .... Hon. Mrs. Ashley  
 Williams, Mrs. R. .... Dow. Lady Arundel  
 Wyndham, Mrs. .... Countess Romney  
 Willoughby de Broke, Lady. .... Ctes. Eldon  
 Wigney, Mrs. Newton. .... Countess Surrey  
 Watson, Mrs. W. .... Lady M'Grigor  
 Wood, Mrs. .... Marchioness Lansdowne  
 Young, Miss Anna. .... Lady Young

4.—Her Majesty, attended by the Marchioness of Lansdowne, Marchioness of Tavistock, the Hon. Misses Cocks and Murray, the Marquis Conyngham, Viscount Torrington, Sir F. Stovin, Lord A. Paget, Lady Flora Hastings, &c., attended by the Duchess of Kent, visited the exhibition of the Royal Academy, and were received by Sir Martin Archer Shee, and the officers of the establishment.

Viscount Melbourne and Lord J. Russell had audiences of Her Majesty.

Prince Esterhazy and his daughter, the Countess Chorinsky, had an audience of the Queen.

The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, visited the Royal Academy.

The Duke of Sussex visited the Princess Augusta, at Clarence House.

Prince George of Cambridge, honoured Mr. Cox with his company at dinner, on Thursday evening, at Grosvenor-place.

5.—The Queen honoured the Performance of *Norma*, at her Majesty's Theatre, with her presence.

Her Majesty gave audiences to the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Albemarle, Viscount Melbourne, the Bishop of Norwich; Lord Hill, and the Right Hon. R. Cutlar Ferguson, Judge Advocate-General.

The Duke of Cambridge visited the Queen Dowager, at Marlborough House.

The Duchess of Gloucester and a select party, dined with the Princess Augusta, on Saturday, at Clarence House.

The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and Prince George of Cambridge, honoured the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury with their company at dinner, in Great Stanhope-street.

6.—Her Majesty and her august Mother, attended Divine Service in the morning, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of London, from the 6th chapter of Mich., verse 8. The officiating Clergymen were the Rev. Messrs. Hadden and Knapp. Mr. Knyvet presided at the organ.

Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, also attended the service, having in her suite, Lady Charles Somerset, Miss Hope Johnstone, and Earl Howe.

The Duke of Beaufort, the Countess of Chesterfield, the Bishop Chichester, and Earls Wilton, Bandon, Clarendon, and Cawdor, were amongst the nobility present.

After the service, the Queen, attended by the Marchioness Tavistock, Hon. Misses Cocks and Murray, Viscount Torrington, Sir Frederick Stovin, and Lord Alfred Paget, and the Duchess of Kent, by Lady Flora Hastings, descended from the Royal Closet, and approached the altar, when the Bishop of London administered the Sacrament to Her Majesty, the Duchess of Kent, and suite, the Bishop of Norwich, Clerk of the Closet, the Dean of Hereford, Deputy Clerk of the Closet, and the Bishop of Hereford.

Her Majesty, attended by the Marchioness of Tavistock, took a drive in an open carriage and four, in the afternoon, in Hyde Park and the Regent's Park.

The Duchess of Cambridge visited Her Majesty.

Viscount Palmerston had an audience of the Queen.

The Princess Augusta, attended by Miss Wynyard and Sir Henry Wheatley, attended Divine service in St. Philip's Chapel.

The Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta Cambridge, at-

tended Divine service in the morning, in Grosvenor Chapel.

7.—Her Majesty, attended by the Marchioness of Tavistock, took a drive in an open carriage and four, in the parks.

Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen.

Her Majesty had a dinner party at the new palace. The band of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards was in attendance during dinner.

Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, took a carriage drive in a pony phaeton and four, and was afterwards visited at Marlborough House, by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge. Her Majesty visited the Princess Augusta, at Clarence House.

The Duke of Sussex and the Princess Augusta, visited the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, at Cambridge House.

8.—Her Majesty took an airing in the parks, in an open carriage and four, attended by the Marchioness of Tavistock.

Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen.

Her Majesty honoured the performance of *I Puritani La Ressemblance*, at Her Majesty's Theatre, with her presence.

Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, took an airing in an open phaeton and four.

The Duchess of Gloucester visited the Duchess of Kent.

The Duke of Sussex and Duchess of Gloucester, visited the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, at Cambridge House.

The Princess Augusta took an airing at Kensington, in a carriage and four.

The Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, honoured the performance of *I Puritani*, at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Prince George of Cambridge was present at the entertainments given by the Countess Cadogan and Mrs. Roberts, at their residences in Piccadilly and Hill-street.

9.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen.

Her Majesty had a dinner party, which was attended by the band of the Coldstream Guards.

Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, took a carriage drive.

The Princess Augusta and the Duchess of Gloucester, visited the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, at Cambridge House.

10.—Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, visited the Queen.

Viscount Melbourne had an audience of Her Majesty.

The Duchess of Gloucester visited the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, at Cambridge House.

The Duchess of Cambridge and Prince George of Cambridge, dined with the Duke of Wellington, at Apsley House. Their Royal Highnesses afterwards honoured the concert of Ancient Music, with their presence.

BALL.—Her Majesty's first state ball since her accession, and the first grand entertain-

ment at the new palace, was given this evening.

The splendid suite of rooms was opened for the occasion, and brilliantly illuminated.

The company were admitted under the centre portico of the marble hall, which was protected from the weather by neat drapery, and ornamented within with fine orange-trees, a variety of choice plants and exotics. During the band of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, stationed at the end of the hall, performed a variety of choice selections.

The company began to arrive shortly before ten o'clock, passing between the Yeomen Guards, to the grand staircase on the left, (without passing through the statue gallery;) and entering the first state room, the green drawing-room, were ushered across the picture gallery into the saloon.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta, attended by Lady Mary Pelham and Major-General Sir Henry Wheatley, arrived soon after ten o'clock, and was received by the Hon. Mrs. George Campbell, the Hon. Col. Cavendish, Clerk Marshal, Sir Frederick Stovin, Groom in Waiting, and Lord Alfred Paget, Equerry in Waiting, who conducted Her Royal Highness to the Yellow Drawing-room.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, the Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George of Cambridge, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended by Miss Kerr, Colonel Cornwall, and Baron Knesbeck, the Duchess of Gloucester, attended by Colonel James, followed soon afterwards, and were received by the same Officers in Waiting, and conducted to the Yellow Drawing-room.

The Queen and the Duchess of Kent, together with the Royal Family, passed the saloon into the large ball-room, followed by the rest of the company. Sets for quadrilles were formed, and the ball was opened by the Queen, who had for her partner, Prince George of Cambridge, in a quadrille, entitled "Versailles."

During the ball, Her Majesty, danced quadrilles with the following noblemen:—Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, the Marquis of Douro, the Earl of Uxbridge, Lord Morpeth, Lord Fitzallan, Lord Suffield, Lord Folkestone, and Lord Jocelyn. In the intervals of the dance Her Majesty and the Royal Family sat in a recess at the west side of the room, which was hung with white satin, embroidered in bouquets of flowers, and trimmed with silver fringe, with curtains suspended from the front on each side. The seats of crimson satin and gold, were placed on a platform covered with a Persian carpet.

The elevated orchestra, over which was a chandelier, had a gilt ballustrade, edged at the top and bottom with gold fringe, with vallances to correspond. It was supported by two portable pedestals. One very large, and four small cut glass chandeliers, and a profusion of gold candelabra, illuminated the room in a most brilliant manner.

Her Majesty sat on the opposite side of the room to that on which were the por-

traits, by Sir D. Wilkie, of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, as the Earl of Inverness, and the Princess Charlotte.

Strauss' band was stationed in this room, and after the first quadrille performed, his entirely new set of waltzes, entitled "Hommage à la Reine d'Angleterre," which were much admired by Her Majesty. Their Parisian and Venetian gallopes, were, during the evening repeated by command of Her Majesty. Her Majesty danced in every quadrille played in this room.

The Yellow Drawing-room was, likewise, used a ball-room, and at the end an orchestra (facing the orchestra in the large ball-room,) was fitted up in similar style with ornaments, but on a small scale. In this room Weipart's band was stationed; the favourite music of the evening, played by this band, were the quadrilles, "Gems of the Opera," "Lucia di Lammermuir," the waltzes, "Serenade" and "Berlin," and the "Postillon de Lonjumeau" gallope.

A platform, having seats for Her Majesty and her royal relatives, with rich and elegant drapery, occupied a recess on the west side.

The saloon (between the ball-rooms,) was illuminated with a very handsome ormolu lustre, in the semi-circular projection, and also by a cut-glass chandelier.

Refreshments were served at the tables in the Throne-room during the evening.

At one o'clock, Her Majesty and the Royal Family, followed by the company, passed from the large ball-room under the orchestra, into the supper-room, (which opens *en suite*,) where supper was served at tables extending round the sides of the room. The side-board at the end displayed a number of magnificent articles of gold plate, having in the middle, the "Shield of Achilles." At the two angles of the room were, also, displayed some choice specimens of gold plate. The portraits of George IV, of George III, and Queen Charlotte, of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and of Augusta, his consort, were hung in this room.

Dancing was resumed after supper, and continued till near four o'clock, Her Majesty joining in the last dance. "God save the Queen," was played on the arrival and departure of the Royal Family, by the band of the Royal Horse Guards, in the marble hall, and by the band of the Foot Guards, who were on duty in front of the palace.

Amongst the company were, the Austrian and Russian Ambassador, the Turkish Ambassador, and Mr. Salame, Her Majesty's Oriental interpreter, the Neapolitan, Prussian, Wurtemberg, and Danish Ministers, the Bavarian Minister and Baroness de Cetto, Madame Dettell, the Lady of the Netherlands' Minister, the Brazilian Minister, the United States Minister and Mrs. Stevenson, the Sardinian Minister, the Grecian Minister and Princess Soutzo; the Hanoverian and Saxon Ministers; Baron de Bourquency (French), Baron Rehausen, (Swedish), and Chevalier de Rebello, Portuguese Charge d'Affaires; Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, Prince

Odelcolchi, Count Chorinsky, Count Charles and Countess Pozzo di Borgo; Count and Countess de Maltzohn; Count and Countess de Montgelos, Count Iliczynski, &c. &c.

11.—The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge visited the Queen Dowager, at Marlborough House.

The Princess Sophia Matilda visited the Princess Augusta, at Clarence House.

15.—Her Majesty held a Privy Council at two o'clock.

The Queen took an airing in the Parks in an open carriage and four.

Countess Charleston and Viscountess Forbes, and the Hon. Mrs. George Campbell, succeeded as the Lady and Bedchamber Women in Waiting. Marquis Headfort and the Hon. Sir W. Lumley, as Lord and Groom in Waiting on Her Majesty.

The Duchess of Gloucester visited the Duchess of Cambridge.

Her Majesty honoured Mr. Sully, of Philadelphia, with the sixth and final sitting, for a whole length portrait of Her Majesty, in her robes of state.

16.—Her Majesty and suite honoured the Concert of Ancient Music, with her presence.

The Duke of Cambridge gave a dinner at Cambridge House, as director (for the evening,) to the Princess Augusta and Duchess of Gloucester, attended by Lady Mary Pelham and Lady Georgiana Bathurst, Archbishop of York and Miss Vernon Harcourt, Duke of Devonshire, Earl Howe, Lord and Lady Burghersh, and Mr. Knyvett, conductor of the concert. The Duchess and Prince George of Cambridge, with the whole of the guests, afterwards went to the concert.

17.—HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.—This was kept as the anniversary with a full state Drawing-room. Nearly every noble in the land, in addition to the *élite* of the gentry, in number, upwards of 2000, paid their respects to Her Majesty, on the occasion. At one o'clock, the Park and Tower guns fired a Royal salute, and again in the Park at two o'clock, as the Sovereign was moving towards St. James'. Prior to the "coming of the Queen," the whole line of road from the Park, was some six or eight deep. Her Majesty was everywhere warmly greeted.

At three o'clock, the State-room was crowded. The costume of the ladies was of the most elegant and magnificent description.

We have elsewhere described the dress worn by Her Majesty. The Knights of the several orders were their respective collars. The Foreign Ambassadors, Ministers, and Officers of State were present. Soon after Her Majesty's arrival, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, Bishops of London, Winchester, Exeter, Llandaff, Chester, Gloucester, Bristol, Carlisle, Rochester, Ripon, Norwich, Lincoln, Salisbury, Durham, Bangor, Ely, Hereford, Chichester, Derry, and Nova Scotia, presented from their body to Her Majesty, in the Royal closet, a congratulatory Address, and Her Majesty was pleased to return a gracious answer.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent

came in state, escorted by a party of Life Guards, and entered by the colour court. Her Royal Highnesses dress, on this occasion, was composed entirely of British manufacture, in pursuance of the Queen's express wish on the subject to her Court.

The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and Prince George of Cambridge, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Augusta, and the Duke of Sussex, all arrived in state.

The Duchess of Kent, the Duke and Duchess, and Prince George of Cambridge, passed through the Presence Chamber, which was lined by Her Majesty's Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, and through the middle doors, reserved for the Royal Family, in the State-rooms, (guarded by the Hon. Corps,) into the Throne-room.

The Queen received the company in front of the Throne; the Royal Family on the left, and on the right, the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Household, viz.:—Marquis of Headford, Lord in Waiting; Hon. General Sir W. Lumley and Mr. Rich, M.P., Grooms in Waiting; Duke of Argyle, G.C.H., Lord Steward; Marquis Conyngham, K.P., the Lord Chamberlain; Earl of Albemarle, G.C.H., Master of the Horse; Right Hon. George Stevens Byng, Comptroller of the Household; Hon. Colonel Cavendish, Clerk Marshal; and Lord Alfred Paget, Equerry in Waiting. On the steps of the Throne, behind her Majesty, stood the Ladies of the Queen's Household.

19.—Her Majesty rode out on horseback, between 2 and 5 o'clock.

The Queen honored the performance of *Don Giovanni*, at her Majesty's Theatre with her presence.

The Queen Dowager visited the Princess Augusta, at Clarence House.

The Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George and Princess Augusta, of Cambridge, visited her Majesty's Theatre.

21.—Her Majesty took equestrian exercise between two and half-past four o'clock.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, took an airing in a pony phaeton and four.

22.—Her Majesty took an airing in an open barouche and four, in the Parks.

Her Majesty and her august mother, honored the performance of *La Sonnambula*, at her Majesty's Theatre with their presence.

The Duchess, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, were also present at the performance.

The Duke and Prince George of Cambridge, dined with the Archbishop of Canterbury.

May 23.—The following Noblemen and Gentlemen were presented to Her Majesty:—

Alexander, Mr. Robert, one of Her Majesty's Counsel..... The Lord Chancellor  
Angerstein, Mr. F. .... Lord Blayney  
Arundell, Hon. H. .. Right Hon. Lord Stourton  
Arundell, Hon. R. A. .... Ditto  
Archbold, Mr., M.P. .... Earl Fingal  
Allen, Richard ..... Marquis Sligo  
Antrobus, Sir Edmund ..... Lord Byron

# Presented by

Allen, Mr. Seymour, on his appointment to the  
1st Life Guards..... Hon. Col. Cavendish  
Anderson, Mr. F., Hon. East India Company's  
Civil Service..... Sir J. C. Hobhouse  
Ainsworth, Mr., M.P. .... Lord John Russell  
Andrews, Mr. Serjt..... Lord Chancellor  
Abdy, Sir William ..... Lord Stuart de Rothesay  
Allen, Rev. John ..... Bishop of Chichester  
Alexander, Mr. A. .... Marquis Bute  
Alkin, Capt., High Sheriff of Kent .... Marquis  
Camden  
Askew, Capt. C., R.N. .... Sir W. Parker  
Baker, Lieut.-Col. .... Viscount Palmerston  
Brown, Major-Gen. S. .... Lord Saltoun  
Bassan, Mr. George .. Adm. Sir Philip Durham  
Barker, Capt. R., 20th .... Gen. Sir W. Houston  
Brunker, Capt., 15th Regt. .... Col. Sir S. Higgins  
Bloomfield, Capt., Royal Horse Artillery .. Lieut.  
Gen. Lord Bloomfield  
Bourke, Lieut. T., 20th Regiment. .... Gen. Sir  
William Houston  
Bonham, Captain, 16th Lancers, on promotion  
..... His father, General Bonham  
Baker, Lieut., 5th Fusiliers..... Sir H. King  
Belson, Lieut., Rifle Brigade.... Maj.-Gen. Adye  
Bland, Lieut. W., R.A. .... Lord Stourton  
Bradford, Lieut. W. .... Sir R. Gardiner  
Brown, Captain H. .... Lieut.-Col. Hay  
Briscoe, Mr., M.P. .... Sir J. Hobhouse, Bart.  
Bloomfield, Lieutenant-General, Lord, on ap-  
pointment to the Royal Horse Artillery,  
and to the command at Woolwich .. Lieut.  
Gen. Sir Hussey Vivian  
Berners, Lord ..... Earl Albemarle  
Busfield, Mr., M.P. .... Mr. Charles Weed  
Baker, Mr. .... Marquis of Salisbury  
Bain, Capt. H., R.N. .... Sir R. Gardiner, K.C.B  
Balders, Capt., 3d Lt. Drag. .... Col. Brotherton, C.B  
Burke, Col. Sir John. .... Marquis of Sligo  
Bluck, Rev. John, Rector of Bowers Gifford, Es-  
sex ..... Lord Bishop of London  
Baring, Sir Thomas ..... Marquis Lansdowne  
Bangor, Dean of ..... Lord Combermere  
Brown, Mr. J. .... Right Hon. C. P. Thomson  
Belmore, Earl of ..... Earl of Shaftesbury  
Bland, Mr. .... Lord Stourton  
Blackford, Mr. .... Duke of Grafton  
Blenkins, Assistant Surgeon Grenadier Gds. ...  
Colonel D'Oyly  
Blair, Mr. A., on his return from Ceylon.... Sir  
R. Wilmot Horton  
Buckworth, Mr. .... Lord Sondes  
Baldwin, Edward ..... Marquis Sligo  
Blackwood, Hon. Capt. R.N. .... Right Hon Sir  
J. Graham  
Burdett, Sir Francis ..... Viscount St. Vincent  
Bowes, Mr. .... Duke of Cleveland  
Carnegie, Hon. John ..... Viscount St. Vincent  
Cochran, Mr. A. W., one of Her Majesty's coun-  
sel in Lower Canada ..... Lord Glenelg  
Chichester, Captain ..... Lord Beresford  
Cumberlege, Capt., 4th Lt. Drag. .... Cap. Hawkes  
Crofton, Lieut. H., 20th Regt. .... Sir W. Houston  
Conolly, Lieut. J., 5th Drag. Gds. .... Sir J. M.  
Wallace  
Carey, Lieut., 51st Light Infantry .... His father,  
Lieutenant-General Carey  
Campbell, Capt. H., 20th Regt. .... Sir W. Houston  
Courtenay, Capt., R.N. .... H.R.H. Duke of Sussex



*Presented by*

Copeland, Com., R.N. .... Viscount Ingestre  
 Coles, Lieutenant-Colonel { Lieut.-Col. Stawell,  
   12th Royal Lancers  
 Conyers, Colonel. .... Lord Fitzroy Somerset  
 Chamberlayne, Lieut.-Col. .... Earl Roden  
 Calvert, Colonel. .... Viscount Northland  
 Caldwell, Lieut.-Col., Bengal Army .... General  
   Viscount Combermere  
 Chester, Mr., M.P., Deputy-Lieutenant County  
 of Louth. .... Earl Fingall  
 Carnac, Ensign R., on his appointment to the  
 98th Regt. .... His father, Sir J. R. Carnac  
 Cavendish, Lieut., 10th Hussars. .... Col. Cavendish  
 Carrington, Sir E. .... Archbishop of Canterbury  
 Cobden, Rev. Mr., Chaplain to the Sheriff of  
 London and Middlesex .... Sir G. Carroll  
 Clark, Rev. G. .... Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Gordon  
 Cockburn, Sir W. S. R., Bart. .... Lord Byron  
 Curzon, Hon. Francis. .... Hon. J. Dundas  
 Clayton, Mr. R., High Sheriff of Buckingham-  
 shire. .... Marquis of Chandos  
 Campbell, Mr. Deans. .... Lord Blayney  
 Currie, Mr. Raikes, M.P. .... Lord Portman  
 Clark, Mr. John. .... Duke of Beaufort  
 Crawley, Lieut. H., 20th Regt. .... General Sir  
   W. Houston, Bart.  
 Crewe, Lieut.-Col. .... Lord C. Fitzroy  
 Campbell, Col., K. St. F., Spanish service. ....  
   Marquis of Cholmondeley  
 Chambers, Capt. S., R.N. .... Vice-Ad. Sir. J.  
   P. Beresford, Bart., K.C.B.  
 Clifford, Lieut. R.N., on prom. .... Sir A. Clifford  
 Colquhoun, Mr. Patrick. .... Mr. Colquhoun  
 Caldwell, Mr. .... Lord Stuart de Rothsay  
 Champagne, Mr. .... Marquis Conyngham  
 Clare, Mr. Peter. .... Right Hon. C. P. Thomson  
 Creagh, Mr. C. M., on his return from the con-  
 tinent. .... Lieut.-Gen. Sir J. Kempt  
 Crompton, Mr. .... Lord Morpeth  
 Cameron, Mr. J. .... Sir C. Adam  
 Chambers, Mr. W. M. .... Mr. Mellish  
 Clarke, Mr. Ramsay. .... Viscount Gage  
 Dartmouth, Earl of. .... Earl Talbot  
 De Montmorency, Mr. B. .... Lord T. de Malahide  
 Dundas, Mr. Frederick. .... Sir J. C. Hobhouse  
 Disney Mr. .... Marquis of Headfort  
 Daubeney, Colonel. .... Viscount Powerscourt  
 Dawson, Rev. T. M. .... Viscount St. Vincent  
 Dundas, Sir W. .... Lieut.-Gen. Sir H. Campbell  
 Dalhousie, Earl of. .... Duke of Buccleuch  
 Danvers, Mr. B. .... Right Hon. Sir W. Fremantle  
 Dennistoun, Mr. J. .... Duke of Hamilton  
 Duncombe, Mr. T. S., M.P. .... Lord Gardner  
 Dawnay, Mr. .... Earl de Grey  
 Drummond, Mr. C. .... Earl of Cadogan  
 Doyle, Mr. P., attached to Her Majesty's Em-  
 bassy at Constantinople. .... Visct. Palmerston  
 Dewar, Mr. .... Earl of Lindsay  
 Denison, Mr. .... Marquis Conyngham  
 Dallas, Sir R. C., Bart. .... Lord Howden  
 Duckworth, Sir John. .... Earl of Devon  
 Deacon, Capt. R.N. .... Adm. Sir W. Parker  
 Dundas, Maj. .... Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Anson, K.C.B.  
 Davis, Maj., 9th Regt., on prom. .... Col. Warre  
 Day, Lieutenant Matthew, 20th Regt. .... Lieut.-  
   Colonel Finley  
 Dundas, Vice-Ad. Sir T. .... Vice-Ad. Lord Colville  
 Davy, Major-Gen. Sir W. .... Lieut.-Gen Sir  
   Keir Grant

*Presented by*

Dales, Lieutenant-Colonel. .... Gen. Hodgson  
 Easthope, Mr. John. .... Duke of Sussex  
 Etwall, Mr. M.P. .... Viscount Torrington  
 Evans, Dr. G. .... Right Hon. Lord Hill, G.C.B.  
 Edmonstone, Sir A. .... Earl of Munster  
 Elrington, Ensign R., 47th Regt. .... Lieut.-Gen.  
   Sir W. Auson, K.C.B.  
 Edwards, Capt. H., R.N. .... Earl Sandwich  
 Frake, Mr. Evans, 2d Life Gds. .... Ld. Carbery  
 Fellowes, Mr., M.P. .... Earl of Sandwich  
 Foley, Mr. J. H. H. .... Lord Foley  
 Freeman, Mr. W., High Sheriff of Oxfordshire. ....  
   Lord Foley  
 Frith, Lieut. W., 20th Regt. .... Gen. Sir W.  
   Houston, Bart.  
 Fairface, Captain. .... Earl de Grey  
 Forbes, Dr. C. F., K.H., Deputy-Inspector  
   Gen. of Hospitals. .... Marquis Londonderry  
 Filkins, Dr. .... Earl of Ducie  
 Farquhar, Sir M. .... Viscount Palmerston  
 Farnham, Mr. .... Earl Howe  
 Fitzgerald, Sub-Lieut., 1st Life Guards. .... Hon.  
   Col. Cavendish  
 Finucane, Captain. .... Viscount Combermere  
 Foulkes, Capt., Rl. Denbigh Rifles. .... Earl Roden  
 Frankland, Com. C. C. .... Lord Colville  
 Fownes, Capt. 64th Regt. .... Col. Seale  
 Fraser, Colonel. .... Duke of Sutherland  
 Gerard, Sir John. .... Sir Hussey Vivian  
 Guest, Mr., M.P. .... Marquis Lansdowne  
 Gosford, Earl of, on his return from Canada. ....  
   Lord Glenelg  
 Gorges, Mr. H. .... Mr. Trench, M.P.  
 Godden, Mr. J., on his appointment to the Hon.  
   Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. .... Lord Foley  
 Glandine, Viscount. .... Viscount Combermere  
 Gwyn, Mr., High Sheriff of Carmarthenshire. ....  
   Marquis Bute  
 Greenaway, Mr., M.P. .... Earl Ducie  
 Garland, Mr. Edgar. .... Lord Talbot de Malahide  
 Gordon, Ensign L., 20th Regt. .... Gen. Sir W.  
   Houston, Bart., K.C.B.  
 Groeme, Mr. H. Sullivan. .... Sir J. C. Hobhouse  
 Gronow, Rev. T. .... Viscount Morpeth  
 Gordon, Rev. J. F., Chaplain to the Hon. and  
 Very Rev. the Dean of Down. .... Marquis  
   Downshire  
 Gerard, Capt., Carabineers. .... Sir H. Vivian  
 Guy, Capt., 5th Fusiliers. .... Maj. Gen. Hon. Sir  
   H. King, K.C.B.  
 Guise, Lieut.-Gen. Sir John, Bart. and K.C.B. ....  
   Lord Segrave  
 Goldsmid, Major A. .... Lieut.-Col. Stowell,  
   12th Royal Lancers  
 Graham, Capt. C., R.N. .... Sir J. Graham, Bart.  
 Hamilton, Com. H. G., R.N. .... Mr. Hamilton  
 Hamond, Commander Andrew Snape, on pro-  
 Hutchinson, Maj., 20th Regt. .... Sir W. Houston  
 Henessy, Lieut. P., 20th Regt. .... Sir W. Houston  
 Higgins, Lieut.-Col. W. .... Sir W. K. Grant  
 Horne, Lieut., 11th Lt. Drag. .... Lord W. Bentinck  
 Hawshaw, Mr. E. Burdett. .... Earl Roden  
 Harris, Colonel. .... Sir James Kempt  
 Hodgson, General, Colonel King's Own Regi-  
 ment. .... Earl of Effingham  
 Hughan, Mr. Deputy Lieutenant for Galloway. ....  
   Lord Galloway  
 Hartopp, Mr. .... Lord Poltimore  
 Hotham, Hon. Capt., R.N. .... Marquis Thomond

*Presented by*

Howard, Mr. C. . . . . Lord Morpeth  
 Howard, Mr. (of Corby) . . . . Earl of Carlisle  
 Hungerford, Mr. . . . . Earl Howe  
 Harcourt, Mr., M.P. . . . . Marquis Chandos  
 Fitzhugh, Mr. T. L. . . . . Earl Kinnoull  
 Howard, Mr. H., attached to Her Majesty's Legation at Berlin . . . Viscount Palmerston  
 Hamilton, Mr. W. . . . . Viscount Palmerston  
 Hamilton, Mr. H. H. . . Gen. Sir F. Wetherall  
 Helbert, Mr. H. . . . . Vice-Adm. Sir E. Hamilton  
 Hallifax, Mr. High Shff. Suffolk . . Duke Norfolk  
 Horton, Sir Robert Wilmot, on his return from Ceylon . . . . . Lord Glenelg  
 Hay, Mr. Robert . . . . . Earl of Kinnoull  
 Hastie, Mr. A., M.P. . . . Lord John Russell  
 Higgins, Mr. G. Ousley, on return from Jamaica . . . Marqu's Sligo  
 Hallifax, Mr. Thomas . . . . Duke of Grafton  
 Herbert, Mr. . . . . Marquis Lansdowne  
 Heron, Sir Robert . . . . Duke of Norfolk  
 Hemaworth, Mr. H. W. . . . . Lord Sondes  
 Higgins, Mr. Charles Fitzgerald, on going abroad . . . . . Right Hon. Henry Ellis  
 motion . . . . . Vice-Ad. Sir G. Hamond  
 Hawker, Lieut.-Col. P. . . . Lord Combermere  
 Haliday, Captain, 93rd Highlanders . . Marquis Londonderry  
 Henniker, Hon. Lieut. Major, 2d. Regt. Life Guards . . . . . Colonel Greenwood  
 Harnage, Sir G., Bart., Com. R.N. . . Earl Minto  
 Hood, Sir A., Bart. . . . . Lord Bridport  
 Hutching, Rev. W. . . . . Bishop of Norwich  
 Hunter, Dr. . . . . Lieut.-Col. Stawell  
 Hallam, Mr. . . . . Marquis Lansdowne  
 Heneage, Mr. . . . . Duke of Norfolk  
 Holford, Major Gwynn . . Sir J. Williams, Bart.  
 Hope, Maj., F. 72d Highlanders . . . Adjutant-General  
 Hurst, Capt., Sussex Militia . . Duke of Richmond  
 Harris, Captain, 5th Fusiliers . . Major-General  
 Hon. Sir H. King, K.C.B.  
 Houston, Major-Gen Sir R., K.C.B. . . General  
 Sir W. Houston, Bart, G.C.B.  
 Irby, Mr. W. . . . . Duke of Rutland  
 Kirk, Mr., M.P., Dep.-Lieut. of the County of Carrickfergus . . Right Hon. Maj.-Gen., Sir H. Hardinge, K.C.B.  
 Knox, Capt., Coldstm. Gds . . . Visct. Northland  
 Klanert, Rev. C. . . . . Duke of Richmond  
 Legge, Hon. Rev. — . . . . Earl Dartmouth  
 Lambert, Sir Henry . . . . Earl of Abingdon  
 Lefebvre, Mr. C., Queen's Registrar of Guernsey . . . . Lord John Russell  
 Lambert, Mr. . . . . Sir J. McGregor  
 Lushington, Mr. S. G. . . His father, Right Hon. S. Lushington  
 Lyttelton, Lord . . . . Hon. Captain Spencer  
 Lindsay, Earl of . . . . Earl of Abingdon  
 Listowell, Earl of, on succeeding to his title . . Marquis of Lansdowne  
 Lardner, Dr. . . . . E. L. Bulwer, M.P.  
 Langdale, Mr. . . . . Earl Shrewsbury  
 Litton, Mr. E., M.P., and Q.C. . . Earl Roden  
 Leinster, Duke of . . . . Marquis Tavistock  
 Lowther, Hon. Col. . . . Marquis Londonderry  
 Lugard, Capt. J., Royal Military Asylum . Lieut. Gen. Sir J. W. Gordon, Bart.  
 L'Estrange, Capt. A. 5th Fusiliers . . Major Gen. Sir C Colville

*Presented by*

Legge, Major . . . . . Earl of Dartmouth  
 Lardy, Major . . . . . Colonel Faunce, C.B.  
 Lye, Captain, R.N. . . . . Lord Byron  
 Longley, Major, R.A., on his appointment as Lieut.-Gov. of Dominica . . Lord Glenelg  
 Monteith, R. . . . . Duke of Montrose  
 Munro, Mr. H., Deputy Lieutenant of Devonshire . . . . . Sir Francis Egerton  
 Millbank, Mr. . . . . Duke of Cleveland  
 Mildmay, Captain St. John, on appointment to the Queen's Bays . . Maj.-Gen. Lord F. Somerset  
 Madocks, Mr., '68th Light Infantry } Lord Dinorben  
 Mills, Rev. T., Chaplain in waiting . . Viscount Barrington  
 Major, Rev. J. R., D.D. . . Bishop of Chichester  
 Mackenzie, Sir J. M., Bart. . . Earl of Kinnoull  
 Mathew, Capt., M.P. . . . Col. Sir A. Dalrymple  
 Morris, Mr. C. . . . Colonel Morillyon Wilson  
 Morris, Mr. J. . . . . Colonel J. M. Wilson  
 Moore, Gen. . . . . Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. K. Grant  
 Master, Capt., Gloucestershire Yeomanry Cavalry . . Duke of Beaufort  
 Mackay, Capt. Inniskillen Dragoons . . Gen. Hon. Sir W. Lumley, G.C.B.  
 Morgan, Commander Richard, R.N. . . Rear-Ad. Sir William Parker  
 Maclean, Major, 72d Highlanders . . Lord Glenelg  
 Mac Taggart, Mr., M.P. . . . Earl Lichfield  
 Miller, Lieut. W. Duncan, R.N. . . Adm. Right Hon. Sir G. Cockburn  
 Nagle, Sir Richard . . . . Lord Morpeth  
 Neville, Mr. R. . . . His father, Mr. N. Grenville  
 Newdegate, Mr. . . . . Lord Byron  
 Neeld, Mr., M.P. . . . . Earl of Aberdeen  
 Neeld, Mr. J., M.P. . . . Duke of Beaufort  
 Northland, Lord . . . . Marquis of Bute  
 Northey, Mr. Hopkins, Deputy-Lieutenant of Bucks . . . . Marquis of Chandos  
 Napier, Hon. and Rev. H. A. . . Earl de Larwar  
 Newman, Capt., Royal South Gloucestershire Militia . . . . Lord Segrave  
 Newman, Lieut., 20th Regt. . . Sir W. Houston  
 Osten, Lieut.-Col. Baron . . Lord Combermere  
 O'Connor, Cornet J. 16th Lancers . . His father Sir R. O'Connor, R. N.  
 Oxford, Earl of . . . . Lord Lansdowne  
 Paterson, Captain George, 98th Regt., on promotion . . . Lieut.-Gen. Sir G. Adams  
 Pearson, Capt., 16th Lancers . . Earl Amherst  
 Poole, Major H. W. . . . Gen. Sir C. Deacon  
 Paulett, Capt. Lord George, R.N. . . Marquis of Winchester  
 Popplewell, Com., R.N. . . Capt. D. Dundas, R.N.  
 Pigot, Lieut.-Gen. . . . . Sir F. Wetherall  
 Power, Mr. . . . . Lord Morpeth  
 Pownall, Mr. H. . . . . Col. Sir W. Young, Bart.  
 Parker, Adm. Sir G., K.C.B. . . Earl Minto  
 Patterson, Mr. T. . . . Lord Talbot de Malahide  
 Pemberton, Mr., Deputy Lieutenant for Durham . . . . Hon. Mr. F. Maule, M.P.  
 Philpotts, Mr. J., M.P. . . . Mr. S. Rice  
 Petre, Lord . . . . . Duke of Norfolk  
 Palmer, Mr. . . . . Earl Howe  
 Parry, Mr. Billingley . . . . Earl Macclesfield  
 Parson, Capt. J., R.N. . . Capt. W. F. Wise, R.N.  
 Pegus, Rev. P. W. . . . . Earl of Abingdon  
 Plenherheath, Dr. . . . Lieut.-Gen. Vincent

*Presented by*

Parry, Dr. .... Sir. J. Hobhouse  
 Pryme, Mr. G., M.P. for Cambridge .... Chan-  
 cellor of the Exchequer  
 Pugh, Major, Montgomeryshire Yeomanry Ca-  
 valry ..... Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn  
 Parsons, Capt., ..... Colonel Wood, M.P.  
 Prendergast, Lieutenant-Colonel, Scots Fusilier  
 Guards ..... Colonel Sir S. Higgins  
 Phillott, Lt., Madras Army.. Maj.-Gen. Phillott  
 Paget, Mr. J. .... Right Hon. Poulett Thomson  
 Russell, Rev. Dr., Prebendary of Canterbury....  
 His Grace the Archbp. of Canterbury  
 Robinson, Mr. L. H., Gentleman of Her Majesty's  
 most Hon. Privy Chamber.. Lieutenant-Gen-  
 eral Callender  
 Raine, Mr. R. .... Master-Gen. of the Ordnance  
 Russell Lord Edward, on return from foreign ser-  
 vice ..... Lord John Russell  
 Rokeby, Lord. .... Marquis Conyngham  
 Ravenshaw, Mr. .... Viscount Clive  
 Ross, Mr. W. C. .... Lord Falkland  
 Rickett, Mr. C. A. .... Marquis Chandos  
 Rolls, Cornet, on his appointment to the 4th  
 Dragoon Guards ..... Colonel Higginson  
 Roberts, Capt. R., Bengal Horse Artillery, on  
 return from India.... Viscount Combermere  
 Reynolds, Lieut. E., R.E.. Sir F. W. Mulcaster  
 Ramsden, Captain Charles ..... Hon. G. Pyng  
 Roberts, Maj., Bombay Army.. Lord F. Somerset  
 Sanders, Mr. C. .... Viscount Bolingbroke  
 Stephens, Mr. S. L. .... Marquis Conyngham  
 Shirley, Mr. E. P. .... His father, Mr. E. Shirley  
 Stewart, Surgeon J., Royal Horse Artillery....  
 the Master-General of the Ordnance  
 Smith, Capt., York. Hussars ..... Earl de Grey  
 Savage, Capt., Deputy-Lieut. of the County of  
 Somerset.. Gen. Sir. R. S. Donkin, K.C.B.  
 Stannus, Capt., 97th Regt., on his return from  
 Ceylon ..... Sir R. Wilmot Horton  
 Smith, Hon. R. .... Duke of Grafton  
 Stephen, Mr. Serjt. .... Lord Chancellor  
 Stanhope, Sir E. S. .... Marquis of Chandos  
 Smirke, Sir R. .... Maj. Gen. Sir B. Stephenson  
 Slaney, Mr. .... Lord Hatherton  
 Sheridan, Mr. C. K. Gloucestershire Yeomanry  
 Cavalry ..... Duke of Beaufort  
 Smith, Mr. John Abel ..... Lord Melbourne  
 Selwyn, Mr., on his appointment as one of Her  
 Majesty's Counsel .... The Lord Chancellor  
 Shirley, Mr. Evelyn ..... Marquis Conyngham  
 Steinkopf, Rev. Dr., Minister of the German  
 Lutheran Church, Strand ..... Dr. Kuper  
 Swanton, Mr., one of Her Majesty's Counsel..  
 The Lord Chancellor  
 Stradbroke, Earl of ..... Marquis Conyngham  
 Stourton, Lord. .... Earl of Shrewsbury  
 Simpson, Mr., York. Hussars ..... Earl de Grey  
 Smith, Mr. A. .... Sir J. B. Pechell, Bart.  
 Spankie, Mr. Serjt., one of Her Majesty's Ser-  
 jeants-at-Law ..... Lord Chancellor  
 Sneyd, Rev. W. .... Bishop of Oxford  
 Smyth, Rev. G. B. .... Primate of all Ireland  
 Smith, Sir Cumming Eardley, High Sheriff of  
 Lincolnshire ..... Lord Say and Sele  
 Smith, Cornet J. W., 13th Light Dragoons....  
 Col. Brotherton, C.B., Aid-de-Camp to Her  
 Majesty  
 Spink, Lieut.-Col. .. Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Grant  
 Smyth, Capt. T. .. Gen. Ld. Visct. Combermere

*Presented by*

Smyth, Capt. C., 20th Regt. .. Maj. Gen. Lord  
 F. Somerset  
 Stratton, Lieutenant, South Hans Yeomanry...  
 Marquis of Salisbury  
 Scott, V.-Ad. Sir G., K.C.B. .... Duke of Buccleuch  
 Townend, Mr. T. .... Right Hon. C. P. Thomson  
 Trant, Mr. Dillon. .... Lord Morpeth  
 Taylor, Mr. W. .... Marquis Conyngham  
 Talbot, Mr. James .... Lord Talbot de Malahide  
 Thackeray, Dr., Provost of King's College....  
 His brother, Maj. Gen. Thackeray  
 Taylor, Mr. W. S. .... Marquis of Thomond  
 Thynne, Lord C. .... Bishop of Oxford  
 Thorneley, Mr., M.P. .... Lord Holland  
 Towneley, Mr. John. .... Duke of Norfolk  
 Tomline, Lieut.-Colonel George, North Lincoln  
 Militia ..... Colonel Cavendish  
 Tollemache, Lieut., 2d. Life Gds. .... Ld. Carberry  
 Thynne, Rev. Lord John .... Duke of Buccleuch  
 Taylor, Capt. B. .... Maj.-Gen. Sir R. Jackson  
 Thorne, Major, K.H. .... General Hodgson  
 Trotman, Lieut., 1st W. India Regt. .... Sir H. King  
 Tylden, Lieut.-Col., Royal Engineers .... Sir F.  
 Mulcaster  
 Upton, Hon. E., on his return from South Amer-  
 ica ..... Viscount Palmerston  
 Udney, Mr. J. A., Gren. Gds. .... Col. D'Oyley  
 Jacob, Mr. E. .... Lord Chancellor  
 James, Mr., M.P. .... Duke of Sussex  
 Johnson, Mr. J. Bulkeley .... Mr. Wilbraham  
 Jones, Lieut., 60th Rl. Rifles. .... Sir H. St. Paul  
 Jersey, the Dean of ..... Lord J. Russell  
 Vassall, Capt. R., 78th Highlanders, on his return  
 from Ceylon .... Visct. Beresford, G.C.B.  
 Vivian, Lieutenant, A.D.C., on his return from  
 Canada ..... Earl of Gosford  
 Vyner, Captain. .... Earl de Grey  
 Warner, Mr. H. L. .... Lord Sond's  
 Waugh, Lieut., 16th Lancers ..... Earl Amherst  
 Winnington, Capt. T., 11th Regt. .... Lieut.-Gen.  
 Sir R. Donkin  
 Wilkins, Lieut., Rifle Brigade. .... His father  
 West, Lieut., 47th Regt. .... Sir W. Anson  
 Woolridge, Col. T. T. .... Lieut.-Gen. P. Carey  
 Wollaston, Rear-Admiral. .... Duke of Norfolk  
 Woodford, Major-Gen. Sir Alexander, Governor  
 of Gibraltar. .... Lord Glenelg  
 Woodhouse, Mr. .... General Sir G. Anson, K.C.B.  
 Wilshire, Mr. M.P. .... Lord J. Russell  
 Wood, Mr. J. .... Right Hon. C. P. Thomson  
 Winnington, Mr. .... Lord Foley  
 West, Mr. F. .... Earl de la Warr  
 Webb, J. H. .... Marquis Sligo  
 West, Arthur. .... Marquis Sligo  
 Waterpark, Lord ..... Earl of Lichfield  
 Walbaum, Rev. A., minister of the Hamburg Lu-  
 theran Church, City ..... Dr. Kuper  
 Wilson, Mr. R. York. Hussars. .... Earl de Grey  
 Williams, Mr. L., Deputy Lieutenant for Stafford-  
 shire ..... Earl Talbot  
 Whitbread, Mr. S. .. Gen. Hon. Sir W. Lumley  
 Wall, Mr. .... Major-General Thackeray  
 Williams, Col. Sir R. .... Maj.-Gen. Sir J. Savage  
 Williams, Mr. B. B. .... Ad. Sir E. Codrington  
 Wilbraham, Hon. Capt. Coldstream Guards....  
 Lieut.-Col. Bentinck  
 Webster, Sir Godfrey, on succeeding to the  
 title ..... H.R.H. Duke of Sussex  
 York, Lieutenant-Colonel. .... Earl de Grey

*Presented by*  
 White, Hon. Mr. .... Lord Byron  
 Walsham, Sir J. .... Marquis Lansdowne

*The following were presented by Lieutenant-General the Right Hon. Sir Hussey Vivian, Bart., Master-General of the Ordnance :—*

Major-General Adye; Colonel Robbins; Major Belson, R.A.; Major Colbrooke, R.A.; Major Steele Wilkinson; Captains H. R. Wright, R.A., and Runnacles, R.A.; Lieutenant Payne, R.A., and Mr. John A. Keane, Ensign, 81st Regiment.

*The following were presented by General Lord Hill, G.C.B., Commander of the Forces :—*

General Wood, Lieutenant-General Sir George Adams; Major-Generals, Sir William Johnston, K.C.B., on being appointed Colonel of the 68th Regiment, Sir Charles Pratt, and Sir Richard Jackson; Lieutenant-Colonels Despard, 17th Regiment, H. G. Broke, and Hector MacLaine; and Lieutenant Rowland Hill, Bengal Army.

*The following were presented by the Earl of Minto, G.C.B., First Lord of the Admiralty :—*

Admirals Sir William Hotham, and Sir Davidge Gould, G.C.B.; Vice-Admiral Sir G. Hamond, on return to England from the command of Her Majesty's ships on the South American Station; Rear-Admirals—Sir A. Farquhar, Sir Thomas Briggs, on his return from foreign service; Charles Richardson, on his promotion; Galway Dick, and Edward Walpole Browne, on promotion; Captains Thomas Francis Charles Mainwaring, R.N., P. D. H. Hay, R.N., Price, R.N., on his return from service in the Mediterranean, Lempriere, R.N., John Reynolds, R.N., Ingolf, R.N., Appleby, R.N., on promotion; Hamlyn, William, R.N., Alexander Gordon, R.N., P. M'Quhae, R.N., and Sir Henry Hart, R.N.; Lieutenant-Colonel, Thomas Peebles, Royal Marines, on promotion; Commanders—John Sykes, Festing, K.H., Thomas Henderson, R.N., on his return from Africa; Hugh Gould, R.N., Edwin Rich, R.N., and Curry, R.N., on return from service; Lieutenant Joseph West, Commander, H.M.S. Volcano; Lieutenants William Valentine Lee, R.N., H.M.S. Victory; William F. Young, R.N., H. C. Dawson, R.N., Edward Earle, R.N., and Charles J. Postle, R.N., on return from foreign service.

*The following were presented by the Right Hon. Sir John Hobhouse, Bart. :—*

Major-Generals Sir Charles Deacon, K.C.B., and J. N. Smith, Bengal Army; Major Richards, Bengal Artillery; and Lieutenant Bird, Indian Navy.

24.—Her Majesty's second state ball took place this evening. The grand staircase and marble hall contained in each niche and recess, rare flowers and choice exotics, supplied from the Royal gardens at Kew.

Within the upper or Corinthian portico of the grand entrance, a magnificent Eastern tent had been erected, forty-seven feet long, thirty-two wide, and twenty-two high, composed of crimson cloth, very richly embroidered in gold and silver, and supported by ten pillars of silver. It was illuminated by

two large Chinese lanterns, surrounded by six smaller ones, painted and ornamented in Oriental style. The embroidery on the side, of the tents, formed a succession of arches, with a border at the top and bottom, and Indian ornaments in the middle, all massively executed in gold and silver. The drapery forming the roof was equally rich and splendid and was finished with a handsome border of gold fringe. Large circular ottomans covered with yellow satin, were placed in the middle of the room, and sofas and chairs at the sides. A very rich carpet covered the floor, and the whole presented a very elegant and attractive appearance. The silver column supporting the tent, and the embroidered drapery, were presented to his late Majesty, George IV, by one of the Governor's-General of India, they had formerly belonged to one of the Eastern Princes.

Refreshments were served at one end of the tent during the evening, which communicated with the Green Drawing-room, where the portrait of her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, by Sir Martin Archer Shee, which had been presented to the Queen, on that day, was exhibited.

The arrangements for dancing, were similar to those observed on the first occasion.

The Ball-room is supported by double Corinthian scagliola columns with gilt capitals; it was brilliantly illuminated.

The Royal Family were ushered on their arrival, into the Yellow Drawing-room, or second ball-room.

The band of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards were stationed in the marble-hall, and the band of the Foot Guards were on duty next the Queen's Guards on the lawn. The former performed a selection from the favourite operas, during the evening, and both played "God save the Queen," on the arrival of the Royal Family.

The Duke of Sussex, Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Sophia Matilda, arrived at ten o'clock.

The Queen and the Duchess of Kent entered the room soon afterwards.

The Royal Party passed through the saloon into the Ball-room, and on the Queen's entering, Strauss' band struck up "God save the Queen." The ball immediately opened, Prince George of Cambridge dancing with the Queen, and Prince Nicholas Esterhazy with her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta of Cambridge. The first quadrille was "La Soirée de St. Cloud," which was followed by the valse "La plus belle."

Amongst the favourites of the evening, were the quadrilles "Les bous Garçons," "Parisina," "Dic Huldignug," "Philomele" waltzer, and the Paris and Venetian galloppes.

In the Yellow Drawing-room, Weipart's band played a new set of quadrilles to which the Queen danced, entitled, "The Birthday;" also a new set of waltzes, "The Alpine," and an English country dance, in

which the Queen and all the Royal Family joined.

Shortly before twelve o'clock, the Queen followed by the company, went to supper, which was served in the dining-room. The range of tables were ornamented with a number of gold candelabra; the two at the end of the table at which the Queen and the Royal Family sat, were each a beautifully modelled scene from the "Garden of Hesperides;" beyond this table was the beaufet with a collection of shields, salvers, tankards, and cups, interspersed with candelabra, which were reflected by a large looking-glass placed at the back. In the middle of the collectional was the National Cup of Gold, surmounted with figures of St. George killing the Dragon. On each side of this cup were massive tankards, with battle-pieces in high relief, and amongst the articles on the beaufet and the ends, were an ancient tankard with a figure in basso relievo of Henry the Eighth, shields containing the "Triumph of Bacchus and Adriane," the "Feast of the Gods," and battle-pieces, tankards, and ancient gold medals inserted, several candelabra executed from the designs of Plaxman, and copies of the Warwick Vase, filled with artificial flowers. Above the ends of the beaufet were placed portraits of George II, by Ramsay, and of Queen Caroline, by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

After supper the Royal party returned to the ball-room, when dancing was resumed. At three o'clock the Queen led off a country dance in the Yellow Drawing-room, which was extended into the grand saloon, and kept up for an hour. The Earl of Uxbridge had the honor of being the Queen's partner in this dance, which concluded the ball. Her Majesty and her august mother then retired, and the Royal Family took their departure.

The costume of the ladies was very rich and elegant, among the most splendid were those of the Countess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Northumberland, the Marchioness of Westminster, and the Countess Chorinsky.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the Dukes of Wellington, Devonshire, and Buccleuch, and the Marquis of Hertford, wore the stars and jewels of their orders of Knighthood, set in diamonds.

The Hungarian uniforms worn by the noblemen in the suite of Prince Esterhazy, were very splendid, some being profusely ornamented with precious stones.

Mr. Cavendish and Mr. Cowell were the Pages of Honor in Waiting.

24.—The Queen received congratulatory visits at the New Palace, from the Queen Dowager, the Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Cambridge, accompanied by the Princesses Augusta and Mary of Cambridge, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince George of Cambridge.

Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty.

The Duke of Sussex visited the Princess Augusta, at Clarence House.

The Queen gave a State Ball, the second this season, at the New Palace.

25.—The Queen took a carriage airing in a barouche and four in the parks.

Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty.

26.—The Earl of Musgrave and Viscount Melbourne, had audiences of her Majesty.

The answers to the enquiries for the Duchess of Kent, at Buckingham, Palace was that "Her Royal Highness was better." Her Royal Highness has not been well enough to leave the Palace for upwards of a week, and has been very much indisposed since the Ball.

27.—Sunday. Her Majesty attended divine service, in the morning, at the Chapel Royal, St James's. The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Chafy, from St. John's Gospel, chap. vii. and 33rd. verse. The officiating clergymen were the Rev. Messrs. Markham and Povah.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager attended divine service, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

The Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended divine service, in the morning, in Grosvenor Chapel.

The Anthem, (full,) "God is gone up." (Croft.) Mr. J. B. Sale, presided at the Organ.

The Bishop of Norwich, and the Dean of Hereford, were the Clerk, and Deputy-Clerk of the Closet in waiting.

The Queen was attended by the Countess of Charlemont, Hon. Miss Dillon, Hon. Miss Dillon, Hon. Miss Paget, Viscountess Forbes, Marquis Headfort, Sir William Lumley, and Lord Alfred Paget.

The Queen Dowager also attended the service. In her Majesty's suite were the Countess of Sheffield, Hon. Miss Hope Johnstone, and Earl Howe.

The Marquesses of Anglesea and Salisbury, the Earls of Effingham, Sheffield, and Cawdor, were amongst the nobility present.

28.—Viscount Melbourne and the Chancellor of the Exchequer had audiences of the Queen.

Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager visited the Duchess of Kent.

The Duke and Prince George of Cambridge visited the Princess Augusta, at Clarence House.

29.—The Queen took a drive in the Parks in an open barouche and four.

Viscount Melbourne and Lord Glenelg had audiences of the Queen.

The Countess of Mulgrave and Lady Theresa Digby, succeeded the Lady and Bedchamber Woman in Waiting; and Lord Lifford and the Hon. C. Murray, as Lord and Groom in Waiting.

The Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Flora Hastings, took a carriage airing in the Parks.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager took a carriage airing in the circles of Hyde and Regent's Parks, in a pony phaeton and four.

## GUESTS AT HER MAJESTY'S TABLE.

II. R. H. Princess Augusta, May 2.  
 Earl of Uxbridge, May 2, 15, 25.  
 Countess of Uxbridge, May 25.  
 Viscount Melbourne, April 30. May 2, 4, 6, 11, 15.  
 Lord Suffield, May 15.  
 Lady Suffield, May 15.  
 Lord Gardner, May 4, 15.  
 Hon. C. Murray, May 4, 11, 15, 21, 25.  
 Viscount Torrington, May 21.  
 Right Hon. George Stephens Byng, May 21.  
 Hon. Col. Cavendish, May 2, 6, 8, 11, 21, 25.  
 Mrs. Cavendish, May 21.  
 Colonel Buckley, May 21, 25.  
 Lord Portman, May 4.  
 Lady Portman, May 4.  
 Miss Wynyard, May 2.  
 Archbishop of Canterbury May 2.  
 Duke of Argyll, May 2, 8, 25.  
 Marquis Conyngham, May 2, 8.  
 Earl Verulam, May 2.  
 Countess Verulam, May 2.  
 Lady Mary Grimston, May 2.  
 Viscount Falkland, May 2.  
 Lord Glenelg, May 2.  
 Lord Ashley, May 2.  
 Lady Ashley, May 2.  
 Lady Fanny Cowper, May 2.  
 Sir George Shee, May 2.  
 Earl Surrey, April 30.  
 Lord Barham, April 30.  
 Hon. H. Fox, April 30.  
 Lady Isabella Wemyss, April 30.  
 Sir Frederick Stovin, April 30.  
 Earl Leicester, May 6.  
 Countess Leicester, May 6.  
 Viscount Howick, May 6.  
 Viscountess Howick, May 6.  
 Viscount Palmerston, May 6.  
 Lady Theodosia Spring Rice, May 6.  
 Miss Spring Rice May 6.  
 Right Hon. Edward Ellice, May 6.  
 Mr. Stephenson, May 6.  
 Lady Mary Stephenson, May 6.  
 Duke of Somerset, May 8.  
 Duchess of Somerset, May 8.  
 Lady Louisa Fitzroy, May 8.  
 Marquis Lansdown, May 8.  
 Marchioness Lansdown, May 8.  
 Earl of Charlemont, May 8.  
 Countess of Charlemont, May 8.  
 Earl Fitzwilliam, May 8.  
 Lady Fitzwilliam, May 8.  
 Earl of Harewood, May 8.  
 Countess of Harewood, May 8.  
 Lord Norreys, May 8.  
 Lady Norreys, May 8.  
 Lord Seymour, May 8.  
 Lady Seymour, May 8.  
 Lord Byron, May 11.  
 Lady Eleanora Paget, May 25.

*The following accompanied her Majesty on horseback, and those marked (\*) attended her Majesty to the Theatre.*

H. R. H. Duchess of Kent, May 7, 19.  
 Countess of Charlemont, May 15, 26.\*  
 The Hon. Miss Cavendish, May 18.

H H—VOL. XII.—JUNE, 1838.

Hon. Miss Murray, May 5,\* 11, 15.  
 Baroness Lehzen, May 11, 15, 18, 19, 21, 22, 25.  
 Hon. Miss Dillon, May 18, 19, 21, 26,\* 27.  
 Viscountess Forbes, May 18, 21, 22, 25, 27.  
 Miss Quentin, May 18, 19, 21.  
 Marquis Headfort, May 18, 19, 21, 27.  
 Viscount Torrington, May 5,\* 18, 19, 21.  
 Hon. Col. Cavendish, May 5,\* 18, 19, 21.  
 Hon. Sir William Lumley, May 21.  
 Hon. C. Murray, May 18, 19, 21.  
 Lord Alfred Paget, May 5,\* 18, 19, 26.  
 Sir Frederick Stovin, May 5,\* 21.  
 Earl of Uxbridge, May 18.  
 Colonel Buckley, May 18.  
 Marchioness of Tavistock, May 5,\* 11.  
 Hon. Mrs. Cocks, May 5.\*  
 The Lord Chamberlain, May 5.\*  
 Hon. Mrs. George Campbell, May 5.\*  
 Lady Flora Hastings, May 19.  
 The Hon. Miss Paget, May 22.

REPUTED AMBASSADORS FOR HER MAJESTY'S CORONATION.

Austria, Prince Schwartzenburg.  
 Belgium, Prince de Ligne.  
 Denmark, Prince Christian of Holstein.  
 France, Marshal Soult.  
 Netherlands, M. Van der Capellon.  
 Prussia, Prince Pulbas.  
 Russia, Count Stroganoff.  
 Sweden, Count Gustavus Lowenhjelm.  
 Sardinia, Marquis Brignole Sala.  
 Spain, Marquis de Miraflores.

Her Majesty's Drawing-Room dress on the 3rd of May, consisted of white satin with elegant blonde flounces; the body and sleeves ornamented with diamonds, blonde, and roses, train of rich figured white satin, tastefully trimmed with pale pink roses, and blonde. Head-dress; feathers, diamonds, and lappets. The whole of her majesty's dress was composed of English materials.

That of H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent—An elegant blonde dress, over white satin; the body and sleeves ornamented with diamonds, blonde and marabouts; train of rich figured lilac satin, the lining of white satin, and trimmed with blonde and ribbon. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets. The whole of her Royal Highness's dress was composed of English materials.

Her Majesty's Drawing Room dress on 17th. May was a white satin dress, with rich bullion fringe, the body ornamented with a splendid stomacher, and blonde train of white tabinet, richly brocaded in gold, with a handsome embroidered gold border, and lined with white satin. (The dress of English, and the train of Irish manufacture) Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

That of H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent—Dress of white satin, with a rich embroidered silver flounce; the body and sleeves ornamented with silver embroidery, diamonds and blonde; train of white satin, richly brocaded in silver and colour, with rich silver border.

## Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

### BIRTHS.

Adare, the lady of Viscount, of a daughter, in Berkley-square, on the 15th ult.

Borbone, Penelope Carolina, Princess of Capua, wife of his Royal Highness Carlo Ferdinando Borbone, Prince of Capua, of a daughter, at Mivart's Hotel, on the 15th ult.

Barnes, Lady, of a daughter, at Beeth-hill Park, near Barnet, on the 18th ult.

Bolton, the lady of Lieutenant, R.N., of a daughter, in King's-road, Chelsea, on the 20th ult.

Campbell, the lady of Sir John, N.R., of a son, at Sherfield House, Hants, April 29th.

Courtenay, the Lady, of a daughter, at Powderdam Castle, on the 1st ult.

Fortescue, the Lady Louisa, of a son, at the Earl of Harrowby's, Grosvenor-square, on the 2nd ult.

Hoare, the lady of J. Gurney, Esq., of a daughter, in Grosvenor-place, on the 25th ult.

Lyndhurst, Lady, of a daughter, on the 5th ult.

MacLeod, Hon. Mrs., of MacLeod, of a daughter, at 73, Baker-street, Portman-square, on the 19th ult.

Richmond, the lady of John, Esq., of a daughter, in Chester-street, Belgrave-square, on the 22nd ult.

Scott, the lady of the Hon. Francis, of a daughter, in South Audley-street, April 30th.

Sansoe, the Countess Dauneskiold, of a son, at Copenhagen, April 29th.

Sutherland, the Duchess of, of a daughter, on the 16th ult.

Stowell, the lady of John, Esq., Banker, of a daughter, on the 1st ult., in Petworth, Sussex.

### MARRIAGES.

Addington, *now* Currie, the Hon. Charlotte, third daughter of Lord Viscount Sidmouth, to the Rev. Horace Gore Currie, at Mortlake Church, Surrey, by the Right Hon. and Right Rev. the Bishop of London, on the 2nd ult.

Ashburnham, *now* Beauclerk, Lady Catherine Frances, daughter of the late, and sister of the present Earl of Ashburnham, to Henry William Beauclerk, Esq., only son of John Beauclerk, Esq. of Eaton Place, Belgrave Square, at St. George's Hanover Square, by the Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Carlisle, on the 21st. ult.

Barrow, *now* Ochme, A. youngest daughter of H. Barrow, Esq., at Calcutta, to W. D. Ochme, Esq.

Begbie, *now* Goodeve, relict of the late Mr. Peter Begbie, at Calcutta, to Mr. W. Goodeve, Feb. 1st.

Beguinet, *now* Heley, M. Theresa, eldest daughter of H. Beguinet, Esq., of the Isle of

France, at Calcutta, to James Heley, Esq., Feb. 3rd.

Barrington, *now* D'Almieda, Rose Maria, youngest daughter of Capt. W. Barrington at Calcutta, to Joaquim D'Almeida, Esq., of Singapore, Feb. 5th.

Baine, *now* Aystep, Miss C., to Mr. J. Aystep, Feb. 10th.

Chandler, *now* Blunt, Mary, only daughter of the late Rev. John Chandler, rector of Witby Surrey, to Francis Scaven Blunt, Esq. of Crabbett, Sussex, at All Souls Church Marylebone, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Chichester, on the 1st ult.

Caxton, *now* Smith, Mrs. M. B., to Mr. O. Smith, January 13th.

Cherriman, *now* Johannes, Mary D., only daughter of D. Cherriman, Esq., at Madras, to A. J. Johannes, Esq., Feb. 1st.

Dentman, *now* Hodgson, Elizabeth, second daughter of Lord and Lady Dentman, to the Rev. Francis Hodgson, Archdeacon of Derby, at Trinity Church, Marylebone, by the Rev. R. W. Vevers, rector of Chubley, Derbyshire, on the 3rd ult.

Dubus, *now* Brunett, Olline D., daughter of E. G. Dubus, Esq. of Nowhatta, indigo planter, at Calcutta, to P. P. Brunett, Esq., Jan. 7th.

Decastro, *now* Price, Rose, second daughter of Mr. S. Decastro, at Calcutta, to Mr J. Price, January 22d.

De Cruz, Rosa, *now* Williams, widow of the late Mr. Francis De Cruz, to Mr. R. Williams, January 22d.

Douglas, Anne, *now* Wilson, at Calcutta, to Mr. Thomas Wilson.

David, Mary, *now* Marroot, eldest daughter of the late Arratoon Mank, D. Esq. of Calcutta, to Mr Arratoon Marroot, of the Naum Sangor Indigo Factory, Feb. 10th.

Dickinson, *now* Weymss, Eliza, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Dickinson, Chief Engineer at Bycullah, East Indies, to Lieutenant F. Wemyss, Bombay Engineers, January 23d.

Fane, Caroline, *now* Beresford, daughter of W. F., Esq., Civil Service at Calcutta, to Colonel M. Beresford, Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, January 22d.

French, Mrs Rosa Maria, *now* Fernandes, at Gwallior, East Indies, to Mr. P. V. Fernandes, January 18th.

Gillett, Miss Harriet, *now* Gillett, at Bombay, to Mr. Honorius Hayden. *Lately.*

Graham, Elizabeth Susannah, *now* Simmonds, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Graham, Baronet, of Eske, Cumberland, at Calcutta, to Captain J. H. Symmonds, 55th Native Infantry.

Hall, Ellen, *now* Poole, Madras, daughter of the late G. S. H., Esq., of Pendennes Castle, Cornwall, at Vizianagram, East Indies, to W. Poole, Esq. January 13th.

Hasleby, Eliza Isabella, *now* Norton, at Calcutta, to C. P. Norton, Esq. of Colgong, January 19th.

Hay, Anne Amelia Stewart, *now* Shaw, daughter of J. Hay, Esq., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, at Madras, to James Shaw, Esq., Assistant Surgeon, Right Honourable the Governor's Body Guard, February 1st.

John, Catherine, *now* Palmer, Calcutta, eldest daughter of Mr. A. J., Merchant, at Agra, to Mr. F. Palmer, January 26th.

King, Charlotte Louisa, *now* Crump, at Calcutta, to Mr John Kirk, of Messrs W. Crump and Co.'s, January 27th.

Lang, *now* Menzies, Caroline, daughter of the late Robert Lang, Moor Park, Farnham, Surrey, and of Portland Place, London, to the Rev. John Menzies, at Farnham, by the Rev. William Menzies, on the 17th ult.

Lynch, Miss Martha, *now* Budd, at Madras, to Vincent Budd, Esq., Chief Officer of the *Lady Flora*, January 10th.

Mannon, Miss J. *now* Heather, to Mr. S. Heather, January 9th, at Calcutta.

Marshall, Eliza Cecilia, *now* Parker, youngest daughter of J. M., Esq. Superintending Surgeon of the Dinapore Division, at Dinapore, East Indies, to Lieutenant George Parker, 74th Native Infantry, second son of Sir William George P. Bart., R. N., January 24th.

Moncrieff, Eliza Jane, *now* Allardice, widow of the late Captain J. W. M., Madras Army, at Cottayam, in Travacore, East Indies, to Alexander Allardice, Esq., Medical Serv., son of William Allardice, Esq. of Murlingden, Angushire, N. B. January 17th.

Moselly, *now* Ramsay, Harriet Doveton, second daughter of Lieutenant Colonel M., 38th Native Infantry, at Delhi, to Captain Ramsay, Major of Brigade, January 1st.

Nicholson, Eleanor, *now* Hamilton, widow of the late, Captain N., and eldest daughter of Brigadier, Johnston, at Lucknow, to Major C. Hamilton, 22d Native Infantry, Jan. 30th.

Pattie, Julia Margaret, *now* Cameron, eldest daughter of James P. Esq., Civil Serv. at Calcutta, to the Hon. C. H. Cameron, Esq., Acting Fourth Ordinary Member of Council, February 1st.

Rees, Miss A., *now* Gore, to Mr. J. O. G., at Agra, January 10th.

Rea, Sarah, *now* Layton, second daughter of Mr. Edward R. of Ludlow, Salop, at Macao, China, to J. H. Layton, Esq. of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and of the East India Company's late Factory in China, December 23d, 1837.

Roche, Sarah, *now* Finnis, Calcutta, youngest daughter of the late Captain R., Bengal Army, at Dhooly, to Captain J. Finnis, 51st Native Infantry, January 2d.

Scott, James, *now* Carnegie, daughter of the late David S., Esq., of the Civil Service, at Calcutta, to J. W. Carnegie, Esq., Interp. and Qu. Mast., 15th Native infantry, January 25th.

Shillingford, Charlotte, *now* Cruise, second daughter of the late George S., Esq. of

Purneah, at Calcutta, to R. Cruise, Esq., January 13th.

Smith, Emma, *now* Horne, eldest daughter of the late John S., Esq., Indigo Planter, Purneah, at Calcutta, to F. W. Horne, Esq., February 5th.

Sohnsten, Henrietta Anna Elizabeth Von, *now* Towle, eldest daughter of H. F. Von S., Esq., late Chief of the Netherland Settlements on the coast of Coromandel and Madras, at Jaggernaikpooram, to R. H. D. Towle, Esq., January 11th.

Souter, Harriet, *now* Charmier, widow of the late Captain William S., 66th Native Infantry, at Calcutta, to Mons. A. Charmier, January 13th.

Spiers, Grace, *now* White, Bombay, eldest daughter of Lieutenant Colonel S., Political Agent in Meywar, at the residency Wodepore, to Assistant Surgeon B. White, Bombay Establishment, January 24th.

Stanley, *now* Hode, Hannah, youngest daughter of the late Right Rev. Robert S., D.D. formerly Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia, to Septimus Hode, Esq., at Fulham, by the Rev. Robert Baker, on the 1st ultimo.

Stapelton, Miss M., Calcutta, to Mr. W. Bails, *now* Bails, January 10th.

Sturt, Harriet Thomson, *now* Gledstones, widow of the late O. F. S., Esq., Madras Army, at Bonnamallie, to Captain R. S. Gledstones, 16th Native Infantry, Jan. 19.

Ulrick, Miss F., *now* Pinto, Calcutta, eldest daughter of the late D. U., Esq. o, Chinsurah, at Calcutta, to Mr. F. Pinto February 5th.

Vesey, Frances Sidney, *now* Rothwell, third daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Arthur V. of Knapton, Queen's County, to Thomas Rothwell, Esq. of Black Castle, county of Meath, at the British Embassy, Brussels, by the Rev. H. B. Knox, on the 3d ult.

Wright, Emma, *now* Standen, youngest daughter of Mr. F. B. R. W., of Bluer-stile, Greenwich, Kent, to Mr. Jonathan Standen of Grahamstown, South Africa, by the Rev. J. Heavyside, at Graham's Town, on the 13th of February.

Watson, Jane, *now* Beattie, daughter of William W., Esq., at Allahabad, to Alex. Beattie, Esq., January 13th.

Winn, Sophia, *now* Bowline, second daughter of Mr. James W., at Kurnal, East Indies, to Mr C. Bowline January 13th.

#### DEATHS.

Amherst, Countess, after a few days illness, in Grosvenor-street, on the 17th ult.

Andrews, Miss Jane, at Calcutta, aged 42, January 18th.

Barrow, Commander, late of the Queen's ship, Rose, son of Sir John Barrow, of the Admiralty, at the Cape of Good Hope, on the 26th of February, of consumption, in the 28th year of his age. The disease was brought on by constant exposure to the hot and humid atmosphere of the Straits of Malacca, while in pursuit of Malay pirates.

Bazire, C. M., Esq., aged 35, at Calcutta, January 10th.



Campbell, Major General Archibald, C.B. Lieutenant Governor of the Island of Jersey, on the 12th ult.

Castello, Mr. V., aged 35, at Calcutta, January 16th.

Collie, John, Esq., aged 22, at Singapore, January 13th.

Copley, Sir J. Bart., aged 69, in Whitehall Yard, on the 1st ult.

Cumberlege, Susannah Isabella, wife of Captain B. W. Cumberlege, 7th Regiment L. C., at Arcot, East Indies, January 19th.

Derruz, Mr. F., aged 60, at Calcutta, February 12.

Drake, Eliza Ann, wife of T. Drake, Esq., and daughter of the late Sir Herbert Mackworth, Bart., of the Gnoll, Glamorganshire, at Boulogne Sur-Mer, on the 5th ult.

Duill, William Robert, Esq., in the 85th year of his age, late Comptroller of the Legacy Duties, and who retired from official life in 1822, after completing a period of fifty-two years' service, at the vicarage, Stradbroke, Suffolk, on the 21st. ult.

Bumoulin, James, Esq., prin. sudder asseen at Burlwan, East Indies, January 13th.

Dyce, Elizabeth, lady of Lieut. Col. Dyce, 45th N. F., aged 25, at Dindigul, East Indies, of cholera, February 5th.

Gilt, Mr. John, Assistant to Messrs. Baillie and Molley, aged 30, at Calcutta, February 5th.

Goulding, Jane, wife of Mr. L. B. Goulding, 12th M. N. I., aged 30, at Penang, East Indies, Jan. 11th.

Graham, Arabella, wife of Mr. John, Head Draughtsman's Surveyor-general's Department, on the river, at Cawnpore, on her way to Futtaghar, East Indies, December 2nd.

Hughes, Mr. A., aged 25, at Entailly, East Indies, January 3rd.

Hampton, Mr. Thomas, Assistant Sudder Board of Revenue, aged 35, at Calcutta, February 7th.

Howe, Mrs. Margaret, relict of the late H. G. A. Howe, Esq., at Calcutta, February 15th.

Heathcote, John, Esq., of Connington Castle, Huntingdonshire, aged 70, at his house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, on the 3rd ult.

Jacobi, Mr. P., formerly Coach-builder, at Calcutta, Jan. 4.

James, Ensign W. H., of Her Majesty's 26th Regiment of Foot, aged 20, at Calcutta, Jan. 23d.

Jerningham, the Hon. Frances Sophia Stafford, daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Stafford, at Paris, at the Hotel de Crillon, Place de la Concorde, on the 13th ult.

Lefevre, Mrs. M., aged 64, at Howra, E.I. January 13th.

Lucus, Mr Joseph, aged 55, at Calcutta, February 13th.

Mills, Mrs. M., widow, aged 52, at Delhi, Jan. 17th.

McKellar, Thomas, Esq., of the firm of Gibson, McKellar, and Co., aged 30, at sea, on board the *Covasjee Family*, Jan. 27th.

McMahon, Mr Benjamin, of the Court of Requests, aged 40, at Calcutta, Jan. 30th.

Martyr, Lieutenant Joseph, of the 36th Regiment, N.I., at Marcara, Jan. 14.

Portier, the celebrated comic actor, died the 19th, at his country seat of Fontenay-Sous-Bois, near Paris, in the 64th year of his age.

Rees, Lieutenant W. F., of the Engineers, in his 22nd year, son of the late W. F. Rees, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service at Calcutta, Jan. 17th.

Ravenscroft, Georgiana, wife of E. W. R., Esq., 72nd N. I., at Kishnaghur, E. I., Jan. 19th.

Raulin, Catherine Droulic, wife of Mr. William R., aged 51, at Madras, Jan. 22nd.

Reed, the Rev Alanson, American Missionary to the Chinese. He had taken up his residence at Bankok, for the purpose of acquiring the Chinese language, but with the design of ultimately entering China Proper, if possible, at Siam, August 29th.

Smith, Mr. Charles, an Assistant in the Financial Department, aged 35, at Calcutta, Jan. 11th.

Salminihaç, Mrs., wife of Mons. B. F. E. S., aged 36, at Dacca, East India, Jan. 31st.

Stewart, Sherborne, Esq., formerly of the 1st Regiment of Life Guards, Aid-de-Camp to the late Earl of Harrington, on the 7th ult.

Tytler, Maurice William, Esq., 23rd Regiment, N. I., second son of James Tytler, Esq., of Woodhouslee, E. I., Jan. 2nd.

Tyen, Mr. Thomas, Assistant in the Civil Auditor's Office, Calcutta, aged 36, Jan. 3rd.

Toren, Mr. Hendrick Von, of the Dutch frigate, *Bellona*, aged 47, at Calcutta, Feb. 11th.

Vernon, Captain Windthrop, 33rd Regiment, N. I., aged 38, at Calcutta, February 12th.

Watson, G. M., Assistant-Surgeon, Medical establishment, at sea, on board the *Royal William*.

Warrender, Lady, relict of Sir Patrick Warrender, of Lochcad, Bart., at Edinburgh, in the 80th year of her age, on the 8th ult.

Young, Sarah, widow of Col. Sir Aretas, Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward's Island, and daughter of the late John Cox, Esq., of Coolcliffe, in the county of Wexford, at her residence on Woolwich Common, on the 23rd ult.









